

## **Be Positive!**

**By Freddi Dogterom**

Be Positive! Look on the bright side! Don't worry, be happy! Have you ever heard these messages from well meaning people?

I have had a lifetime of these messages.

It all started with my grandmother. What a wonderful woman she was. Always with a genuine positive attitude, always a cheerful word to get you out of a bad mood. She believed that a positive attitude could cure illness and injury, make you live longer and age more gracefully.

Well, it did work for her and I have seen positive proof that it works for others as well.

She lived to be a very active and youthful 89 years old. Just a few months before she passed away, she was turning summersaults on her front lawn with my son. When was the last time you turned a summersault.

Under her direction, my family practiced a positive perspective on life. Everything was expressed in a positive or uplifting way.

One Christmas holiday my son called from his grandpa's house where he was visiting.

Good news mom! Grandpa is going to show me how to fix a fence! "Great" I replied, "Why is grandpa going to show you how to fix a fence?" Well, it turned out that he had been racing the snowmobile with his cousin and had run through the barbed wire fence. He could have called and said – I almost got killed today – but no, it was expressed as good news.

Does a positive attitude really keep you younger? I'll let you be the judge of that – I'm a grandmother – and I can still turn summersaults.

I do know that a positive attitude can bring healing to your physical body and I even believe it can save you life.

My son was born with Ulcerative Colitis. He was very ill from birth and struggled to survive his first few years. His life was filled with pain, doctors and hospitals but he was surrounded by positive people and positive messages. Unfortunately, his condition continued to deteriorate and his body fought and lost the ulcer battle. He would do well. Have a bad spell and then be in remission. This cycle would happen over and over again, with the healthy spells getting shorter and shorter. He managed to finish high school, travel overseas for two short work projects and the graduated from college. His doctor maintained that the only way he was able to keep going on, was because of the positive lifestyle he was surrounded with.

Early one Sunday morning – the telephone rang. It was my daughter-in-law calling. “The doctor said you need to come quickly! Chris has collapsed and is in the hospital. It doesn’t look good.”

My heart stopped! He was dying. I had to get to him. “Stay positive Pauline,” I told her, “we will be there as soon as we can. You have to stay positive for him.”

My husband and I dressed and started the drive to Calgary. It was the longest 1 hour and 20 minute dash to Calgary in my life. I saw him as a baby – beautiful curly black hair and big green eyes. I saw him as a child with a mischievous smile. I saw him as a young man hugging me as he prepared to leave home on his wedding day. I cried, I prayed, I hoped for the best on that wild ride to the hospital.

When we arrived at Foothills hospital, we dashed to his room. We met his wife and nurse outside his door. My daughter-in-law collapsed in my arms with relief that we were finally there. The nurse motioned us to enter the room. As I walked in my heart was racing in my chest – I could hardly breathe – I didn’t know what I was going to face. This was my boy – my only child – my son.

There he was. Pale, oh so pale. He was whiter than his sheets and the only color was on his pale blue lips and his curly black hair. I walked up to the bed and gently grasped his hand in mine. No response. “Good News Honey – its mom – I’m here. Good News – I didn’t get a speeding ticket!” Slowly he tightened his feeble grip on my hand. And his dark eyelashes started to flutter. Finally his beautiful green eyes flickered open ever so slightly. “Hi” he croaked, “Good news mom. Even my blood is B positive!” With that he became unconscious. However, I knew - I knew in my heart that he was not going to die. And he didn’t! He was very ill and had to survive 2 major surgeries but it was his positive attitude that pulled him through. His doctor was amazed at his recovery and credited his positive attitude for the speed with which he healed.

Today he is the father of 2 active little boys. He works 10 – 14 hours a day at a job he loves and on weekends he is a top competitor in the Calgary Sports Car Club.

Be positive is more than a blood type in our family – it is our life style.

Live longer? Be positive

Look younger? Be positive

Be healthier? Be Positive – Make it your lifetime message and it could save your life as well.

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