

## **Part 2 – The Woman**

During this process, I had been struggling with a very painful left knee. (Yes, this is going where you think!). About 40 years ago, I tore the outer ligaments of my knee playing field hockey, cross country running and cross country skiing. I was told after surgery it should be good for 10-15 years but would then have to have it repaired again. Knowing this, I worked hard to keep it strong and when necessary, rested. About 6 years ago I gave up running for cycling as my knee was complaining - pains and swelling was becoming more common and intense. Then during the winter of 2017, I was experiencing pain on an almost daily basis. I did not ski that year which was very disheartening and by the summer of 2018 I was struggling to even ride my bike more than 20km instead of my usual 50-80km several times a week. Getting up and down the stairs at work was very painful. I fought hard not to limp out of pride but it was hard. Some days, there was no denying the pain. People could see it on my face. By the end of the day, I would just wanted to get home to hike it up on the back of the sofa, add ice and anti-inflammatory cream. My spirit was breaking.

About the same time that I realized that Lexi was no right, I began the process of booking doctors appointments which lead to xrays, MRI, and physiotherapy. I had spent the past year trying Chiro, massage, ART, acupuncture and osteopath treatments but I know they were just a short term bandaid for a much bigger problem. In June of 2018, I received the MRI results - a small retear of the old injury and 3 pockets of arthritis. My doctor sent me to see the best physiotherapist in town - an ex- Canadian Olympic Cyclist. He said that it was not yet bad enough for surgery and that I would have to wait about 5 years for a knee replacement as I was too young. He did however suggest I try a concoction of Botox and steroids injections. I would need to have these once a week at a cost to me of \$300/week for 3-6 months. MAYBE after 3-6 months I would feel a difference. Hell NO! I put any further research around my knee to the side as I focused on Lexi during June and July of 2018.

In early August of 2018, I went to visit Dr. Wolters at his home. He prefers a face-to-face visit verses a phone call as he has a thick German accent and people can find him hard to understand. I was thrilled and excited to visit with him to learn more about exactly what he had done to Lexi. Her progress at this point seemed so amazing, I needed to learn more. My friend and naturopath Sue also was eager for me to learn more! I ended up spending about 3 hours at Michael's home as he explained the procedure, showed me Lexi's "before" xrays and told me countless success stories of the work that he had done in Germany.

Dr. Michael Wolters is a vet of 50 years trained in Germany. To better serve his clients (dogs), he also became a trained and licensed acupuncturist. When he learned about Gold Bead Accupuncture from a US doctor, he felt compelled to become certified (IVAS). To date, he has performed gold bead accupuncture on hundreds of dogs and horses over the years. Like me, over time, many of the dog owners would ask him if he "does people?" In Germany, as a licensed professional, he is legally certified to treat people. Mostly he treats knees, hips and shoulders. Michael admits to treating himself and his elderly father with great success. As I left his home that August day, I remember thinking just how crazy is this??

Michael emailed me the last week of August to say that he was coming through Barrie and was wondering if he could come for lunch and see Lexi as he was heading to Pearson Airport to go to Germany for the month of September. I, of course, was thrilled to have him assess Lexi. Although we could see great change and progress in her, I wanted to be sure what I thought I saw was in

fact real. I wanted and needed his reassurance before I increased her activity level. Lexi received an excellent report but I was also given a clear warning - Lexi's stage 4 double hip dysplasia was NOT gone, and it never would be. Instead, the gold beads were stimulating the muscles around the hips causing

- 1) new muscle growth and development to support her hips joints and
- 2) to increase circulation in the area that prevented fluid from accumulating. This meant a reduction to elimination of swelling which is, in fact, what caused the pain. There is also a connection to the brain as a result of the beads that reduces the awareness of pain. The presence of pain caused dogs and people to reduce or stop being active which in turns, causes muscle deterioration. The end result in more pain, more muscle deterioration and less general health and wellbeing. Believe me, I can attest to this first hand...

