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Dear Dr. Wolfe:

Well, it's "Bill" now, isn't it? You've become a friend, and over time I think I may find you to be the most serendipitous ally I've ever found in my long search for good health. I'm very pleased with the progress I've made under your care in less than six weeks, and I'm savoring the future prospect of much greater improvement. I'm certain that I'll be thanking you in installments into the future!

A Miracle in Process

Phase I:

I first came to your office as something of a last resort. Among a list of a great many neurological problems, I was concerned over what I thought might be sleep apnea. That idea was quickly dispelled, but my description of my many years-long symptoms led to another conclusion on your part – that my problems were related to TMJ.

I had dealt with health difficulties most of my life, but beginning 27 years ago, under severe stress, I "collapsed" into the state I was in when I first came to your office. Back then, owing to an episode of extreme vertigo, I found myself at a famous ear clinic in Los Angeles, where I was diagnosed as having Meniere's Syndrome, and offered the possibility of surgery and/or Valium (to act as a vasodilator). I declined both because I could not function when taking Valium, and surgery was not something I intended to do except in desperation.

An EEG when I was 21 showed "something akin to a form of epilepsy," with an example given of my inability to process light filtering intermittently through a picket fence. And I was basically dismissed with no help offered. Today, as a passenger in a car, I am affected by, for example, light filtering through a stand of trees at the side of a roadway. The motion of riding in a car always leaves me unsettled and extremely nervous, and slightly nauseous.

Through the years that have followed those initial diagnoses, I have dealt with an inability to walk across open spaces; problems with driving because processing the stimulation of light and movement has been too disorienting; extreme sensitivity to light (especially fluorescent lighting); a nervous system in a constant state of high alert; difficulty with my neck; clinching and grinding of my teeth so that my back teeth are ground down very badly.

My social life, my outer life in general, has been severely hampered because when I go from “here” to “there” in a car, I arrive in a disoriented state, and in entering a room, I have had to find the closest wall for support, and I am generally just not **present** because I am dealing with so many internal problems that relating to what is going on around me is a difficult undertaking.

I have tried to overcome these problems through sheer force of will. I have been grateful that I am not suffering life-threatening illness – only life-limiting difficulty. Last summer, I left the house with my daughter, determined to take a walk in the marvelous New Mexico sunshine. I got two blocks from my house and had to turn back. Even with my daughter’s assistance, I was staggering so badly that I could not continue.

In this state, I came to you. You ordered a splint for my lower teeth, and from the moment it was placed in my mouth, I felt an easing of the tension in my jaw. Within a very short time, I was exulting over the fact that I could walk more normally, without assistance. Now, about six weeks later, my own assessment is an 85% improvement in my ability to walk freely, across open space and without the help of my loving daughter’s extended arm, or the cane I’ve been fearing I would soon need. And I am less reactive to light.

Any dentist **could** through the years have addressed my TMJ problem and taken the steps you have to correct it. But, in fact, none of them did. More than one dentist mentioned in passing that I had a TMJ problem. All were aware of my extreme difficulty with vertigo, and the near impossibility of my lying back in a dental chair, but attention was addressed only to normal dental procedures such as hygiene and fillings – which were most often simply “Mission Impossible” for me because I could not bear leaning back long enough for a dentist or hygienist to attend to my needs. So normal dental care has been minimal over time, and terribly uncomfortable to undergo – not because of pain but because of disorientation.

But you, I have found, are no ordinary dentist. Your use of muscle testing in fitting the splint, and in adjusting it, has been of major importance. I was once skeptical of that process, but I’ve seen its efficacy too many times now to doubt any longer. And you strongly recommended that, in addition to your care, I needed to have craniosacral therapy, prompting me to return to the woman chiropractor I had previously done such work with, including mind/body alignment. The two of you, working in tandem, have given me that glorious cliché we have all become familiar with in other arenas – **“Hope you can believe in!”**

I hesitate to use the term “miracle,” because your procedures are based in sound scientific/medical practice, and your embrace of energy healing methods, based on ancient understanding of energy meridians in the body, are the wave of the future, in my view.

An old physicist friend of mine related that meme to me years ago that says “Science advances,

funeral by funeral.” I prefer advancement through life, rather than death, and I salute you for your work. That it took me many years to find you is a sorrow that I think will dissipate in time, along with all the frustrations of poor health without any answers to its cause.

Phase II:

Now that I am able to walk and chew **sugarless** gum all at the same time, you have now outlined for me a game plan for the future. Essentially, it appears that there is going to be a construction zone in my mouth, and you are going to be the Master Builder.

There will be crowns, and a bridge – all metal free. You will remove the mercury fillings I’ve been carrying for so many years. You will build up with crowns the “barely there” teeth in the back of my mouth, to help maintain structural balance of my jaw into the future.

In that process, you will remove the “baby tooth” in the front of my mouth that you say should have been removed when I was eleven years old. But first, you asked me, “How do you **feel** about that tooth?” Now, what dentist asks you how you feel about a tooth before taking it out?

You told me it was a dead tooth. You demonstrated that by having me touch a healthy tooth while muscle testing. My arm was strong. And then you had me touch the dead tooth. My arm fell like a dead weight. That dead tooth represents to me the dead past. Take it away!

You have referred to some of the above procedures as “surgery.” Let us agree from here on that the more appropriate term is “Resurrection.”

A favorite literary quote of mine is from the female writer George Eliot: **“It’s never too late to be what you might have been.”** I’m ready if you are, Dr. Wolfe!

(To be continued.)