

## The Energy Cleaner Testimonials

### Your Life's Hand

Steve Whitman | 07 March, 2014

In this day and age of uncertainty, with countless disasters lurking on the horizon, such as the failure of the US economy, potential of world war III, collapse of the US dollar, an EMP attack, or even Planet X, thousands of people are preparing. There are literally hundreds of books, pamphlets, videos, and articles that are available on survival techniques, living off the land and grid, food preparation, and just about every other subject associated with catastrophes. Many people are busy stocking up on food, water, buying guns and ammo, building shelters, and loading up their cellars with dehydrated food and MRE's, thinking they are all set and "good to go". However, one must ask oneself, "am I truly ready?"

Until the time comes, no one knows, for sure, how he or she will actually react to a catastrophe or a life-threatening situation. Personally, my test came on October 1, 2013, when a past employee, while I working on a backhoe, approached me. Without any warning, he pulled a .45 semi-automatic handgun and shot me three times, before killing himself with a shot to the head. The first round hit me in the right hand, the second came in on the right side of my chest, went through me to the left side, and buried in my left shoulder, and the third hit me in the lower right back and came out through my right chest, as I was leaping off the backhoe. Needless to say, the shock and pain was something I had never experienced. With blood pouring out of my chest, my right index finger almost blown off, and my left arm immobile because of the lodged bullet in my shoulder, I managed to give myself emergency first aid. Then, I had to climb back on the backhoe, because of no cell phone coverage, and drive it, with my left elbow, almost a mile. After the first call failed, I had no choice, but to get off the tractor, treat myself for shock to avoid passing out, and dial 911 six additional times until I got help. Needless to say,..... That.... was not a very good day.

I have spoken to literally dozens of people about the incident, and most of them always say something like, "I could never do that", or "I couldn't handle it" and "how did you ever survive?" After speaking to a young man about the ordeal, he responded, "If anything like that ever happened to me I would sit down and cry like a little bitch". Then there was the middle-aged man who said to me, "I wish I had your courage, but I don't, so it would be curtains for me". Mostly, all the responses from people were very similar and all had a feeling of hopelessness, despair and a "giving up" attitude. This surprised me, as I never thought about failing or being helpless. I was on a "mission" and could only think of one thing, which was survival and beating the situation at hand. Now, that the dust has had a chance to settle, and I can reflect on a few things, my grandfather comes to mind.

My grandfather (on my father's side) was a huge man, standing 6'-3" tall and weighing 350 lbs. He is probably the strongest man I have ever known. He could lift, in his prime, 55 gallon steel drums filled with motor oil and stack them on top of each other. Even when he got much older in his late 60's, with forearms like Popeye and a size 18 ring finger, no one messed with "Big John". Born in New York City in 1898, he left for the state of Oregon to work in the lumber camps at the age of 16.

As he used to tell me all the time, "hard work and a lot of it, that was our gym" Once, a friend

told him, “you know Mike’s horse has a girth of 56” and your waist is 58“, what do you think of that?” My grandfather, sipping from his quart bottle of Tiger brand ale and thinking for a moment, calmly responded, “Must be a small horse”.

He operated a small farm down the road from where I grew up and sold vegetables and strawberries to the neighboring markets. In the winter, he trucked plywood from a local mill and other products to Boston, including laurel and balsam Christmas wreaths which he and my grandmother made in their home. I got to spend a lot of time, growing up on the farm, with my grandfather. In fact, he had me do many things that my parents, if they had known, probably would not have appreciated too much, such as driving the Ford 8 end tractor, by myself, when I was 5 years old. I could not even reach the clutch in a seated position, so standing on the running boards was the only way I could stop and start the dam thing. However, that was the way my grandfather treated me, never doubting what I might be capable of and always challenging me.

One day, down by the strawberry fields, we were sitting in his shanty where we had numerous talks. He turned to me and said, “you know Stevie (I hated it but he called me that all the time anyway), some day when you are my age (he was about 70 at the time), you will look back and think about all the people you have met through your lifetime. Some of them would have been bad and some very good. Not counting your mom, your dad or even your wife, if you ever get married some day,” he paused for a moment..... Then continued, “If you can fill the fingers of just one hand with people that have truly made a positive and great influence in your life and have led you in the right direction, you can consider yourself a very rich man”. At the time, I was only about 15 years old, and these words really did not mean that much to me. After all, there were far more important things in my life at that time, sports, girls, and raising hell with the guys to name a few. Today, I am not quite his age yet, when he told me those words, but the reality and meaning of that sermon is starting to hit home.

My aunt and uncle would be one finger, since they started me on the path. From a very early age, they “brainwashed” me that an education was absolutely necessary. They encouraged me to take private saxophone lessons from the sixth grade to when I graduated from high school. Since, they would give me a ride every week, this gave them the opportunity to see me on a regular basis and emphasize how important an education really was. Every week, for 6-7 years, the trip was always the same, about “how important an education was“, along with the speech on not being a “quitter” and “bearing down” when life got hard. “Keeping your nose to the grindstone”, “focusing on the important facets of life”, “not getting side tracked”, and “hanging in there when things got rough”, are words that are still burned into my brain today. Their assertiveness and concern, for my future, drove me to even acquire the rank of Eagle in Boy Scouting, and later, it gave me the option and opportunity, if I wanted to attend West Point.

My goal was to enter the Berklee School of Music, but with family members, “crashing and burning” in the music industry, they decided that would not be a very good idea and basically said “no”. I was not a “happy camper” when they made that decision for me, but since they were paying for my education, off to engineering school I went. Years later, I eventually owned my own Civil Engineering and Land Surveying company and was lucky enough to be very successful. Well, I guess they were probably right after all.

