

# **The Breast Stays Put**

No Chemo—No Radiation—No Lumpectomy—  
*No Thank You*

(Put your scalpel back in your pocket and nobody gets hurt!)

*How One Woman Overcame Breast Cancer with  
Alternative Medicine Alone*



By

Pamela Hoepfner

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*The Breast Stays Put*  
by Pamela Hoepfner

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## CHAPTER 1

# Disbelief—Denial—Desperation



### **A**t the Mammogram Boutique

*What could be taking so long?* I asked myself, glancing up once again at the clock hanging directly across from me, as it ticked away on the cold, drab, antiseptic-yellow, cement-block hospital wall.

*I don't recall it ever taking this long for a radiologist to read a mammogram on any of my prior appointments,* I reasoned.

Decked out in what I presumed was the latest fashion design in hospital gowns, I was a little cold sitting there. I'm sure it was thought to be very "user friendly" by the staff though. It had *three* armholes. (I'll let you figure that one out.)

I'd been flipping through a book of mammogram jokes and cartoons I'd found sitting on the desk next to me, to pass the time.

*Someone obviously went to a lot of trouble to put these together. (A little "boob-smashing" humor to lighten the mood, I supposed.)*

They were actually pretty funny—I even laughed right out loud at a few of them. But I was starting to get bored and I wanted to go home.

My thoughts drifted toward my husband, who was out in the waiting room . . .

Willie normally didn't come with me on appointments like this, but this time there was a little cause for concern. If he was worried he didn't let on, and I was just glad he was there. Knowing he was out there waiting was the least of my concerns. He's such a sweetheart; so patient and easygoing. Waiting for me at anytime, for any reason, is never a problem – just one of so many things I love about him.

He was probably getting hungry by now though. This was taking much longer than either of us had anticipated. More than likely he'd been sitting there thinking about where we'd go for lunch as soon as we got out of this place today. (I, for one, wished we were already there.)

The technician had said she'd be right back. She just needed the radiologist to take a look at the films—to be sure she didn't need to “do any over.”

“*Do any over?*” I mused. *That's just what I need—a few more “radiation vibes” shot into my system.* She'd already taken two extra images as it was when I told her about the lump, or swollen gland, I wanted checked. Well, I had news for them. They'd better have gotten what they needed the first time, because there would be no “do-overs.” Not today. I didn't plan to be nuked again—especially considering how I didn't even want to be there in the first place!

It was probably only a few minutes that she'd been gone, but it seemed like an eternity. The longer I sat there, the more I realized just how edgy I was about this whole ordeal.

I had told the technician how I'd found a lump while showering. She showed no reaction, alarm or concern. But my guess is that technicians are instructed not to, which was fine with me—I just wanted to get dressed and get out of there. The place was giving me the creeps. I could read the report later. At least that's how I thought this would go down. Now, I wasn't so sure. *What could she be doing that was taking so long?*

I found myself thinking back to the day, about a month ago, that had brought me here today.

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### **The Attack and the Plan**

So many things were lining up, reassuring me that I was making the right choice. I was still hoping for a good report of a benign tumor, or possibly a lymph node that was, shall we say, “*having a moment*”—but at this point I knew—whatever was coming, I’d face it and I’d conquer it! Because I had God in my corner—and Protocol<sup>®</sup> for the *straightaway!*

Throughout the years I’ve known of many people who survived cancer using alternative methods, but, probably because the whole thing is so scary and unpleasant, like many others, I’d never given much thought to what I’d use if I found I ever had a need. (Why do any research on the subject, in any kind of depth, when, to begin with, you are convinced you’re never going to be in a position to have to make this kind of choice?)

However, when I heard about Protocol<sup>®</sup> in October, I felt it could be an answer for those who were searching, and I had already begun telling people. And, now, since something may have slipped through the preventative measures I’d taken, it looked as if it was time to go into “Plan B.” God always has a “Plan B.” And God had literally given me an answer before I ever knew I had a problem. *How humbling is that?*

My confession to God for years has been, “You order my steps,<sup>9</sup> You direct my paths,<sup>10</sup> and You establish my thoughts.”<sup>11</sup> Because in the Bible He said He would, if I just trusted Him for it. And I *do*. So He *does*. And that’s how it goes for us. *We’re buds!*

I immediately started strategizing and *living in the future*. I had too many sunrises to paint (I’m partial to them—just ask my kids), too many grandchildren who hadn’t even been born yet to love and help raise—and there was still that “book” I always knew I’d write. I simply didn’t have time to die with all my gifts still inside me—especially of something as *pathetic* as cancer!

It was time to set my face like a flint. No wimping out on this one! This could be the battle of my life. And if it was—I intended to win! Take no prisoners—*this was all-out war!*

First of all, there are specific do’s and don’ts with regard to taking Protocol<sup>®</sup>. With the way Protocol<sup>®</sup> works, taking products along with it that cause an increase in “voltage” or “ATP”

(adenosine triphosphate) activity at the cellular level will negate Protocol<sup>®</sup>'s effectiveness. I'll go into this in greater detail later, but suffice it to say that if someone is not prepared to diligently follow the few simple rules that apply to the use of Protocol<sup>®</sup>, they're better off not using it at all!

***Many supplements cannot be taken with Protocol<sup>®</sup>.*** Lists of supplements and treatments that are considered “compatible” and “incompatible” have been compiled by Tanya Harter Pierce and are presented in her book, *Outsmart Your Cancer*, and a list also comes with every bottle of Protocol<sup>®</sup> ordered. The lists can also be found on my website [www.TheBreastStaysPut.com](http://www.TheBreastStaysPut.com), where they will be updated from time to time. However, below is a list of the supplements known to interfere with Protocol<sup>®</sup> the most adversely.

