

Prostate Cancer

Poly-MVA Cancer Patient Testimonials

Walter Davis

Date: 2008

Diagnosis: Prostate Cancer

1 Update

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I put off updating my testimonial on the effectiveness of Poly MVA for as long as I could.

I knew **the pain that would be dredged up and tears would come as I recounted my family story with cancer.** In the interest of **saving lives and assuaging pain and suffering,** I am telling my story again.

We have a choice in our fight against cancer: Conventional medicine or integrative medicine. **I was the only one in my family to select integrative medicine,** a combination of **conventional and holistic medicine.**

My other family members said I was crazy for my decision. They are all dead now. Poly MVA saved my life. I am a retired navy navigator, Harpoon cruise missile engagement officer and Chemical Dependency Treatment Specialist. I served in the United States Navy from 1975 to 2001.



*Naval Warfare Operations Specialist Chief
Walter Davis, Yokosuka, Japan 1988*

Currently I am **Executive Producer on the radio and TV show PROGRESS IN THE WORLD**. I own an insurance brokerage and for the past 28 years I have been helping people obtain the proper health insurance to protect themselves and family against cancer and other chronic illnesses.

In 2008 I was diagnosed with prostate cancer. My PSA was 6. Poly MVA has been my primary supplement in my fight against cancer. It has saved my life. I have not had ANY conventional treatments. I use the Veteran's Administration Hospital (VA) in San Diego and The University of California San Diego Hospital (UCSD) in La Jolla for testing and evaluation.

In 2003 while speaking at the Joyce Beers Community Center in San Diego, I was approached after my speech by a lady in the crowd who told me that she had been suffering from cancer. She told me **"If you know anyone who has cancer and you love them, tell them about Poly MVA."**

At that time, no one in my family had cancer that I knew of. Soon, things changed. I visited my family in Birmingham, Alabama during this time frame. We took a family picture that was to be our last together. My brother Maurice collapsed a short time afterward on the front porch of my mother's home. **Tests revealed that he had prostate cancer that had spread into his spine. He was paralyzed from the waist down. He died a painful death 15 months later following radiation treatments.**



*Left to Right, Cedric, Maurice, Mother Rosa, Sandra, Rita, Walter:
The last picture of us all together*

My brother Cedric and I began getting tested every six months after this. Sadly, **Cedric's first test revealed prostate cancer**. He elected to get surgery. This rendered him **impotent and incontinent**.

Maurice died ironically the week that my wife Linda was diagnosed with cancer. She had a lump in her breast shaped like an orange with pits in it. A doctor at Kaiser and one in the private sector told her that she had inflamed lymph nodes and gave her antibiotics for what later was revealed to be cancer. I demanded another test.

It took six painful months to get the conventional doctors to **finally diagnose her with cancer** at the third test at the Tri-City Women's Medical Center in Vista, CA.



Linda Jordan Davis and our grandson in happier times.

Frantically I searched for the best Oncologist. Fortunately, I had put her on a POS plan through my insurance brokerage. This allowed features of both a PPO and an HMO plan. A primary care doctor at Scripps Hospital took her in and referred her to UCSD to an oncologist that had a good reputation. She saw Linda and she told us that **she would let us know after the weekend if she could help us or, if Linda should get her affairs in order**.

Maurice's funeral was that weekend and I had a choice: **Go to my brother's funeral or stay with my wife and help her through this cancer.** I stayed with my wife. There was nothing I could do for Maurice. Linda's mother had passed away from cancer ten years earlier just after she had retired at 66. Linda was falling apart.

We arrived at UCSD early that next Monday morning and the **oncologist told us that she could help Linda and that she had stage three cancer.** Later tests revealed that she had HER2/NEU positive invasive ductal breast cancer, **one of the most aggressive types.** A port was cut into Linda's chest with plastic tubing. The **chemo therapy was so strong that it would burn up her veins if put directly into her blood stream.**

Each treatment cost \$9000.00 or \$32,000.00 per month. She had 30 days of radiation and that cost **\$700.00 per day.** **Her hair came out and she was bald. Her feet and hands turned as black as my shoes.** It was horrible. I had to give her Neupogen shots in her stomach each night to assuage the effects of Chemo as it damaged her immune system. Sex was impossible as her tender flesh tore with any attempt to engage. There were last minute appointments that required me to drive her all over San Diego. My insurance business began to fail and I had to beg for money from charities just to pay my bills.