They are both gone now, but those “weekly rides” are still with me. Without them, I would

have never gone onto college, and my whole life would have been very different. Maybe, I would have accepted the offer in going to West Point, or became a full time musician without advanced schooling. Never the less, my path through life would have gone down a different road and how it may have turned out? Well, as my grandfather used to say, "Now...that's something to chew on for a spell....".

The second finger would have to be my calculus professor in college, during my first semester, of my freshman year. In high school, my study habits and grades could have been better and when I entered engineering school, a rude awakening was waiting for me. It was an awful time, most of the other guys were way ahead of me, and I was falling far behind. Desperate, I arranged for some private help from him after class. He was cordial and very professional all the time, and was always very organized when he came to class. He dressed and acted the part too, if you know what I mean. Today, I can still see him in his office, by his black board, with an integral calculus problem trying to explain it to me. He tried and tried but I was just not getting it. Finally, totally frustrated, I said to him, "well, this is way beyond me and I guess it will never sink in". He quickly turned, to directly face me, and peering over those steel-rimmed glasses of his, he looked directly into my eyes and said with a deep stern voice, "I think the problem here is not aptitude..... but attitude". Well, I never forgot those words and it totally changed my way of thinking about school and pushed me to succeed. I got my degree and went on to getting my professional engineers license and land surveyors registration in six states. Sadly, he probably never knew how those few words, said by him that day, affected me in the way they did. Regrettably, I never had the chance, later in life, to thank him.

My third finger is the Mayor of a city that I served under as Public Works Director for many years. When appointed to this position, I was only 27 years old. With 95 people underneath me, a 6 million dollar budget, and a city population of 50,000, it was a very challenging position. A previous mayor appointed me, when my "third finger" was a city councilor. The council's job was to approve or disapprove the mayor's selection, and although my "third finger" voted against my appointment, the vote was 7-2 in favor. Therefore, I received the job. Even though he voted against me, we became very good friends and worked well together. After several years, he eventually became mayor. However, stress and politics were a part of the job and I was not ready for it.

Unfortunately, I was going "down in flames" due to alcohol abuse. Of course, you think you are fooling everybody and your attitude and actions reflect it. The path I had decided to take was definitely the wrong one and would have led to nothing but total disaster. Losing your job, wife, house, and everything you had worked for was up for grabs.

Upon returning, after missing work for 2 days, due to a heavy bout with Miller beer, I got a call to immediately report to the mayor's office. Not expecting anything, since I was always up to the mayor's office to conduct daily business, I drove up to city hall and entered his office. With him sitting at his desk, he offered me a seat next to him as always, and with his hands clasped together on his desk, he turned directly to me and asked, "is there anything wrong with you?", "are you cheating on your wife?", "or do you have other problems?". I replied, "No, I don't think so, why?". He then said, "Well, we don't want to lose the best director in the state, you know" and I said, "Really, how come?" Surprised at my answer, he quickly stood up, looked directly down at me, and said without hesitation, "do you have a drinking problem?" If you have ever heard the story about the man getting the mules attention with a 2x4, well I got

it right between the eyes with those words. Talk about being whacked and getting a rude awakening.

One thousand thoughts went through my mind in an instant. He continued with, "All we have in this world is our integrity and balls, once we lose either one, we are nothing. Booze will take both from you. If you are going to let this take a hold of you, then you are probably done here and maybe in life too."

Well, this year I celebrated 30 years without drinking, because at that eye opening moment, I promised him and most of all myself that he would have the director he had once known. After a few years, under my direction, our Public Works Department (PWD) was featured on the cover of New England Construction magazine as "one of the finest PWD's in New England".

The Mayor was an amazing man, who had the courage and willingness to confront and help me through a very difficult time. I have always carried with me his thoughts of keeping your "integrity" and "balls" throughout my life. Thank God, several years later, I was able to thank him, and his simple response was, "no big deal, I knew you could do it". He is gone now, but his memory will always be with me. If it were not for him, I would have probably perished a long time ago.

A man I have known for about 35 years, who became my mentor, in northern Maine would be my fourth finger. I have always loved the outdoors and meeting him gave me the opportunity to learn a tremendous amount about fishing, hunting and life. Being a Master Maine guide for many years (he starting guiding in the north at the age of 12), the depth of knowledge contained within him was something to behold. Paddling a canoe, stalking a deer in the woods, the art of survival if things went bad, shooting and cleaning wild game, identifying edible wild foods, emergency first aid, are just some of the subjects I went to "school" on with him. Eventually, I obtained my Master Maine guides license (fishing, hunting, and recreation) and went on to attend several tactical, advanced survival and medical training schools. We became great friends and had many talks not just on the outdoors but also on life.

He took a real interest in me, maybe because he never had a son, and spent a great deal of time giving his knowledge to me. I was a "sponge" and he was gracious enough to let me absorb all I wanted to. As he has said so many times to me, "life is short, we are only here for a little time, if you do not grab onto it and live it, before you know it, you are an old man, and then what good are ya?"

I remember the first day, many years ago, he asked me to guide for him and I was a little nervous and apprehensive about taking the party. I looked at him and said, "I don't think I know enough yet to take someone out". His faced turned beat red, stared at me, and growled with a heavy Maine accent, "In a pig's ass you don't!" Well, that was the end of that discussion. I went on my first "official day" of guiding.

Throughout my life, both he and his wife have helped me numerous times. In fact, his wife was actually the person who told me about the sporting camp that was for sale ten years ago, that I presently own.

