

My Search for an Unknown “Invader”

BY D. GARY YOUNG

JANUARY 18, 2011

Three years ago, in December of 2007 in Guayaquil, Ecuador, I had my first experience with a tropical disease. Whatever it was had attacked my body with a vengeance. The fever, weakness, and horrible joint and bone pain were indescribable. I had never experienced anything like that in my life. How could I possibly fly home to Utah at the end of that week when I could hardly move and was so incapacitated?

When the blood tests came back from the laboratory positive for the dengue fever, I was shocked. I had no experience with it and wasn't even sure of its nature and what to expect. Dr. Leida Arguello, I. told me that someone with dengue could be in the hospital or be bedridden for weeks. She also said that for someone over 50, it is usually fatal. I didn't have time for that and wondered what I was going to do.

I had taken a megadose of water-soluble vitamin C in an IV, with no effect, so I knew I had to do something different. As I began praying about my situation, the thought came into my head that surely the oils could kill this enemy. I had been conducting research using my oil blend of Thieves intravenously and knew that this was the time for me to have my own experience.

The Thieves IV was so quick to eradicate the virus that no antibody markers could be found in my blood in subsequent laboratory tests. With this experience I found myself questioning and challenging different aspects of what happened, and to this date I can only say how thrilled I am to have the oils.

On Saturday, January 15, 2011, I flew home from Idaho, where we had begun our harvest of the balsam fir. I had developed a horrible, gut-wrenching cough; high fever; and extreme fatigue. During the night I had extreme difficulty breathing, and when I was in bed, I felt like I was drowning and had to resort to trying to sleep in the recliner.

I could tell it was getting worse, so I decided to have Mary take me to the Emergency Room at the American Fork Hospital with the intent of getting oxygen and finding out what was happening to me. We ended up there all day until 4:30, at which time the attending physician, who we feel was extremely competent and caring, said he wanted to send me to the University of Utah Hospital.

Because of all my travels, he had been talking with the doctors in the Infectious Disease Department at the University of Utah Hospital, trying to determine what I might have contracted. By the end of the day, it was decided that I should be taken to the university hospital. As the ambulance pulled out of Emergency, the questions spinning in my head made me dizzy. Another tropical disease? But from where and how?

I was in excruciating pain that made the dengue virus seem like a Sunday School picnic. It left me with a horrible cough that caused me to vomit and feel like my ribs were being bruised. I could hardly walk 20 feet without feeling that I would pass out from lack of oxygen.

I started thinking back, knowing that had to find the answer. In November I went to Peru to look for rosewood trees. Brazil had cut off its supply of rosewood oil to foreign buyers, so I knew I had to find my own source.

Gabriel, the manager for Young Living Ecuador, and I landed in Lima and then flew to the city of Pullcalpa, close to the headwaters of the Amazon. From there we began our search. We had to travel for many hours for a couple of days up small tributaries of the Amazon into the jungle in small boats and barges. We slept on the barge or in some of the remote and poor villages along the way. Good water and food were always a challenge to find, but we were as careful as we could be.

The heat was often stifling; it seemed like it was either 100 percent humidity or 100 degrees and raining. The bugs and “no-see-ums” were everywhere and thick. We used my tansy insect repellent, and yet we still had so many bites. We were constantly soaked but tried to keep dry and kill what critters we could.

With great success in finding the rosewood trees, we returned to Guayaquil with a lot of excitement and with many itching bites. Although very tired, we felt fine and went back to our daily activities.

I had only five days at home before flying out to Lyon, France, for further training on the GC-MS with Dr. Hervé Casabianca. While in France, I noticed that in the late afternoon, I began having a small fever. I thought, “How strange,” but gave it little attention.

From France I traveled to Salalah, Oman, to see our newest farm and distillery and to work with our partner, Dr. Mahmoud Suhail. All was going well, although I felt very tired. My legs and hips hurt a lot, and at night I always had this dull ache and some moments of intense pain. My “little” cough became a “bigger” cough, causing much irritation. The fever intensified with night sweats, and I just felt miserable.

But I had so much I wanted to accomplish before returning home that I just ignored how I felt and kept pushing forward without much thought for my own well-being.

From Salalah I flew to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. I was excited to see so many different species of myrrh trees that were more abundant in southern Ethiopia on the Kenya border than what I had seen growing in other regions of the country. All I had ever found in my travels was the frankincense species of *Boswellia papyrifera*. We had to drive six or seven hours just to travel 70 kilometers of rough road. All this time I was feeling worse. Some moments I felt so tired that I thought I couldn't go another step, and yet I had to continue.

I wanted to find the trees. I wanted to see them myself and take pictures. I wanted as much information as I could get to take home with me and share about frankincense. My days were numbered, but I felt driven to accomplish all that I had come to do. Ethiopia was a long ways away, and I didn't want to have to come back.

