



Massage, the Most Powerful Cure for Basal Cell Carcinoma

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Letter to the Editor

In the year 1937, the Japanese military had engaged a daily air raid against my hometown, in the province of Fujian, China, for the safety of students and teachers, The Talmage College, where my father was a teacher, had moved to a northern village, in the province of Hua-Ann. It was a difficult time for my family. The salary my father received was not enough to buy rice let alone the charcoal for cooking, and my mother had lost her income also, as a kindergarten teacher. Even though I was only eight-years old, I felt that I needed to help-out.

In the village, there was a woman, who often went to the mountains to harvest a type of ferns for cooking purpose instead of buying charcoals, I asked her whether she would take me along and teach me how to do that job. She was very kind to me, a refugee kid; she lent me all the necessary equipment and brought me with her to the mountains and taught me what and how to do the job. I was thrilled when I carried home two bundles of ferns home. My father was amazed; he went to measure how much weight that I carried. He found that I carried a total of over 100 pounds while I was not even 50 pounds in weight.

Now, I had the ferns, I would need a stove to burn them in. Again, I asked the kind village woman how to build a stove. She taught me how to make red-soiled bricks and used them to construct a stove. I asked my mother to buy a large wok, big enough for cooking rice for food, and making rice cake for Chinese Spring festival.

In the village school, a teacher decided to teach us kids how to dig up soil, build a hill on which to grow vegetables. My mother and I went looking for a plot of land near a water source, and we found such a place to grow vegetable for our family, I also met a very kind village farmer who let me have a piece of his land so that I could grow sweet potatoes. In fact, I had so many sweet potatoes that would last for a whole year for my family.

Since I spent days either on high mountains harvesting ferns, or in the field planting and harvesting sweet potatoes, I was exposed too much to the UV light under the sun. I suffered a skin disease, known as basal-cell carcinoma on my right eye lid. It was a painful tumor. My grandmother told me to do a massage by repetitive pulling on the eyelid muscle. I did that and the tumor disappeared. Scientifically, the massage had triggered the process of APOPTOSIS AND AUTOPHAGY.

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