Our friendship is strong to this day. In fact, who do you think traveled more than 50 miles the day I was shot and met me in the emergency room only 15 minutes after I arrived by

ambulance, and fed me ice chips in preparation for a possible surgery? Then, he drove over 100 miles, following the ambulance, to the next hospital to be at my bedside in the trauma unit. Besides being my mentor, he is a dear friend, a second father, and nothing is more valuable than that.

My final finger goes to a man that help save my life. In the early 90's I severely hurt my back doing heavy squats in the gym. For years, I saw doctors, chiropractors, sports therapists, and other health professionals. I was placed on drugs, muscle relaxes, painkillers, and others, but nothing really helped much. I managed to work out and operate my engineering business but my life was never the same.

In August of 2013, while laying concrete block for a drainage structure at camp, I severely re-injured my back. Essentially, I was crippled; performing my daily guide and work duties at camp became impossible. Forget the gym workouts; I could not even get in and out of a pickup truck! However, after listening to [John Moore's radio show](#) and learning of the [energy cleaner](#), I was good to go after 1-2 weeks of using it and was pain free, something I had not experienced for 20 years. My back was excellent, doing my normal life's work duties was no problem at all and it was like having a "breath of fresh air". However, I never expected, that on October 1, 2013, what a "new" back would mean to me. Because of my healthier condition, I was able to move like lightning when the shooting started and, thank God, avoid a killing shot by the gunman. The energy cleaner continued to help me throughout the healing process and amazed the medical staff. I experienced a rapid recovery, and today (almost five months later), although not 100 percent, I am on the road to being almost as good as new.

During my early days of recovery, John sent me a book titled, "[The Power of Your Subconscious Mind](#)", by Dr. Joseph Murphy, which really opened some doors and confirmed why I had survived the shooting in the first place. You see, all the fingers of my "life's hand" played a role in my survival. As Dr. Murphy states in his book, "focus your thought on the solution to your problem....solve it with your conscious mind", this became extremely relevant when I was trying to survive that day.

Summarizing Dr. Murphy's thoughts, a good captain (conscious mind) directing the crew (subconscious mind) is crucial to the proper operation of the ship (your body).

During my "test" in October, this principle was priceless to me.

Dr. Murphy continues, "Your thought is action, and the reaction is the automatic response of your subconscious mind to your thought", and "the subconscious mind controls and governs all your experiences". These are just some of the very interesting thoughts and principles in his book, and once you really think about it, are true and valuable advice to get through any part of your life. Probably, two of the most profound and relative statements in the book are, "The law of your mind is the law of belief", and "the belief in your own mind which brings about the result". These simple words, with extraordinary meaning, should always be carried with us.

In summary, the essence of the book is, your conscious mind must be in a positive and healthy state, other wise the subconscious mind cannot operate the controls of the "ship" to get you through a tough situation. People I have spoken to about the incident, immediately take the attitude "I can't" or "that would be impossible for me to get through", and "I would

never survive that”, all sets up the conscious mind to falter, and with a failed captain comes a failed crew and a failed ship. The “defeatist attitude” and the desire to just “lie down” spells disaster during a tragedy. After speaking to these people about getting their minds in check and getting rid of the “stickin thinkin” and believing in themselves, that they too could survive a catastrophe, have thanked me up and down. For I have given them some hope and the internal workings that they might endure their "test" when it comes. For me, that realization of those people has become the most gratifying and self-healing part of this whole mess.

Therefore, in our preparation for that fateful day, it will take more than stashing a few MRE's, and some ammo to survive a catastrophe or a dire circumstance. We all need to prepare our minds and bodies for what may occur and as John has said several times on his radio show, “get your spiritual house in order“.

All the people mentioned here, contributed to my survival. They were, in a way, using some of Dr. Murphy's principles and techniques to prepare me for handling life's most difficult times. Simply put, the most important words that I have discovered through this, and they will remain with me always, are as Dr. Murphy states, “for your mind will control the outcome.” For me, those words say it all.

Fortunately, on that day I had focus, determination, and the will to live. Above all, my mind was in the correct state to meet the challenge and “control the outcome”.

Yes, my grandfather was right. If you are lucky enough to “fill those fingers on just one hand, you are a very rich man“. Thank God, I had those “fingers” on that day in October, to call upon, when the chips were down and I was forced into an abyss of evil and ugliness.

Armed with those “fingers“, and maybe with a little divine intervention help as well..... I was able to survive.

Steve Whitman

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## **Winning Life's Lottery**

I have been active all my life, running, weightlifting, and being an outdoors-man have all been a part of my daily routine. Back in the mid 90's, at the age of about 40, I hurt my back by doing heavy lifts at the gym. I was in a rush to go on a snowmobiling trip and wanted to get my workout done. Unfortunately, doing heavy lifts, not taking the time to put a weight lifting belt on and not holding proper form, spelled disaster. From there on, I suffered for many years and sought treatment from doctors, chiropractors, and sports therapists. Although they helped me, and I was able to continue working out and life in general, I never recovered from the injury. Thankfully, during those years, the physical part of my life was not that



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demanding, since I was a Professional Civil Engineer and Registered Land Surveyor, and managed my own company.

In 2003, I had the opportunity to sell the Company and in 2004, purchased an existing Hunting, Fishing and Sporting business at an area in Northern Maine, where I had vacationed for many years and guided on a part time basis. Additionally, during those years, I had acquired my Master Maine Guides license, so this venture seemed ideal.

During the summer of 2013, I severely re-injured my back, laying concrete block for a drainage structure at camp. Essentially, I was crippled, climbing into a pick up truck was nearly impossible, my guiding duties were extremely painful, and the physical requirements of running a sporting camp became very difficult. The pain in my back and shooting down my left leg was unbearable at times. I could not stand, sit, or even lay down without severe discomfort. I tried a chiropractor again, and only got marginal relief. At this point, I was desperate. As a regular listener of the John Moore show and hearing the many testimonials from individuals about how well the Energy Cleaner worked for them, I decided to give it a try and at the beginning of September 2013, I purchased an Energy Cleaner.

