

REFERENCJE dla Camili Żurawskiej-Chwiszczuk

I'm 60, but I feel almost like a young god (well, only the "almost" is true, but I'm happy with that). I don't have to get up at night and when I use the toilet, I feel no stinging, no pain, and on top of that — my blood pressure is perfect all the time. I don't take any pills, although I had to earlier. Now, there's no need. But it wasn't always this good. Not so long ago things were totally different. If you're interested in how that happened and what was Mrs. Camila's part in the whole affair — read on.

From February to Breakthrough — a short story of my return to health

February 2016.

Another dreadful night. The fact, that I must get up at night a dozen times just to squeeze out few drops cuts short my sleeping time. But it's not the worst thing. The worst thing is when I get up for nothing, and when I try to lie down, I get up again before I even lay my head on a pillow because the pressure on my bladder didn't go away. It's the same today, so I quietly go to the kitchen trying not to wake anybody.

I turn on the TV. There's nothing interesting on at this hour, but at least there's some soothing blinking. I will drink some tea, sit for a while and maybe I will be able to pee. I'm mad, so the tea is not enough. Another cigarette also doesn't do the trick. I don't smoke in the house, so I freeze outside. It's time to return to bed.

I manage to squeeze out some drops. I fall asleep for a while.

Someone can say: "Why are you suffering so much, buddy? Go to the doctor, get some pills and you will be OK." As a side note: I believe that our public healthcare is great, only the patients are no good.

Of course, I went to see a doctor. I even was OK for a while, until it turned out that the pills cause problems with my sex life, leading straight to impotence (as it said on the leaflet).

I'm not ready for such comfort yet, so I said "thanks". I may not get enough sleep, but I'm still able, if you know what I mean. Perhaps not too often — I'm 60 after all — but still.

The morning brings another problem — my son-in-law has a urinary blockade since yesterday, so he must see a doctor. I got some free time before noon, so we stay in touch. It's almost noon, and he's being sent from one place to another. Time passes and the matter is getting serious. I search the Internet for some place that could offer a specialist help on a short notice. Sadly, there are waiting lines everywhere.

The son-in-law calls at 13:00 and says that he's been taken to the ER, so I stop searching. In the evening, I remembered that I some website that could help me.

I search for a moment and there it is. Some lady offers relief in prostatic hyperplasia by massaging — “Massage as a treatment of the enlargement of prostate. Let me help you help yourself.” It’s nothing chemical, so it cannot be too bad. I make a call and after a short description of my problems I make an appointment for the next day. Lady warns me that the first massages can be a bit painful, because the body is not used to them, but she will try to use a little but less force. She says of course, that I should not expect a miracle after a couple of massages, because the body needs time to work the energy that will be created during the massage, but she also says that it won’t be too bad.

Mrs. Camila — first visit — end of February 2016

The office is in a convenient place, with many parking spaces. There’s also a bus and tram stop nearby.

The light in the office just enough to lift the darkness. Both the light sources and the modest furniture is in good taste, slightly oriental in style. Classy.

There’s also a nice smell. Not some incense sticks that make me suffocate, but something different, its presence felt but subtle. In the middle, there’s a good quality, electrically adjustable massage table with an opening for head. Its colour matches green accents in the room (paintings on the wall). There’s a dark music playing in the background (Gregorian chant — old-time monk’s favourite choral singing style).

Scenery resembles films about the Holy Inquisition. To keep me in the mood, a person appears, wearing a robe resembling monk’s habit, without the hood but with something like a bonnet on its head. The person introduces itself as Camila, suggesting that it’s a woman. The voice also belongs to a woman, but I’m far from jumping into any conclusions.

I’m asked to get ready, meaning that I should undress and lie face-down on the table. The person disappears informing me that it will be back soon.

Thoughts are rushing through my head, but I decide that I’m barely functioning anyway, so I’ve got nothing to lose. I lie down. The darkness doesn’t bother me anymore, because I can’t see a thing with my head in the hole in the bed.

The person returns and turns out that it’s a woman, a rather nice at that. She is full understanding, explaining that the massage will take more than one hour, so if I feel the urge to go to the bathroom, I can take a break any time and use the nearby restroom. This information lifts my mood.