On the September first long weekend of 2018, I went to the cottage to spent time with my parents. My mom is 85 and like me, is a walker. It was a beautiful weekend and I was thrilled to give Lexi the freedom to run through the woods and really stretch her legs. She loved it! There was no end to her energy and enthusiasm. I however was a different story. I was really struggling to keep up with my mom on our walks. My knee was sore and very swollen to the point of keeping me awake at night and restricting my daytime activity. This was very disheartening. I was feeling angry and scared. What was my future to be? I loved and needed to be active to be happy and healthy. None of the options conventional medicine was suggesting were acceptable to me. And, I could tell my knee was getting progressively worse.

I arrived home Monday afternoon after being stuck in holiday traffic. But it gave me time to ponder my options. I was up early Tuesday morning researching flight options to Frankfurt. Michael is licensed to treat dogs in Canada but not people. He can only legally treat people in Germany. I knew some family and friends would think that I was crazy but I have made up my mind. Michael would be in his home town of , Germany until September 25th. I booked a flight to Frankfurt and a train to Bonn for Tuesday September 18th returning Monday October 1st. This would give me almost 2 weeks on the Rhine River of Germany. Michael had invited and encouraged me to come and I knew he would only be 10 minutes away if I had any issues plus once I returned to Canada, he would always be just an hour north. What did I have to lose?

We had a family business meeting at 10am that Tuesday morning where I announced that I was going to Germany to have my knee "fixed". The first reaction, silence ... Then some half-hearted encouragement. They knew I was not asking for permission. I was just informing them of my plan and absents. Darci recovered first and was supportive. Husband and son, not so much but its not the first time I have colored outside of the lines of life!!

The Thursday before I left, I was at the health food store getting a few things before I headed for home. It was about 4pm when my family doctor rang my phone. "Hi Val" I said, not sure why she was calling me. I had not told her about the dog or my plans to go to Germany. She said she had managed to arrange for a appointment on September 28th to see another specialist. I really appreciate Val and the effort she had gone to secure an appointment. "Umm, I can't go. I will be out of the country", I said. "Where are you off to?" I asked her if she had time to a story. She said she did. I told her about Lexi and the German doctor I had met. "You are taking your dog to Germany?" she asked. NO, I'm going to have gold bead put into MY knee I informed her. Silence... "Make an appointment with me for as soon as you get back. I want to hear about it". I made the appointment before hanging up with her. God bless you Val. My Naturopath Sue, who was infinitely supportive and said the same thing.

I received an email from Michael later in the day after booking my flights saying he would meet me at the train station upon my arrival. True to his word, there he was, a tall, thin Germany man waiting to whisk me away to his apartment about 10 minutes away. (He had given up his clinic the first of September as he and his wife had retired. She was also a vet of almost 50 years.) "Let's get this done so you can enjoy your holiday," he said. We parked in front of his building and climbed the stairs to his flat on the second story. He had sandwiches and coffee ready for us in the dining room.

OK, let's be honest... Like you, at this point, I thought what have I done??? I'm in a foreign country having work done on my knee because it seemed to be working on my dog. I'm in the apartment of a man I hardly know watching him prepare to stab my knee with a needle full of freezing then permanently inject gold beads. I will confess to having a moment of panic but decided I am here and truly believe that Lexi was divinely guided to be with me for just this moment. I watched as Michael very carefully sterilized everything. The gold bead actually look like grains of rice instead of beads or small balls. He inserted 2 grains into the tube with a plunger on the top. He had seen all of my xrays and MRI previously and knew quickly and instinctive where to insert them.

I received 3 injections of 2 gold grains/bead each. One in each of the "eye" or divots just below the knee cap and 1 about one inch about my knee cap on the top of my leg. They went in deeper than I expected but in total took about 8 minutes. I just pulled up my pant leg, Michael did the procedure and I pulled my pant leg down over my knee again. I was internally freaked out for the first two but managed to compose myself for the third. "Wait... I want to video this" and I did as he inserted the last. "There. We are done", he said. He took me back to my hotel to rest and so he could go visit his grandchildren but said he would pick me up for dinner at 6pm.