My wife, who was anxious to help me, [attached the Energy Cleaner to our bed at camp utilizing the screening as recommended](#), and after only one week of use, the pain was almost gone. I could not believe it. After two weeks, I had no pain at all, my back was strong, and I felt like I did at 25! Physical work became a non-issue and leaping into a pickup to take people on a guided fishing trip became enjoyable again. I was back in the gym doing my full routine and running 10-12 miles a week. The years of suffering had come to an end! At the time, I had no idea, just how important my healthy and strong back would mean to me in the very near future.

Then October 1st came and my life changed. We had just closed camp for the season and we were doing our normal close up for the winter. At the last minute, I decided to dig a drainage ditch along a portion of the 1.5 mile of gravel road we maintain leading into camp before heading home the next day to Massachusetts. While doing this, a past employee who had worked for me for about 5 years showed up in his mothers car and sat about 250 feet up the road and began watching me. This man had become physically ill during the previous year and was unable to perform his job, so he had given his notice in the fall of 2012. After that, I was aware he had become depressed and was seeking physical and psychiatric help. I saw him occasionally during the summer and thought he was managing his condition as best as he could. I did wonder why he was watching me, but thought he was just remembering the "good times" when he worked for us.

He proceeded to drive past me, while I was off the backhoe using a hand shovel to clean the ditch and he said, "*nice job*" to me. He then stopped about 300 feet down the road and turned around, stopping there and observing me again. As I threw the shovel into the bucket of the backhoe, he drove past me again, towards camp, and stopped about 100 feet in front of me. I said to myself, "*what the hell is he doing there....I guess he's just waiting for me to go around him and he will follow me back to camp and have coffee as we had done many times at the end of the day.*"

I got on the open cab machine that has a roof only and drove up to where he was parked and stopped almost directly opposite him about 10-12 feet away, and pointed to my watch and said, "*it's 4:45....it's quitting time*". I looked down, reached for the throttle with my right hand, and heard a very loud blast and felt excruciating pain in my right hand as if it was being hit with a sledgehammer. At that instant, I did not know what was going on, as the first shot rang out from his 45 semi automatic pistol hitting my right hand, as it passed in front of my body, almost taking my right index finger off. This actually saved my life, since this round would have hit me in the center of the chest if the bullet had not ricocheted off my hand. Then, I

must have flinched and turned slightly to the left when the second shot was fired as it hit me in the right pectoral muscle, tearing through and across my chest, and burying into my left shoulder. I knew then, "it was time to get out of Dodge" as he was trying to kill me. I leaped off the backhoe, to the left, and was hit by the third shot. This one entered my lower right back and came out my upper right chest. This all took place in a matter of a few seconds and I could not believe what was happening to me.

When I hit the ground, I was pouring blood from my chest and knew direct pressure was my only chance. I grabbed my right pectoral muscle as hard as I could with my bad right hand. As I could not use my left as it was immobile. I thought my left shoulder was shattered, but found out later it was because of the lodged bullet. While all of this was happening, I was quickly accessing what other injuries I might have. I even coughed and spit to see if my lungs were damaged and saw a small amount of blood in my saliva. Then, the fourth shot rang out, followed by silence.

I was able, with great difficulty, to stand up gradually, and look over the rear tire of the backhoe. He was still sitting on the driver's side and smoke was coming from the top of his head. I knew then he had killed himself and I needed to get help quick.

Unfortunately, from past experience, cell phone service was very limited in this area of the gravel road, and I had no choice but to get back on the tractor and drive about a mile to the top of the hill. Walking this distance, I knew, was impossible in my condition. Steering with my left elbow, working the throttle with my left hand, and continuing direct pressure on my chest wounds with my shot up right hand, the tractor began to move. At this point in time, I did not know if I was going to make it, so I attempted to call my wife with the speed dial feature, who had already gone back to Massachusetts. I knew that if at least the call recorded on her phone, and the worse happened, she would have known I was thinking of her. The call rang a few times and dropped as expected.

The trip up to the top of the hill seemed to take days. I have often heard that during times like this, people think of a thousand different things and I was no exception. The would of, could of, should of scenario was blazing through my mind.

I became very angry and "pissed off" that this had happened to me. I remember saying aloud, *"I will not go out like this .....of all the things I have been through in my lifetime.....I will not go out this way!"*

Thank God for governing devices on diesel engines, or I would have probably blown up the engine trying to get help. I was having a very difficult time, in my impaired condition, operating the throttle and buried the tachometer at least three times. However, when I finally reached the top of the hill, I immediately dialed 911 and a person answered, *"You have dialed 911... What is your emergency?"*, I attempted to respond and the call dropped. Then a weak feeling came over me along with a cold sweat. I knew what was happening and it meant real trouble. I was going into shock and if I passed out, it was over for me. Quickly as possible, I climbed off the machine and laid down in a drainage ditch with my feet up to treat myself for shock. Fortunately, this worked and allowed me to continue dialing 911. After about the fifth or sixth try, the call finally held and the paramedics and state police, including the life flight helicopter, were on their way.

After about 15-20 minutes had passed, four bear hunters came upon me and I was able to tell them what had happened to me. Once they found out the suspect was not verified as being dead, they immediately loaded their rifles and surrounded me and said, *"Don't worry guy, if he is still alive, he will not make it up that hill!"* You do not know how comforting that was to me.

Then, one of them said, *"Hey bud, you know you are bleeding out the back too..."* Luckily, they had lots of paper toweling with them and they plugged up the hole in my back.