Next, she explains how will the massage look like and what can I expect.

I should not count on an instant improvement of my health — which matches what I know about medicine. An instant change can only be promised by a surgeon prior to amputation. And that’s the only time when medicine is 100% effective.

The lady informs me that although she will try to be gentle, some people don’t respond too well. In such a case, one should not keep the pain inside. Screams are allowed, and the office is sound-proof (meaning no one will hear your cries for help). Then she says kindly that she doesn’t care for information on how much it hurts or even for pleas for mercy. The only chance to get a moment of relief is to say the safety word loudly and clearly. She gives me the word for the first and the last time.

It's easy to remember, but it proves tricky to say with a dry throat. Turns out, that she can help here too - she just increases the pressure and voilà! The word pops out of your mouth without a problem.

That's another sign that Mrs Camila has a lot of consideration for different peoples' problems.

I won't continue with my description of the massage, but I want to stress that for me, the whole procedure is closer to Medieval tortures than to anything pleasant. No pleasure - implied or otherwise - takes place during this massage, despite what you might think right now.

Does during this massage anything positive happens?

Does during this massage anything positive happens?

Does during this massage anything negative happens?

Yes, the most negative thing being the lack of positives.

Some other person can think otherwise, but that doesn't mean that we are not unanimous, because if you think that I'm stupid (and you're right) and I think you're stupid (and I'm even more right) than we are unanimous, even though we are thinking totally opposite things.

First effects — early March 2016

The next day during a bath, I spot a couple of large bruises on various parts of my body, but it took Mrs Małgosia to make me realise how I look. Worryingly, she asked me whether I've seen my back. Of course, I haven't, so she called our daughter, who looked at me like I was crazy and said that I'm a grown-up and I can do what I want. But do I know what I'm doing? I must find out.

Mrs Camila texts me asking how do I feel and is everything OK? Of course, it is, apart from the fact that Mrs Małgosia wants to call the cops and my daughter thinks I'm a lunatic. But this show of care makes me feel good.

Later it will turn out that this was not the last text sent by her during our cooperation, all containing sincere questions about my well-being.

During the next visit, Mrs Camila decided that she will try cupping on me. Whether this was meant as a therapy, or as a cover-up of previous marks I will never know for sure. Anyway, when the cups have solidly attached to my skin, she decided to start moving them in all directions. This resulted in my back resembling minced meat, which made Mrs Małgosia unhappy and happy at the same time — one thing was certain: I didn't visit Mrs Camila to find pleasure.

However, as settled, I visit Mrs Camila every 3 days for massages: One day an hour-long whole-body massage, the other day – a shorter partial massage. Mrs Camila orders me to watch my body carefully and listen to what it tries to tell me.

Since the beginning my body is all for it. I mean, during the massage it's against, but after the massage it's all for it. The first night after the massage is the best, the number of times I must get up at night is going down, slowly but steadily. I feel best during the first 3 days following the massage, so we schedule my visits to every 3 days. If the breaks between massages are longer than 3 days, the positive effects start to disappear.

We don't want to go back. Only forward. Even if in short steps, we are only interested in going forward so we stick to the 3-day schedule. To make my observations more objective, I ask Mrs Małgosia to pay attention to how many times do I use the bathroom at night. She confirms that I don't use it as often as I used to, so all's well.

Yoga - early April 2016

Mrs Camila tries to get me interested in practising yoga.

She says that it's not about building one's body, but about stimulating and stabilising the internal organs. Once you learn the basics, you can find asanas efficient in helping with many ailments, including prostate problems. Yoga poses no risk of injuries. It's safe, efficient and can be practised in any age.

Mrs Camila is sure that in 6 months I will be thankful to her.

She was wrong as I became thankful in June.

I simulate controlled interest in yoga, trying not to look enthusiastic and consider things settled, but Mrs Camila does not.

Since I haven't said NO, she e-mails me a basic set of exercises for the first 2 weeks, complete with instructions and diagrams, and a shopping list. In the beginning, it's only a book and a yoga mat.