- **Vitamin C**
- **Vitamin E**
- **CoQ10**
- **Selenium**
- **Essiac Tea**
- **Ozone Treatments**
- **Burdock Root**
- **Alpha Lipoic Acid**
- **Cat's Claw**
- **IP-6**
- **Cesium**

I myself have taken a number of health-enhancing, wellness-promoting products for years, but when I decided to use Protocol<sup>®</sup> I knew, for the time being, I had to give the majority of them up. Anything that directly promotes the production of ATP at the cellular level and everything that is on the “incompatible list” I immediately dropped! And if I wasn't certain it was compatible with Protocol<sup>®</sup>, *it was out!* Because the non-negotiable rule to follow *when using Protocol<sup>®</sup>* is, **“When in doubt—*don't!*”**

[Chapter 5 – page 72]

I was also still back at square one in my own thinking, wondering why they'd want to cut on (*or cut off*) my breast in the first place, *when cancer is systemic! If it's in my breast—duh! Aren't the chances pretty good that it's in other places, too? All it takes is one cell! And the surgeon can't even tell me for certain what stage I'm in, how can he be so sure that it hasn't already spread?*

*Well, Girl Wonder, first of all—I don't think you want to go there with him on this. Hello? If he isn't "sure," he knows he doesn't have to be! He knows he's got chemotherapy!*

So on that note I just let it go. (He already knows he's not invited to this party anyway.)

### **So That's How the Other Side Operates**

I was very taken aback by how women are expected to make such life-altering decisions while being given virtually no time to think about it. And—the only good I could find in any of this was in knowing I had already made all the decisions I was ever going to have to make about it, before I ever set foot in his office. The whole thing was giving me the *heebie-jeebies*. All I wanted now was to just leave—so I could go home and continue to count my blessings that I knew I had options—*ahead of time!*

Before we left his office, the surgeon told me the booklets were mine to take, and he would see about setting me up with an oncologist, because, as a surgeon, he wouldn't be in a position to monitor me; but the oncologist he was referring me to “may agree to it.” (*May?*) Adding, “You'll have to speak with him about it.”

His demeanor seemed guarded. Almost as though he was carefully picking and choosing his words. And I remember thinking, *That's odd. Isn't it just “a given” that doctors are expected to help people? Something about a “Hippocratic Oath?” Or are they being selective about their patients these days, based on whether or not they plan to do anything conventional?*

My intuition was talking—but I missed it. It was at the end of the appointment, and I was probably just too tired to go there.

## CHAPTER 19

# A Man with a Dream



### The “God Given” Answer to Cancer

Considering the perplexing dilemma we find ourselves in, with no real answer to the cancer nightmare based on what we are seeing in our society today, don't you have to wonder how a teenager in the *1930s* could have had the foresight to know he had within himself a gift so extraordinary he knew he couldn't waste it? And wanting so much for his life to count for something he actually prayed and asked God for the cure for cancer? A cure that would work for all types of cancers, that everyone could use and everyone could afford? Where did the “heartbeat” it would take, to get a “bead” on how desperately mankind would be searching in the decades to come for the answer God would give him, even come from—in the 1930s—for Jim Sheridan to be compelled to pursue it his entire life?

A chemical formula that he didn't understand came to him one night in a dream. This chemical formula kept appearing in a recurrent dream, over and over, and he never knew what it meant until he saw it in a book. It was related to cancer, or a carcinogen. It wasn't until a while later that the actual idea for how to make the Protocol<sup>®</sup> formula also came to him in a dream. But this time it came during a daytime nap, in 1936. And it was the beginning of what became a “personal” dream he would pursue throughout his entire life. (For a more detailed history of how Protocol<sup>®</sup> was developed, tested and suppressed by the FDA, see *Outsmart Your Cancer*, by Tanya Harter Pierce.)

## **Recommended Websites:**

[www.thebreaststaysput.com](http://www.thebreaststaysput.com)  
[www.outsmartyourcancer.com](http://www.outsmartyourcancer.com)  
[www.webnd.com](http://www.webnd.com)  
[www.protocolforum.com](http://www.protocolforum.com)  
[www.elonnamckibben.com](http://www.elonnamckibben.com)  
[www.protocolglobal.com](http://www.protocolglobal.com)  
[www.breastcancerchoices.org](http://www.breastcancerchoices.org)  
[www.drbrownstein.com](http://www.drbrownstein.com)  
[www.cancerfightingstrategies.com](http://www.cancerfightingstrategies.com)  
[www.caprofile.net](http://www.caprofile.net)  
[www.salivatest.com](http://www.salivatest.com)  
[www.willardswater.com](http://www.willardswater.com)  
[www.hummingbirdhealth.com](http://www.hummingbirdhealth.com)

## **Recommended Reading and Listening:**

*Outsmart Your Cancer*, by Tanya Harter Pierce  
*Questioning Chemotherapy*, By Ralph Moss  
*What Your Doctor May Not Tell You About Breast Cancer*,  
by John Lee, MD, David Zava, PhD, and Virginia Hopkins  
*Iodine—Why You Need It—Why You Can't Live Without It*,  
by David Brownstein, MD  
*Cancer—Step Outside the Box*, by Ty Bollinger  
*Dressed to Kill: The Link Between Breast Cancer and Bras*,  
by Sydney Ross Singer and Soma Grismaijer  
*What Your Doctor May Not Tell You About Menopause*,  
by John Lee, MD and Virginia Hopkins  
*Adrenal Fatigue*, by James L. Wilson and Johnathan V. Wright  
*Healed of Cancer*, by Dodie Osteen  
*Healing School Series*, by Gloria Copeland  
*Your Best Life Now*, by Joel Osteen  
*Ageless*, by Suzanne Somers  
*The Battlefield of the Mind*, by Joyce Meyer