During this time, I was still on the phone with the 911 personnel, as they require you to do this

until help actually arrives. I kept asking them "*where were they?*", and she kept telling me, "*They are on the way....be patient.*" Finally, after 30 minutes had past, I was getting frustrated and angry. That is when they told me the "*ambulance could not go around the suspects car until it was cleared by the State Police.*" I kept telling them they could access me by another gravel road further down the paved road and did not have to go by the suspect's car. After arguing with them for what seemed a very long time, I received another break; the local game warden had come upon the scene of the suspect's car and heard me talking to the personnel on the radio. He immediately, grabbed one of the EMT'S and said "*I know where Steve is and how to get to him.....get in my truck!*" After 45 minutes from the initial call, help finally arrived. The life flight helicopter was on stand by in a local field, but since they were able to stabilize me, I was taken by ambulance to the local hospital about 20 miles away. Later that evening, I was transferred to another hospital with a trauma unit via a two hour ambulance ride. After the medical team finished working on me, I learned that substantial tissue and muscle damage had occurred, but no vital organs were hit, except for some bruising on my lungs, and I was lucky to be alive. Over the next couple of days, the doctors and medical staff were amazed at how quickly I was recovering and was discharged from the hospital in just 3 days. I was very sore, weak, and barely able to move around, but I could walk

I have hunted all my life, been involved with guns, attended many tactical schools, and had emergency first aid training. Having treated several people in an emergency situation, I have seen broken bones and severe injuries. However, none of this prepared me for what I was about to see. When I got out of the hospital and went home, I realized then, just how much trauma bullets can actually inflict to the human body.

Believe me; you never want to be shot! The front of my torso from my waste to my neck and most of my back was entirely black, blue, yellow, purple just about any color you can possibly imagine. Internally, I was in deep pain in many areas and since they do not stitch bullet holes closed because of the necessity for them to drain and weep because of possible infection, constant discharge of fluids and old blood, sometimes heavy, continued for several days. Of course, I was still coughing up blood due to the bruising of my lungs. However, after utilizing the Energy Cleaner every day for 10-14 days, the bleeding/weeping stopped, the coughing of blood ceased, and 80% of my trauma and severe colorization was gone. At my follow up visit, the doctor and nurses found themselves in disbelief on how quickly I was healing. They just stood around me with my shirt off and shook their heads. Then, after less than four weeks using the Energy Cleaner, all the trauma was gone and my wounds were totally healed including my hand, which will require therapy in the future to gain the full use of it.

I am not a believer in painkillers and throughout the entire incident, including my stay in the hospital, I never took or was administered any painkillers. You do not know what pain is until you have someone digging in your shoulder for 20 minutes trying to remove a bullet. This was my choice, since it is my opinion; the healing process is slowed when the body is on drugs. As of today, about 4 1/2 weeks after the shooting, I ran two, walked three miles yesterday, and went back to the gym, today, for the first time. Without, my back being totally healed on that fateful day, there would have been no way I could have moved quick enough in leaping off the backhoe and the third shot or possibly a fourth one would have killed me. There is no doubt the Energy Cleaner worked for me. Besides saving my life, it promoted almost super healing powers during the recovery process.

Many things went right for me and I can only be forever thankful, and the "will to live" is truly an amazing attribute the human body is blessed with. Additionally, I am sure someone was with me that day and I often think about that too. After the dust settles, you have a lot of time to think and your mind continues to run. I wonder, at times, if I should have seen this coming. Did I miss some clues or actions by the suspect in the previous months, maybe even the

slightest detail? Although, he worked for me for years, I fished, hunted, and guided with him as well. We never had any real confrontation to speak of, and we always accomplished a lot together when he worked for us at camp.

Most of it does not make any sense and guess I will never know what was in his mind that day. One thing for sure, I have learned, you must be aware of your surroundings at all times, **and expect the unexpected**. This is especially true, when it involves business or personal relationships that may have gone astray. I do not mean that you have to live your life in fear, but be aware and conduct your daily life accordingly. Unfortunately, this is something I had become complacent with in applying from my tactical training. This will never happen again! Guaranteed!

A few days ago, one of my friends asked me, "How are you doing?" I thought for a moment, looked at him with a smile, and responded, "How would you think a guy is doing after he just won the biggest and most important lottery of them all?"

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**Steve W.**

**Ladies and Gentlemen,**

The notes following are redacted messages between Tom Berryhill and users of the Energy Cleaner.

Regards,  
John Moore

*email spelling errors and grammatical errors intentionally left uncorrected - webmaster*

=====  
From: tom berryhill  
Subject: Energy Cleaner testimonial- cancer  
To: twb8899@yahoo.com  
Date: Tuesday, August 2, 2011, 11:11 AM

The following information is the text from an exchange of emails concerning a woman named Susan in Kansas City, MO who had just learned she had cancer.

Susan's friend Lynn was a school classmate who wanted to help by getting her an Energy Cleaner. Maria is Lynn's daughter. Lynn and her husband Mike own a furniture store where we are customers so they know of my work. Their daughter Maria contacted me last summer to inquire about the Energy Cleaner and find out if it would help their friend Susan who just learned she had the cancerous tumor. I don't have permission to give out any of their identities so that part of each email will show as "xxxx".