The intensity of the pain in my joints continued to build. I used a lot of oils, which helped a lot, but my bottles were running out. As my departure time came closer, I returned to Addis Ababa. John Whetten, who was with me to do the filming, had been sick at the beginning of our trip, but he seemed to be doing better than me.

Two nights before leaving, John and I came out of a very reputable restaurant and were heading back to the hotel. While walking, I was struck with horrible pain and nausea and barely made it to my room before the vomiting and diarrhea hit me.

I finally had to admit that I wasn't going to get better if I continued my quest. I had accomplished so much, even though, perhaps, I hadn't been able to do all that I wanted, but it was time to go home. Mary changed my tickets twice, but now she was insisting that I come home. I emptied so many oil bottles while traveling and finished off my supplements and NingXia Red packets.

Trying to get home became a nightmare. Because of the air traffic controller strike in Madrid, I ended up flying to Cairo and

waiting 5 hours, flying to Rome and waiting 7 hours, and then finally flying to Madrid. Because of the strike, I missed my connection and ended up waiting 30 hours for another flight--and then the airlines lost one of my suitcases full of resins and other needed business materials.

Needless to say, when I finally landed in Guayaquil, I went directly from the airport to our clinic where I started a frankincense IV.

I noticed an improvement the next day, and so I had my second IV with frankincense and myrrh, which helped even more. I had only five days before we returned to Utah, so there was much I needed to accomplish. I felt I needed more IVs but ran out of time with everything else that I was trying to do. (At the end of this story, I have included a copy of Dr. Leida Arguello. I.'s report on my results from having these IVs.)

Being home felt so good, but I couldn't get over the fatigue. It seemed that the minute I quit moving, I couldn't stay awake. I needed the sleep so desperately, but the pain wouldn't allow me to sleep. I'd sit down at night to watch a movie with the boys, and by 7 or 8 o'clock, I couldn't keep my eyes open, so I'd get up and go to bed. The pain seemed to intensify at night, and the only relief I had was massaging the oils on my back and legs. If it hadn't been for the oils, I probably wouldn't have been able to sleep at all.

I tried to rest during Christmas and New Year's the best I could, but nothing seemed to change. January came and so did the time to get ready for the balsam fir harvest in Idaho. I love working outside in the cold with the distributors, who have become such great friends. This year was especially exciting because I was going to log with the horses. It was like reliving a childhood memory.

Monday, January 10, was very cold, with temperatures dropping down to 10 below zero. Tuesday it was 11 degrees and snowing. Wednesday afternoon it was 40 degrees and raining. That same day I had to lie on the cold ground in the puddles of melted snow to put the chains on the semi, soaking my clothes. My cough was continually getting worse, and I was shivering from the wet clothes. I was losing energy to the point of not being able to do what I needed to do. I coughed so hard that my ribs felt like they would snap. I couldn't get enough oxygen. I realized that I was in trouble, so I decided to fly back to Utah to get some help.

Saturday night I had such shortness of breath that on Sunday morning I told Mary I needed to go to Emergency. By the time we arrived, I could hardly walk and was coughing so badly that I had to be helped through the Emergency Room doors.

I was immediately put on oxygen, and then the tests started. The hospital personnel took so much blood for different things but still did not find what kind of an “invader” I had. However, they soon determined that I had double pneumonia and viral bronchitis. One test was positive for malaria, and the next test was negative. They ruled out so many diseases but were very baffled.

I have coughed up a great deal of congestion from my lungs and am now gradually feeling like I can breathe better.

One thing that I do know is that I have to get out of this hospital and go home so that I can take care of myself. The jury is out and even if they never figure out the diagnosis, I know that my frankincense and myrrh will get the job done. It is a great lesson learned, and for certain, I have to slow down the pace and allow my body to heal.

So many have sent prayers and are asking questions and wanting to know what is happening. This is the story. At this moment, the final reason is not known, but much has been learned and several lessons taught. Mary and I appreciate your love and concern and look forward to seeing you very soon.

Attachment: Medical Report

DR. LEIDA ARGUELLO I.

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MEDICAL CERTIFICATE

To whom it may concern:

Guayaquil, Ecuador, January 18, 2011

On December 11, 2010, D. Gary Young, 61 years old, received medical attention in Guayaquil, Ecuador, when he arrived back from his trip to Ethiopia and Oman.

Returning to his hotel after eating in a nearby restaurant, he experienced some gastrointestinal problems. He had abdominal pain, abdominal distention, and diarrhea. During the physical examination, he was slightly disoriented and showed signs of dehydration accompanied by acute gastrointestinal pain with symptoms of toxicities and a temperature of 40.5°C. He was experiencing loss of appetite, short-term cramps, low energy level, and a slight cough.