Michael dropped me at my hotel where I laid on the bed with my feet on the headboard as there was some swelling. At dinner that night, I told him my knee was swollen and a little bruised. No worries he said. That will be gone in a day. He suggested I rest it for a day or two "then go be a tourist". The next day was Friday. I stayed in the room until about noon but was hungry and bored so I decided to go explore Bonn for an hour or two. That turned into 4 hours. Come on... I'm in GERMANY. Who knows if I will ever be here again and there is a lot to see. I just walked and wandered the streets of Bonn. It is beautiful if you have not been! I picked up some food and headed back to my hotel about 4pm.

The next morning Michael text to see how I was. Surprisingly, good. Swelling and bruising were down but not gone. Pain was maybe a 4 instead of the 9-10 I had experienced for more than a year. Good enough to be on the move. That day and every day after I explored Bonn, Cologne and half a dozen little village on the banks of the Rhine River until it was time to head home. My knee improved daily. By Sunday, I had NO swelling, bruising or pain. Yes, None. On Sunday I climbed up 533 stairs in the steeple of Cologne Cathedral. It had been under renovation for years and recently re opened. I was not about to miss the opportunity. Going up my knee felt really good. No pain. Clearly weak from lack of use over the past 2 years but that was not going to stop me. I spent over an hour at the top of steeple among the largest bells I have every seen and enjoying to view.

Then I started down... Oh no." The pain was back and very real. I got maybe 100 steps down and thought: Now What? There is no escape route or backup plan. With a little experimenting, I learned that if I lead with my heel instead of my toe, the pain was manageable. I made it down and did a little happy dance at the bottom. Happy that I made it down, happy that I made it up, happy to be in Germany, happy that, like Lexi, I now have gold beads in my knee and can once again start to live life as I like, outside of the lines...

**June 2019** - I arrived in Dublin 10 days ago then took the train to Killarney to walk the countryside of Ireland. Seven days of walking the south half of the Kerry Way averaging 20 km per day. Some days were rolling hills while others were extreme mountain climbs up and then, of course down. I will not deny that by the end of each day, my knee was sore but so was the rest of my body! But... after a good nights rest, my knee was always ready to go the next morning. I pushed my knee hard, harder than I had in 8 months. I now clearly understand that my knee will forever have limits. I will have to pamper and guard the intensity of my activities and always give it time to rest and recover. This I can live with considering my activity level for the past 2 years has been the bare minimum and every night I had to elevate my knee, apply anti-inflammatory cream and, at times, take pain medication.

As the cosmic universe would have it, Michael and his wife came to Redline Brewhouse yesterday to have lunch and have a nice catch-up. I told Michael about my adventures in Ireland and even he was surprised and impressed by how my knee is responding to my new found freedom. He was telling me that he had performed the gold bead procedure on a Golden Retriever earlier in the day but was constantly perplexed why more people were not considering this for their dogs. Hip Dysplasia is sadly, very common today. We suspect due to inner and cross breeding. But this treatment is simple, minimally invasive, affordable and personally speaking, has remarkable and exciting results. I would recommend it to any dog owner and if applicable, their owners too.

I know that there is no guarantee how long the benefits of gold bead acupuncture will last but I am assuming at least 10 years. That is my personal goal for me and for Lexi. If after 10 years I must consider knee replacement, I am hoping new technology will provide me with better options than what is available today.

All in all, I am extremely pleased with my and Lexi's progress and celebrate every day as Lexi and I walk the woods endlessly.

Please feel free to contact me if you have any questions about Gold Bead Acupuncture Treatment for your pet or for yourself. It is a remarkably simple alternative if you can get past the social norms of what is "acceptable" or traditional treatment.

Sincerely,

Kari Williams

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