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First inquiry from Maria to inquire about the Energy Cleaner

--- On Tue, 7/13/10, XXXXXXXXXXXXX@charter.net XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX@charter.net> wrote:

From: XXXXXXXXXXX@charter.net  
Subject: Question on energy machines

To: twb8899@yahoo.com  
Date: Tuesday, July 13, 2010, 11:01 AM

Goodmorning Tom, Don't know if you remember me but I sold you some furniture and you've told me about what you do. I hope I have the right email address, I found it on the internet. I've tried your home # a couple of times but was unable to reach you. I was talking about your energy machine to a family friend and also some other family members of mine. They have strong interest in what you do and I didn't know if you had a website or if there was any info. out there for them on how to go about purchasing one. Also is it only designed for certain illnesses or can it help and vast # of things? My family friend has been diagnosed with a rare kind of tongue cancer. Is this also something that could be used for fibromyalgia and degenerative disc disease? If you have any info. or can lead me into the right direction for these people please let me know. Thanks so much for your time and hope you're still enjoying your furniture. Maria XXXXXXXX XXXXXX Furniture Co. XXXXXXXX  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX@charter.net

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I spoke with Maria by telephone and she gave me the details about their friend Sue who had the cancer.

--- On Wed, 7/14/10, xxxxxxx@charter.net wrote:  
From: xxxxxxx@charter.net Subject:  
To: twb8899@yahoo.com  
Date: Wednesday, July 14, 2010, 9:30 AM

Goodmorning Tom, Thank-you so much yesterday for returning my call and taking the time. Just wanted to let you know, I spoke with our family friend last night and gave her your email and phone#. She said she's open to try anything and she has about a month b-4 she is scheduled to start any kind of treatment. Hopefully it's enough time. I think you could really inspire her!! Thanks again,

Maria XXXXXXXX XXXXXX Furniture Co.

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First email from Lynn (Maria's mother)

--- On Wed, 7/14/10, xxxx@charter.net wrote:  
From: xxxxx3@charter.net Subject: Maria...Energy Machine  
To: "Tom Berryhill" Date: Wednesday, July 14, 2010, 7:23 PM

Tom.. My daughter, Maria, talked to you about our family friend. She said she forget to give you her name. Susan xxxxx is from Kansas City. We are definitely interested in your machine, but are anxiously awaiting a call from Sue so we can get a machine to her as quickly as possible. Hopefully she will call you first so you can give her all the info. Hope to talk to you soon.

Lynn & Mike xxxxxxxxx

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I had a two hour telephone conversation with Susan the day before to explain how the Energy Cleaner works. Susan was very stressed after receiving the bad news from her doctor. They didn't give her much hope but I told her there was MUCH hope for her. Lynn and Mike (Lynn's husband) had met with me the day before. They purchased the Energy Cleaner and

immediately departed for Kansas City, Missouri to deliver it to Sue. Maria then sent me this email:

--- On Fri, 7/16/10, xxxxxx@charter.net wrote:  
From: xxxxxx@charter.net Subject: Re: To: "tom berryhill"  
Date: Friday, July 16, 2010, 2:35 PM

Hi Tom, Thanks so much for taking the time with Susan and for the quick response in meeting up with my parents. They visited with her all day yesterday and she immediately began using the machine. When they left her last night she was commenting she felt tingling sensations in her neck. Hopefully it's already fast at work!! We'll be in touch and thanks again so very much for your gift of knowledge.

Maria xxxxxxxx

=====

Lynn sent this email to let me know there was quite a bit of interest building up in the local area and that Sue was more upbeat and smiling again.

--- On Fri, 7/16/10, xxxx@charter.net wrote:  
From: xxxx@charter.net Subject: Re: Energy Machine  
To: "tom berryhill" Date: Friday, July 16, 2010, 10:58 PM

Tom, Thank you for meeting us on Thurs. morning to deliver the energy machine. Sue is very optimistic and is smiling and laughing again. We are so anxious to see the results and I can't seem to stay focused on anything else. On the way home from KC we were talking to our son, Sean. He would also like to purchase one. (Does not want to wait until Sue is finished with ours.) We will need to send his to..Denver, CO. Please let me know the amount and I will send you a check. You will probably be getting many orders from our staff. They are all very interested.

Thank you, again... Lynn xxxxxx

---- tom berryhill wrote: Lynn, I had a nice conversation with Susan. She seemed to feel much better and we even had a few laughs. I think she will rest better tonight. I'm thinking about going to xxxxx tomorrow morning so perhaps I could bring the Energy Cleaner to xxxxx. This way you and Mike won't have to make any detours. We can talk about it in the morning. Looking forward to meeting both of you.

Tom Berryhill

=====

Sue's tumor began to rapidly shrink in size while using the Energy Cleaner. The interest building up and Maria asked me to do a seminar at their store. I arranged for a woman named Anne in Ohio to call in during the seminar and we put her on speaker phone so everyone could hear and ask her questions.

Anne is an anesthesia technician in a hospital and is involved with tumor surgeries on a regular basis. She does her job but doesn't agree with what they do for cancer patients. Anne had purchased several Energy Cleaner instruments. One for her family, another for her father and one for her friends Barb and Pip (Barb's husband).

Anne told us during the seminar that her father had prostate cancer that had spread and the tumor was the size of a basket ball. There were several "gasps" in the room when she said that. It even shocked me. He had very little medical intervention and was able to eliminate this

large tumor and is in complete remission after using the Energy Cleaner.

Anne's friends Barb and Pip both had cancer. Barb had a mid stage breast cancer and Pip had a very late stage prostate cancer. In Pip's case the cancer had spread everywhere and the doctors said it was too late to do anything. They "gave" him a short time to live. I asked Anne how they were all doing, she said her father is just fine, Barb has regular test performed and her cancer is gone. When asked about Pip she said he's doing great and waved to her that morning as she passed him on the road.

Then Anne said Pip will now repeatedly test negative for any cancer when it had previously been throughout his body. She said he is in his late seventies and according to the doctors he was supposed to be dead five years ago. He had no medical therapies at all because the doctors said it was way too late for him. They recommended Hospice care but his only method of healing was the Energy Cleaner.