The blood test results showed the following:

- 8.500 leukocytes,
- Low protein levels 6.4 g/dl,
- High chloride levels 107 mEq/L,
- High magnesium levels 4.64 mg/dl,
- C protein reactive 5.50 mg/dl.

The stool test results showed the following:

- Muscle fibers presence,
- Presence of digestible cellulose, Microscopic presence of Entamoeba coli cyst and Entamoeba histolytic cyst.
- Helicobacter pylori marker 1.68 ug/ml.

He was given an IV solution of Frankincense and Myrrh in 400cc of saline solution, which ran for 6 hours.

When the IV finished, the abdominal distention had greatly diminished, and the tenderness was much less. His temperature was a normal 37°C, the cramps stopped, he looked hydrated, and his energy level had improved substantially. He was given the same IV the following day, and his energy was back to normal on Wednesday.

I certify it.

Sincerely,

Dr. Leida Arguello. I.

Med Reg. # 12791

Gary's Unknown "Invader"

BY MARY YOUNG

JANUARY 18, 2011

As I watched Gary coughing so horribly and struggling to breathe, with a high fever and intense pain, I started thinking about all the stress and difficulties we put on ourselves for the sake of a cause and a desire to give the world something better. At that moment it didn't seem like a very good trade.

Ever since we moved to Ecuador five years ago, Gary has been fascinated with the jungle. He loved the discovery of the unknown and was excited about finding new aromatic plants. I knew he was careful about what he ate and drank, but I was always concerned because I knew the jungle was full of attacking critters and infectious dangers.

But Gary was fearless as his unconquerable spirit led him deep into the Amazon without worry for what could be in his path. He always came home with different kinds of bites that usually itched like crazy, but never more than that. I have experienced this with him time and time again!

When we learned that there could possibly be a world shortage of rosewood oil, Gary started investigating new ways to secure this oil for Young Living. We knew that rosewood trees grow in Peru, because at one time the trees were being harvested for the oil and sold as Brazilian rosewood oil. We talked with our Peruvian workers at the Ecuador farm, who confirmed that a lot of rosewood oil had come out of Peru at one time and that they knew where the trees grow.

So Gary and Gabriel, the manager of Young Living Ecuador, headed for Peru, traveling by barge and small boats up the tributaries of the Amazon. He was already tired and I didn't want him to go, but I knew that he really didn't have a choice if we wanted to have rosewood oil. Gary was still trying to catch up from a whirlwind year of traveling; filming the frankincense documentary; writing his book, *The One Gift*; teaching the Raindrop training in Dallas; organizing and presenting our Young Living convention; handling our two lavender harvests in Utah and Idaho; and coordinating our grand opening for Young Living in Mexico City.

Gary returned from Peru feeling exhausted, but a week later he flew to Europe to take further training on GC-MS laboratory instruments. Afterwards he made a quick visit to the Young Liv-

ing farm in France. Then he was off to Oman for a week to work in our new distillery in Salalah. Every time he called me, I could hear the exhaustion in his voice, but would he come home? No! He was off on a new adventure to make some fantastic discovery, find new trees, gather more resin, see new archaeological sites, visit with some public official, or even meet an old-time frankincense caravaner.

From Oman he flew to Ethiopia, excited about finding new species of frankincense and myrrh. He had a fabulous time and accomplished so much, but I could tell that he was not doing well physically. He was in a lot of pain, unable to sleep, and suffering from tremendous fatigue. I kept telling him to come home, but he had just one more place he wanted to go. It was only 150 kilometers away but would probably take about 13 hours to drive it round trip. I asked him why he had to go there, and it was to see another frankincense species that was calling to him. What could I say?

But his body finally hit the wall. When he called me from Ethiopia, he sounded like he had been hit by a truck. He was vomiting and having diarrhea at the same time. He had pain from the top of his head to his toes. I finally said that enough was enough, and he needed to come home. He agreed and I arranged the flights. I told him to try to not cough and to act normal, or they might not let him on the plane, which would have been even more disastrous.

When I picked him up at the airport in Guayaquil, we went directly to our clinic so that he could get started on a frankincense IV. His fever was 104 degrees, but by morning his fever was gone, and he was beginning to feel a little better. He had another IV of frankincense and myrrh and felt better and better. He told me he really needed three more IVs to eradicate the bacteria from his body. However, time was running out and we had only three days left before we were to fly to Utah for Christmas, so he put his attention to the farm and didn't take time to do any more IVs.

Through Christmas he was about the same. He had a lot of bone and joint pain and was extremely tired. He swallowed a lot of oils, and we rubbed a lot of oils on him, which seemed to make his misery tolerable. But then it was balsam fir harvest time, and

on January 6 he drove the semi to Idaho, where temperatures were below zero.