She starts our next meeting asking whether I've ordered the book and the mat. Unfortunately, not yet, because...

She repeats the same question during our next meeting. Not yet, because... After a short moment of ominous silence, Mrs Camila asks me about my daily routine, which - I assure her - is packed full of activities, without any free time that I could use for exercises.

At least that what I thought, but Mrs Camila saw thing completely different. If I'm busy from 6 A.M. to the late evening, she suggested that I should get up at 4 A.M., which will give me time to exercise.

Enthusiastically I said thanks, as I realised that I won't be able to wiggle my way out of this one. Well, I may as well try and then focus on piling up difficulties and claim that I lack a proper body to do yoga.

As with many other beginnings, this one too was awful. Because I had massages every 3 days, my hurting body didn't have time to regenerate, and every asana that I attempted to do brought even more pain. I don't see why the world is so passionate about it... This whole yoga thing is sh.t.

But with another massage came the question I already knew coming, so I must prepare my line of defence. It hurts, I can't, I won't... Mrs Camila hears me, but I don't understand her answer - at least not right away.

She says that it's a good sign meaning that my body reacts to exercises and that if I continue to practice yoga every day, within a couple of months it will get easier.

Thank you Lord for your blessing, because I would not have blessed myself with such joy... So, what now?

I start reading about yoga. There's something in it, but why is it so hard? I can't find an answer, so I continue trying.

During our meetings, I discuss my problems with Mrs Camila and she gives me advice on how to overcome them, being a long-time yoga fan herself. It dawns on me, that she suggests me only the things that she herself has tried, so she knows what she's talking about.

A bonus, I learn about an effective diet that has beneficial effects on only on one's waistline, but most of all health. It's relatively easy, because all you need to do is to avoid one ingredient, but hard at the same time, because this ingredient is added to virtually all food products.

Mrs Camila doesn't force you to do anything, but she is a very able persuader.

For example, when I tell her, that I don't know how long do I remain in each position (that should last for 5 minutes, but lasts much shorter), she tells me to look at a clock.

Sometime by the end of the month, she suggests me to try certain new medical procedure from Amazonia. I saw it in some TV show and I'm not enthusiastic, but Mrs Camila says that she had tried it and lived. Also, it's effective.

I won't say the name of the procedure on purpose, because you can easily find it in the Internet. I think that the movies don't do it justice and can be discouraging. It's enough to say that the organisation that teaches therapists all over the world had launched its website in 2014 and since then 6 people in Poland had received certificates.

So, it's no wonder that people haven't heard about it and that it's virtually impossible to find a person who had underwent the procedure.

The Amazonian adventure — 23 April 2016

A couple of quotes about the procedure.

“The Amazon jungle is the world's biggest medicine warehouse. On the other hand, the climate and the accompanying diverse plant and wildlife influences the number of bacteria and viruses, many of the unknown to man. The local population must deal with this somehow. For thousands of years, tribes such as the Amahuaca, Katukina, Yawanawá, or Matses have been using this method to treat the most difficult cases: Malaria, snake or spider bite, or to get rid of life-threatening microbes.

The tribes value this method, because it helps getting rid of the “panema” i.e. bad luck in life. Just like in the case of other Native-American medicines, by physically releasing toxins from

the body, we are also getting rid of the unnecessary blockades on the energy level. By adding an intention to the therapy, you can free yourself from unnecessary habits, anxieties, or other things inhibiting us in our daily life. Compared with other therapies — I don't currently know other, more effective method of working on these two levels.

So, here I go!

I have booked a meeting for the late April. But before that I must prepare myself — my body to be precise.

The whole procedure is the most shocking thing I have ever done. Its authentic and primal, beating absolutely everything that I had encountered before.

First I tell the master of the ceremony about my problem, or rather what I want to achieve. Basing on this information he chooses an appropriate place and dose of the "medicine". I tell him about my hypertension, enlarged prostate and cigarettes.