-- On Mon, 7/19/10, xxxxxxx@charter.net wrote: From: xxxxxxx@charter.net  
Subject: To: twb8899@yahoo.com  
Date: Monday, July 19, 2010, 11:20 AM

Goodmorning Tom, Hope you had a great weekend. Don't want to bother you but, you had mentioned when we were talking on the phone last week that you could do a little seminar for a small group of people. All of my employees and some of their spouses are interested in gaining more knowledge about the energy machine. They are asking me lots of questions and I don't have answers. Would you be interested in giving a little talk one evening after work? Let me know what you think. Thx!

Maria xxxxxxx

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After the seminar --- On Wed, 7/28/10, xxxxxx@charter.net wrote:  
From: xxxxxx@charter.net Subject: Re: Re: To: "tom berryhill"  
Date: Wednesday, July 28, 2010, 10:36 AM

Goodmorning Tom, Thank-you so much for the seminar last night. Everyone said all the information was very interesting, positive, and helpful. Now you've got them thinking and the research has begun. I will be in touch.....Thanks again so very much!!

Maria xxxxxxx

=====

Update on Sue. She is receiving chemo and radiation but also using the Energy Cleaner.

--- On Tue, 8/10/10, xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx@charter.net wrote:  
From: xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx@charter.net Subject: susan To: twb8899@yahoo.com  
Date: Tuesday, August 10, 2010, 9:38 AM

Goodmorning Tom, Just recv. e-mail from Susan and thought you might like the input. She began her second week of treatment yesterday. She reported that both rad. and med. oncologist marked improvement in tongue mobility, knot on rt side of throat can't be felt, and mass on the left is softer in texture. She's using when possible during day and now sleeping on at night. She said she can't wrap neck in foil any longer because of the heat it produces. Radiation has burned her throat. She is even gaining weight instead of losing which docs. are happy about. Hopefully she will have better results next week and discontinue treatments and just use machine. It's a shame she couldn't have put off treatments another couple of weeks.

Thx. so much and have a great day!

Maria xxxxxxxx

=====

Another update --- On Thu, 8/19/10, xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx@charter.net wrote:

From: xxxxxxxxxxxx@charter.net Subject: To: twb8899@yahoo.com

Date: Thursday, August 19, 2010, 9:30 AM

Goodmorning Tom, Just wanted to update you on Sue. My mom spoke with her last night on the phone and she is very ill due to the treatments. She is still using the machine at night on her bed as she sleeps and knows that it gives her just enough energy to get thru the day. She has now run into the diagnostic issue you talked about. They will not give her any more screenings until 1 month after she has completed 7 wk. treatments. She informed her doc. yesterday she would not be completing 7 wk. of treatments. I just hope she quits before it kills her. I was going to email her and tell her to use it in the tub as much as possible as that is the most effective way of detox. Do you have any other suggestions for use? Her throat has been burned due to rad. so it hurts her to wrap with foil like she was doing. She advised my Mom not to worry she will make it thru this....so at least she's got the will power to live. She is also still eating normal food and not using the feeding tube. Docs advised her she needed to be using it, but so far she is refusing to give up the real stuff. Just wanted to let you know the status. Keep in touch.

Maria

=====

Maria has a good sense of humor. I told her I really couldn't answer this question as I had no feedback on the subject. I also told her to not hold me responsible for any mishaps! LOL

--- On Mon, 9/13/10, xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx@charter.net wrote:

From: xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx@charter.net Subject: To: twb8899@yahoo.com

Date: Monday, September 13, 2010, 5:01 PM

Hi Tom, Hope all has been going well for you and you've been able to move forward with all your ideas. Just have a question to ask. Several have asked and we've been discussing it here at the store.....Is it possible that using the energy machine can work against those who have had tubes tied or a vasectomy. LOL I know your not a doctor but would this be a concern for some that have had those procedures. We been laughing about it here, but some are actually concerned. Let me know if you have any input on this. Don't laugh too hard at us!!

Maria

=====

Forwarded message from Susan and Lynn.

--- On Tue, 9/21/10, xxxx@charter.net wrote:

From: xxxxxx@charter.net Subject: Fwd: Re: Hello! To: "SEAN" , "Tom Berryhill" , "xxxx xxxxxx" , "Sarah xxxxx"

Date: Tuesday, September 21, 2010, 8:51 PM Date: Tue, 21 Sep 2010 15:06:10 -0700 (PDT)

From: SUSAN xxxxxx Subject: Re: Hello! To: xxxxxx@charter.net

It is with great joy that I tell you all of treatments have been completed. Now it is time to heal damaged tissues. Ken has taken my mother to airport this afternoon and she should be flying out about now. I will be limiting my talking for a few days due to sores in mouth & throat. I've

seem to come through this great from what the nurse & drs. are saying. I give credit to the energy machine for getting rid of toxics. I send more of an update soon, I just wanted you to know.

Sue

---

From: "xxxxx@charter.net" xxxxx@charter.net> To: Sue xxxxxx

Sent: Tue, September 21, 2010 12:43:55 PM

Subject: Hello! Sue, I didn't want to call you while your family was there. That doesn't mean that I have not been thinking about you. Call whenever, let me know how everything is going. Sending a big hug.....

