

In August of 2009, I had taken my dog Gypsy to the vet. Gypsy was not well and the Vets prognosis was cancer. The Vet did blood work on Gypsy. Not good at all. Some of the worst they had seen, her weight went from 69lbs to 43 lbs. and would not eat. She was covered in open sores. Her paws were bleeding so bad it looked like I mopped the floor with blood. She was vomiting blood and her stools were blood. She was put on antibiotics and steroids to help her but it was a temp fix for them to treat her for what they said was cancer probably in her spleen. She had to wear diapers now because it was like dropping a 2 liter of mountain dew on the floor all the time, My daughters and I were bracing ourselves because Gypsy was leaving us and we knew it. She was lying on my deck one day, not wanting to move or be touched I decided to call Mary. I was crying and told her what was going on. She said put the phone on speaker and put it down by her. Mary did what she does and within a half hour Gypsy was up and moving around, like nothing was ever wrong. Now I took her back to the vet 3 more times for blood work. They couldn't explain why her blood levels were almost all back to normal and her weight back to 69 lbs. I finally stopped wasting my money by taking her to the vet just to have her blood taken and it is normal.

Well then now about May of 2010, I noticed on one of mine and Gypsy's 4 mile walks, that her back hip would give out on her a little bit, Now when she was a puppy, she had been hit by a car and I thought it must be arthritis settling in her hip. Well she got worse. Her walk went from 4 miles down to only making 3 then 2 then barely making 1. She got where she could barely stand the pain from her hips and could not jump up into my vehicle any more.

On June 9, 2010, I picked her up and placed her in the truck and took her to the Vet again. Well what I thought for sure was arthritis came back as cancer again; Most likely in the spleen again but metastasizing on weak spots like on her hips and neck. (She got to where she couldn't raise her head up at all and if you touched her neck she would wince in pain). Gypsy's calcium level was so high in her body, He said it was 16 and should be around 9, which tells him the most likely was cancer. And because her belly was huge at this time he felt it was in her spleen. He placed her on steroids because steroids can lower calcium. But only had her on it for about 3 weeks, He told me that she would only live about a week at the most. I left the Vets in a daze. Came home and started preparing myself to tell the kids and make Gypsy the most comfortable. I sent Mary an e mail telling her about Gypsy once again. That night, Mary did a 1hour healing on Gypsy. Mary sent me an email telling me that Gypsy would try to hang on for us. That she was full of fluid and that if she got worse to take her to the vet. She did get worse. By June 12th Gypsy could barely move and she was in so much pain. She could barely walk to make it out the door and was losing her bladder and bowels and couldn't even squat to do so. You couldn't even touch or get near her or she would growl or wince in pain even just to pet her. She had a blank vacant stare that told us she was going. My oldest daughter and I laid next to her most of the night knowing it would be what we thought would be her last. I again sent Mary an email thanking her for all that she had done but that Gypsy must have chosen to go. But once again Mary worked on Gypsy in our sleep and then again the next day on her "long distance healing" Well do I need to tell you anymore! Every day she just kept getting better and better and better. She has NO pain in her back hips, raises her head high and barks all the time (which she had not done in months), and her walks although not back to 4 miles are at almost full speed again. I have not taken her back to the Vet and I am going to, just because I want to have her blood levels read and just see her over all wellness, LOL and to get there amazed reactions

again. What's ironic is the Dr. sat next to me the day he told me and said there is not much we can do for her not but if you believe in this "**PRAY**". Man was he right.

Thank You Mary

Love You Tons,  
Cape Coral Florida