

Ever since I was a little boy I wanted to be a doctor.
My father was a doctor.

I sat on a table in an emergency room when I was 6 years old watching him work. There had been an accident on one of the freeways and several people were sent to South West Memorial Hospital. It was loud, it stank, it was bloody. He was working through all the people sending them to different parts of the hospital finding who was in need of the most urgent care.

Then another ambulance came. The doors opened before it had even stopped. The EMT's were in such a rush they forgot to turn off the siren and lights. They brought in a young black teenager. He had been shot in the chest and was bleeding out. My dad had just sent half a dozen people to operating rooms and most of the surgeries were underway. It was a case of "no room in the inn".

I remember him yelling a lot. Sending nurses and EMTs running to get him things that he needed. I just sat there with a surgical glove balloon that one of the nurses had made to entertain me before all the chaos started. It happened so fast, the boy on the table was surrounded by people. They set up I.V.s and lots of bags of blood. I could see my dad working over him slowing the bleeding, stopping it where he could.

After what seemed like a long time to a 6 year old they had a room ready

for him. I am sure it was only a few minutes now that I can look back on it, but if he hadn't been there. If he hadn't been so confident and so sure. If he hadn't known what to do right then the boy would have died there in the hallway.

The boy lived.

More people came in and my dad just took off his bloody clothes and threw them in the trash put on a new set of scrubs and gloves and went back to work.

It is one of the most vivid memories I have. One man in the middle of all that chaos, fear and pain. Walking from bed to bed and using his hands to save them. I wanted to be able to do that.

Fifteen years later I was the one on the table. My back was broken. I was afraid. I hurt.

The nurse wanted to know what kind of insurance I had.
The doctors gave me huge lists of things that might go wrong if they did surgery on me now.
The hospital administration wanted me to sign all sorts of releases so that I couldn't come back and sue them. The HMO in charge wanted me to go home with some pain killers.

Being a patient in our modern medical system destroyed my dream of being a doctor.

Lawsuits and Lawyers. Drug companies and HMOs. Politicians and Buerocrats.
They all come before the doctors when it comes to decisions about our health.

In 1995 I was introduced to Nikken. When I started using the Wellness Home technologies I went from all the drugs I could keep down so I could stand the pain to no drugs in 35 days. A surgery to put several pounds of metal in my spine was postponed and then canceled. I feel that my life was saved.

My father worked over a hundred hours a week and smoked almost 5 packs of cigarettes a day. He died after his 7th heart attack.
He was 57.

I have embraced the mission of Nikken to bring health and balance to the world. My children see me every day.

My father spent 26 years in college and had 800,000 dollars in student loans. My friends and I go to Humans Being More Training and learn to be better people.

I have gone into peoples homes and helped them to find relief from years of pain. Moms and dads are able to stay home with their kids. Couples that fought about money when there wasn't enough now pray about what charities to support.

Kids want to be firemen, rock stars, race car drivers and even doctors. I grew up to be a Wellness Consultant, and with the amazing people in this wonderful company we will change the world for the better.

Sincerely,
Chris Bruce