Lynn

=====  
Forwarded email from Susan. --- On Fri, 10/1/10, xxxxxxxx@charter.net wrote:

From: xxxxxxxx@charter.net Subject: Fwd: Sue To: twb8899@yahoo.com

Date: Friday, October 1, 2010, 8:50 AM Date: Thu, 30 Sep 2010 20:30:39 -0400

From: To: xxxxx xxxxxx Subject: Sue Date: Thu, 30 Sep 2010 16:42:01 -0700 (PDT)

From: SUSAN xxxxx Subject: Re: To: xxxxxxxx@charter.net

Hi Lynn, yes things are doing better. I can now talk without it being so painful; however I have junk that I constant have to cough up. Chris is coming out to spend the week-end with me -- I really didn't feel up to until just recently. I'm up about every 2 hr through the night to cough up junk so that I don't get sick. They are keeping me comfortable on pain med. Seem as though I go to cancer center alot even though I'm done with treatment. Wed & Fri I've been going for 3 hr IV treatment to keep me hydrated. Mon blood work & Wed to see radiation dr. before I fly out to visit my mom for a week. Last week I saw med. dr. & he said I doing great and it will be probably be 1 to 2 wk before radiation finally stop doing it junk. I'm finally able to drink a little water & broth. It will be awhile before I'm eating and will mainly be using tube for feeding & medications. If I lose another 5 lbs I'll be at my weight when we were in school--nothing is in the same place though. I'm scheduled to have a cat scan on 10/25 then see dr. 10/28 in hope he will release to go back to work. Will see how it goes. I've got alot of energy and stamina I'm going to have to get back. They all keep telling me that I've done remarkable through the treatments, probably the best they had--and I keep bathing & sleeping with our machine. Would have hated to have gone through this with out this machine as its been a BEAR. Thanks for caring so much and be a terrific friend. I'll keep you up dated.

Sue

=====  
Good news about Susan.

--- On Fri, 10/29/10, xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx@charter.net wrote:

From: xxxxxxxx@charter.net Subject: To: twb8899@yahoo.com

Date: Friday, October 29, 2010, 4:38 PM

Hi Tom, Hope all has been going well for you. I have someone that's been trying to reach you to get a machine and have not been able to make contact with them so I told them I would try you. Also wanted to pass along the GREAT news.....Our family friend Susan is cancer free. She just recv. back test results yesterday. Yeah!!

Maria

=====

Susan received more good news right before Christmas.

--- On Fri, 12/17/10, xxxxxx@charter.net wrote:  
From: xxxxx@charter.net Subject: sue xxxxx  
To: "Tom Berryhill" Date: Friday, December 17, 2010, 9:28 AM  
Date: Thu, 16 Dec 2010 18:01:25 -0800 (PST)  
From: SUSAN xxxxx

Dear Family & Friends Just returned from appointments with both medical & radiation oncologist with "GREAT NEWS"--Pet & Cat scans showed the mass to be resolved. This basically means no evidence of cancer. I still have months of healing ahead for me but each day I feel stronger. I have been very fortunate to have had such a big support base from you all. Thank you for the cares & concerns . I believe everything from doctors, family and friends, prayers from across the country & an "E-machine" has helped me win this fight. Looking forward to spending time with my family & friends. Hope you all have a great holiday.

Sue

=====

I think this is the last update concerning Susan. Lynn sent this and also commented on her own fibromyalgia problem. Lynn purchased the Energy Cleaner during the seminar at her furniture store last August. It looks like it only took three months or so for her to completely heal her pain problem that plagued her for many years.

--- On Tue, 11/2/10, xxxxxx@charter.net wrote:  
From: xxxxx@charter.net Subject: Energy Machine To: "Tom Berryhill"  
Date: Tuesday, November 2, 2010, 9:02 PM

Tom, I wanted to let you know that my fibromyalgia seems to be gone and my back has healed. In 1993, I vacuumed for a straight 7+ hours at the furniture store. The next day was bad. That started a year long effort to find out what the problem was. This is when I was diagnosed with FMS and a possible hair-line crack in my back. It has given me problems for the last 17 years. Now, thanks to the E-box, as Mike calls the energy machine, I seem to be doing so much better. We continue to use it on a regular basis. Sue xxxxx also has fantastic news for you. I'm sure when she gets a chance she will let you know that she is in complete remission. Sue was starting back to work this week. We realize that she had both Chemo and radiation treatments, but thanks to your machine she has the future to look forward to. We thank you very much.

Sincerely,  
Mike & Lynn

=====

Latest message from Maria with questions on connecting the Energy Cleaner to the mattress springs on her bed. She also commented on her Grandmother's use of the Energy Cleaner. I remember her Grandmother showing me the large bump on her elbow that the doctors could do nothing about. She was hoping the Energy Cleaner would help. Looks like it worked for her. I really enjoyed meeting Maria's Grandmother (Lynn's Mother). She is very outspoken and fun to talk with. Towards the end of the seminar she got quite vocal and was trashing ALL

doctors! lol She called them a bunch of idiots! It embarrassed Lynn who was very red faced by then and said "Come on Mom it's time to leave" as she dragged her Mother out the door! I laughed all the way home. Now this woman has healed and is most likely telling all her friends all about it. We have more fun with all of this than should be allowed !! .....

--- On Mon, 3/28/11, Maria xxxxxxxx wrote:

From: Maria xxxxxxxx Subject: To: "Tom Berryhill"

Date: Monday, March 28, 2011, 3:55 PM

Hi there, I was just wondering, I cut a hole in my mattress and connected the wire to the border rod inside my mattress. Since I've done that I don't feel like it's doing me much good. I have a very thick mattress with a lot of foam, does that make a difference? Or should I try to connect it to one of the inside springs instead of the outside edge? Has the radioactivity hit the midwest yet? It's so scary what those poor people in Japan are being exposed to. Also, just wanted to pass along when my Grandma first bought the energy machine she had a large fluid filled sack on her elbow. It has taken quite a while but it is now gone. Yeh!!

-- Maria xxxxxxx



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