In successive surgeries, **Linda had 30 lymph nodes removed.** The **cancer was spreading and soon she was diagnosed with stage 4 cancer.**

I talked to the nurses at the cancer center about all the women I saw getting treatment with no spouses or other support. They confided in me that **our chances of having a successful marriage through this was slim.** Often, I was the only male in rooms filled with ladies in pick skull caps.

We got a glimmer of hope when my wife was one of the first to get an experimental drug called Herceptin. She was featured on local television. **That hope did not last long.** After appearing to subside, her aggressive cancer came roaring back. **She refused to take Poly MVA and turned to prayer.**



Linda Jordan Davis during chemo treatment

I kept getting my tests for prostate cancer. My doctors at the VA were foreign born. They were cold and uncaring in their department. Finally, **I got the dreaded call at about 7:30 AM from a urologist at the VA hospital.** In a heavy accent, he told me that my tests had come back and that I had cancer. There was no good morning, no I have bad news, no recommendations, just, **“You have prostate cancer and someone will contact you in a few weeks.”**

I began to look up prostate cancer options. They all had terrible side effects. I had seen what my brothers had gone through and what my wife was currently facing.

Finally, I got a consultation. I wanted the cancer out of me. I selected robotic surgery. **I showed up for the surgery appointment months later at the VA and my surgeon did not show up.** The receptionist apologized and said that she was going to set another appointment for me. **I told her that would not be necessary because I would not be coming back.** The whole waiting room erupted into applause.

I tried to remember what the lady had told me back at the Joyce Beers Community Center. **I remembered the word Poly but not the rest. It had been more than four years ago.**

I began to search Google. I put in the words **Poly** and **Cancer** and **Poly MVA** came up.

I called the people at Poly MVA and they did a consult and I began to take the product. I got a cheaper price by participating in a study while using the product where I shared my treatment progress within the last month. My mother, a nurse, **told me to take cancer seriously and to treat it conventionally. My wife said I was crazy as did my brother Cedric. I stuck to my guns and three years later there was no evidence of cancer in my body.**

Sadly, **my mother died from undiagnosed breast cancer in 2010.** Elderly black women are not aggressively tested and treated. My brother Cedric was killed one month later in an accident, never regaining his sexuality.

My wife Linda developed chemo brain in 2011 and thought that I was trying to kill her when I was trying to give her Neupogen shots. **She never would try the Poly MVA. We separated. After 10 years of struggle, in 2014 she drowned in her own body fluids after the chemo ravaged her body putting her on an oxygen tank, bald head and black bottoms to her feet and hands.**

I stopped taking Poly MVA to save money. Fortunately, now, there are living benefit insurance plans that I offer my clients to pay for integrative medicine treatments.

My PSA rose to a 17 then to a 29. At a 4 or above, you have cancer. I took biopsies and the cancer was determined to be nonaggressive. The biopsies were horrible. The urologist inserted a probe into my anal cavity and punctured my prostate through my intestines up to twenty times with needles. I went home wearing a diaper from all the bleeding. **The doctors at the VA recommended surgery or radiation. I refused and commenced taking Poly MVA again.**

I kept getting primary care and urologist doctors from Africa, India and Cambodia at the Veterans Administration Hospital who could barely speak English. **They told me I was going to die.** Often, they did not have my most current lab results and they often called me by the wrong name as they had someone else's chart up on their screen. They often asked me at the top of my appointment **"You have cancer, right?** I could read your charts but, can you just summarize what has been happening?"

I saw that I had to take charge of my own healthcare. **I began to take Poly MVA every four hours. My PSA went down from 29 to 17 in three months.** I added **cannabis oil and the PSA dropped to 11 in just six weeks.** I only see urologists in a supervisory capacity now and I go to integrative medicine centers that understand Poly MVA, cannabis, cleansing and other holistic treatment regimens.

My most recent biopsy was in November of 2018. A fusion biopsy revealed a cancer cell that is .0135 microns is in my prostate. The doctors have recommended that all treatment options be tabled and that I be watched. **I continue taking Poly MVA and getting screenings done every six months.** If I had listened to incompetent foreign doctors, **I would not be enjoying a healthy life today.** I would be suffering from the **terrible side effects of conventional cancer treatment regimens that my family members experienced.**

Poly MVA remains the central protocol of my cancer treatment.

As the woman told me at Joyce Beers Community Center in San Diego: **If you know anyone who has cancer and you love them, tell them about Poly MVA.**

Sincerely,

Walter Davis