The extreme change from Guayaquil with temperatures in the 90s, in addition to everything else that was going on, took its toll. He had constant fever, constant pain, and constant coughing that went deeper and deeper into his lungs until he found himself fighting for oxygen and trying to just keep going.

I insisted that he come home, and when he arrived Saturday afternoon, January 15, he could hardly walk. That night was horrible as he fought to breathe. He kept saying that he felt like he was drowning as his condition continued to worsen. In the morning he decided to go to the Emergency Room. He received a lot of help, and they were able to open up his lungs a bit so that he could get more oxygen and relieve his pain.

However, they could not find out what was wrong. The tests contradicted each other, came up negative, and left them baffled. The doctor, who we feel was very competent, determined that Gary had viral bronchitis and double pneumonia. But because Gary had been in the Amazon and in so many other places in the world, they were convinced that some exotic jungle disease was the cause of it all; so the doctor decided to send him to the Infectious Disease Department of the University of Utah Hospital. Jacob and Josef arrived just in time to see their daddy lifted into the ambulance and taken away. It was quite traumatic for all of us.

Upon Gary's arrival, the tests started all over again as the doctors were determined to find some mysterious disease. They took so much blood that I thought Gary was going to dry up. There were so many doctors and nurses who talked and talked, but no one had an answer. All the infectious disease tests came back negative. So after Gary endured three days of "hospital life," the doctors came to the conclusion that he just had viral bronchitis and double pneumonia.

When I looked at the dinner that was brought to Gary in the hospital, I had to ask myself, what are we doing here? The first things I threw in the garbage were the chocolate cake and the 2 percent milk. Then I threw the main course of pork with soggy couscous and over-cooked cauliflower into the garbage. By the time I was done, the only thing left was the whole wheat roll and butter. How pathetic for a hospital with such a worldwide reputation. I am sure that the hospital personnel are about helping patients get well, but it certainly isn't with nutrition.

We used a lot of oils and supplements, and by the second day, he was improving. He was also able to sleep, because his body probably knew that it couldn't run off anywhere, so this was a good time to catch up. Today, the third day, his oxygen intake and temperature are completely normal. He has very little pain and is hardly coughing.

So what's the lesson? The body needs sleep, good food, and time to recover from intense physical and mental labor. No one can continue to burn the candle at both ends without the ends eventually burning up together. Gary is getting better but he must be careful to allow his body to heal so that he can return to his normal, vibrant self.

We appreciate all of your prayers and know that they are a big part of Gary's healing. We love you all and look forward to being with you soon!

My Recent Experiences with Gary Young

BY DOUG NELSON (CEO)

JANUARY 19, 2011

I have known Gary for approximately seven years, and in those seven years, I have never known him to slow down, take much time for himself, or to relax. I'm not sure he knows how. He is a driven, visionary entrepreneur, who is constantly on the go, whether that is in the office in strategic meetings, on one of our farms directing or operating heavy equipment, or off exploring and discovering new oil-producing plants in remote parts of the world.

I reflect on a conversation I had with him at our St. Maries farm about six months ago as we were planning the logistics of the 2011 Balsam Harvest. He was so excited with the anticipation of this event, but I was contemplating all the work that needed to be done and the harsh weather during this time of year. He looked at me and said, "I just love to work and to work hard."

Well, that best describes my boss, friend, and close colleague to a "T." With that description I would like to share another experience I had with him a few weeks ago snowmobiling. We are both considered by those who go with us on occasion to be very aggressive and competitive, and I guess that's true. In this case as in many, we were racing down through the trees and across a field of fresh powder. I looked back and could not see him. I assumed that perhaps he might have gotten stuck or had problems with his machine.

I circled back and found him lying in the snow next to his snowmobile, flat on his back. His machine was still running, and he was obviously not stuck. He told me how exhausted and tired he was and that he could not catch his breath, which was very unlike Gary.

I knew something was wrong with him as he had been coughing off and on that day, and it seemed to be deep in his chest. I commented that he needed to take care of this, or it might turn into something worse than just a common cold. Well, you know Gary; he just brushed it off, got back on his machine, and left me standing there. I never did catch up with him until I rode down the mountain to the trailers.

Just last week, at the balsam harvest, I again noticed his fatigue and coughing and encouraged him to rest. But his agenda was to take care of the distributors and make sure they had a memorable experience to take home, so he continued to push himself as he always does.

He always does this, particularly if it is related to being of service to others or in his "backyard," which is in the mountains.

As a result of his drive and passion, I witnessed him push himself beyond exhaustion, which then forced him to leave the harvest and return home so that he could get some rest and medical treatment for what appeared to be a common cold in the beginning that had developed into pneumonia.

I'm convinced that what would stop the normal person from getting back to work for weeks will only slow Gary down for a few days before he gets "cabin fever." He will in "short order" get back into the mountains and the work that he so much loves with the anxiously awaiting distributors.