After few hours, at home I check my blood pressure. It's perfect and I didn't use any drugs — just like during the first couple of days following the massage. Mrs Małgosia and I check how's sex. It's great. In the evening, Mrs Małgosia says that we should make sure. It's great. A second and third beautiful day passes. On the fourth day, Mrs Małgosia goes to sleep, but I have still some things to finish, so she tells me to wake her up when I'm done. It's obvious she doesn't want to pass on occasion, and neither do I. Such were my plans, but suddenly some difficulties have arisen, and I'm not sure what's going on. It uses to be good, but now something is broken.

In the morning Mrs Małgosia asks me whether she was asleep, or was the sex so lightning-fast that she didn't notice anything. I explain that I tried but it was dark and I could not see.

First discovery, or what connects two "afters" — early May, 2016

Days pass and I can't find the connection between the first couple of days following my Amazonian adventure and after the massage. In both cases I feel good for the first couple of days, but then it all gets worse. All my ailments decrease, my blood pressure is perfect, but soon it all begins to fall apart. And I'm not doing anything new.

I analyse my sleep patterns, food, drinks, and other things that I can come up with, but I get nothing, not even a foot in the door. Then, one May Sunday, a thought crosses my mind. When after a couple of days after the massage my blood pressure rises again (I'm not always able to maintain the 3-day periods between massages), I take pills. Could this be the answer?

I reach for the leaflet and there it is. BINGO! Both drugs can cause impotence. It's a huge problem, because one should not ignore hypertension. I remember Mrs Camila saying that pharmaceutical drugs should be the last resort, used after trying natural methods, which don't work as fast, but have no side effects. I want to call her, but it's Sunday afternoon, so it would not be polite. It's "doctor Google" then.

There it is: A short search shows many sources mentioning beetroot juice. I don't have any, but I can't wait until morning. Perhaps one of my neighbours could lend me some beetroot? I'm lucky, and in a few moments, I was measuring my pressure while drinking the first glass. After

an hour, my pressure was down by 10 units, after another — 10 more, down to 120. The juice was working. And it brought a very strong sleep too.

After stopping taking my pills, each day brings a minimal positive change. The matters get complicated when we must go for a journey — I can't make beetroot juice in a hotel. I search for something to replace it with. I got lucky one, perhaps I can get lucky again? I search the Internet a little bit longer.

True “Inca Gold”, or Peruvian herbs recommended by the Peruvian Andean Phytotherapy Institute — mid May, 2016.

My search gave very promising results, because many of the herbs have more holistic effects than I expected. They ease ailments of the prostate, lower blood pressure and have other beneficial effects. Most of them are available in form of dried herbs or pills, making them easy to use on a trip and outside the house. What's important, dried herbs are dried whole, so you can see what you get, by comparing them with how they look in nature. Both the pills, and the dried herbs have a hologram confirming their authenticity.

MANAYUPA (*Desmodium adscendens*), CAIGUA (*Cyclanthera pedata* L. Schard), MACA - MAKKA (*Lepidium peruvianum* Chacon -syn.-*Lepidium meyenii* Walp.)

Apart from them, I also use herbal mix pills from India called “Himplasia” produced by the Himalaya company.

We like to say with Mrs Malgosia, that those herbs are like the Montezuma revenge — the Spanish may have taken the gold, but they missed the real treasures.

Mrs Jadwiga — end of May, 2016

Mrs Camila reminds me, that viruses and bacteria living inside us have a big influence on our bodies. To check it, she recommends me to try the bio resonance therapy practices form many years by Mrs Jadwiga (Mrs Camila, of course, also uses her services). During the first visit, she finds bacteria in my urine that have a negative influence on prostate and urinary tract. They will be eliminated during my next visit without any chemicals. I'm still in therapy, but I can confirm that this method is effective and has no side effects.

Figuratively and literally, because Mrs Jadwiga's hands not only do not cause pain, but also bring sleep. It's an unexpected, but very pleasant change.

THE BREAKTHROUGH — early June 2016

I'm starting to feel better. Up to now I have experienced an Amazonian adventure, a bio resonance, Peruvian herbs, and long massage served by Mrs Camila, all in the same week. A true culmination. There's only one thing missing and I want to try it out. Now or never. There will be no better moment.

I'm talking about yoga asana called the candle (much more difficult than the one known from Phys. Ed. lessons), which is recommended for prostate problems. It's not easy for a person like me, and you must maintain the position for about 15 minutes. To make matters worse, you must repeat it 3 times during the day.

I'm not able to pull it off, so I search the Internet for some clues and find the supported version of the asana. The first approach was moderately successful — i tried to stabilise myself to make sure that my hands can handle it. I set the clock to prevent myself from fooling myself (15 minutes in this position is like a lifetime). Somehow I made it, but it was a nightmare. 2 more times left, but first — some relaxing exercises and the Om (Aum too) mantra (the holiest syllable in Hinduism).

I wake up in the morning and can't believe that I didn't have to go to the toilet at all during the night. I can't remember when was the last time I could do that. I want to write Mrs Camila, but I must be sure, so I wait another night. I must stress, that I don't use drugs or alcohol, but after all these years, I can go to the toilet without turning o the lights and not remembering it in the morning. The next day I do only 2 candles, as everything in my body hurts. Then I prepare for sleep. I put on my boxer shorts with front in the back and then speedos, and I tie the string in the back. I won't be able to overcome these 2 barriers in my sleep, without noticing.

I wake up in the morning and don't believe my eyes: the string is still tied, so I didn't go to the bathroom. I can feel it to, so I walk calmly to the bathroom, untie the string and what do I see? Beautiful stream, without the stinging sensation (nature is truly amazing). I won't describe my happiness, because I can't. Now I can share the news with Mrs Camila, to I send her a text.

05/06/2016 6:15 AM "I just woke up. There's nothing strange about it except that I didn't have to wake up to go to the toilet at all. Same thing yesterday. I appreciate your work, but after the last massage even my hair hurts. I go back to bed to check with Mrs Malgosia for side effects".

Response, 6:18 AM "I'm glad to hear it. I think that the Peruvian herbs and yoga are starting to work. And what about stinging?"

Response, 6:21 AM "Stinging is lost somewhere, I don't know where. But it's no loss, because it was not welcome here anyway."

Camila — first time 09/06/2016

We are joking during the long massage. I must say, that Mrs Camila has a great sense of humour, which is great, because the massage itself is not fun. There are places you wouldn't suspect of being able to hurt. I tried many methods at home, but only Mrs Camila can make my ribs hurt.

Then, at one point, she stops with her finger between my ribs and I feel that's some thing's brewing, i just don't know what. And then she asks if we could enter another level. As usual, I agree without thinking.

On a side note: When Mrs Camila starts asking question, I say "yes" before she finishes, out of kindness. I believe that it's easier to formulate a question when you know the answer, and vice-versa: When you don't know the question, the answer seems sincerer.

But let's get back to the question: Mrs Camila asks us to enter another level... The only problem is, that we are on the top floor and I'm lying on a table which is the highest thing here. Luckily, it turned out that she meant us becoming friends, and that made me happy. After the massage, I asked her was she aware that the circumstances in which she asked me left me little choice? She laughed and said that it was a compromise, because earlier she had place where she could stop her finger in mind.

What next? – 06/07/2016

Camila leaves me no room for boredom or for forgetting what's good for me, and for that I'm grateful.

Text message, today, 5:42 AM "Piotr, are you practising the whole first yoga set?"

"Thanks for caring" I reply "and greetings from Mrs Małgosia".

Camila, 5:49 "Likewise, I'm just finishing my yoga set".

Here, i would like to return to the beginning of my story, where I wrote Mrs Camila's advert saying "Let me help you help yourself". It didn't say that someone will do everything for you, but if you allow it, you will get help. Simple as that.

Camila has earned my trust, and if she said that jumping off a sky scraper would do me good, all I would ask her was "head first or legs first?".

I have another massage tomorrow, and I will be asked about my progress, so I must do some exercises (I still don't like it).

Someone reading this may ask: "Very well, but how much all this costs?" Everything has its price, but the price is not important. What's important is health.

I shall end this by saying "BIG thank you, Camila for everything you do for me.

Let my best wishes always be with you.

Your forever grateful patient, Piotr G. from Wrocław."

P.S.

I gave Mrs Camila permission to provide my contact data to anyone who thinks she or he could benefit from my experience.