

A Man of Science Gets A Change of Heart

By Dr. Terry Gordon

S Science teaches us to accept as fact that which our five senses experience. Anything beyond that is considered by most in mainstream medicine to be heresy.

Before the invention of the microscope, scientists couldn't see microbes. That didn't negate their existence. But facts change with new revelations; technological advances open the doors to discoveries that undermine our previously held positions.

An interesting shift occurred for me about 10 years ago. The pace of my life was grueling. Beginning at 6:45 a.m. I would perform the first of five or six heart catheterizations, angioplasties or pacemaker implantations. Between procedures I would see the many patients hospitalized under my care, finishing in time to get to my office by 1 p.m. to see still more patients.

One morning I was in the middle of a typical day of hospital rounds. I had run from one patient's room to another. Quickly perusing the chart of a new patient I was about to see, I took in a deep breath and with a façade of calmness, entered his room. Art Blair was a friendly gentleman in his mid 70s who had been admitted to the hospital the previous evening complaining of chest pain. As I entered his room, the first thing out of his mouth was: "Whoa, Dr. Gordon, you're killing yourself!"

I was taken aback. "I beg your pardon?"

"I can see your aura, Dr. Gordon. You are surrounded by marvelous energy, but it's terribly fractured. Man, you'd better do something about this," he said shaking his head slowly, "or something very bad is going to happen to you."

I didn't have time for this. In a nice way I shared with him, "You know Mr. Blair, I'm the doctor. I'm here to help you."

I completed his evaluation and shared with him my plan of treatment. As I turned to leave his room my thoughts were already focused on the next patient. On my way out, Mr. Blair musically beckoned to me: "You know Doc, when the student is ready, the teacher will appear."

I didn't respond to his comment as I rushed from the room, but remember thinking, "What is this old geezer talking about?"

Medically, I suspected he had blockages to the arteries supplying his heart. So the next morning I took him to the lab for a cardiac catheterization. As I made the preparations to begin his procedure, an emergency arose in the coronary care unit. Another patient began having a major heart attack. We had to abort Art's catheterization.

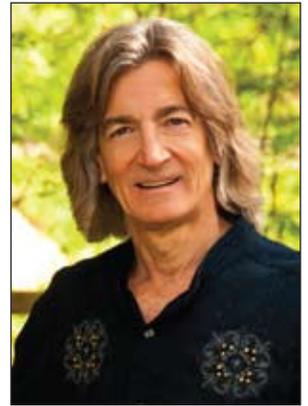
About half-way through the emergency procedure, I stepped outside in the hallway just to make sure Art was doing OK. He was asleep on the gurney in the hallway in no apparent distress.

When I was finally able to get Art back in the lab, I apologized for the delay. He said with a radiant smile on his face, "No problem, Doc. I had two hours of g-r-e-a-t meditation. You realize that meditation would benefit you immensely? It would help you to re-connect with your higher self, the one that you have forgotten." Then he added, "Do you want to know what I saw in my meditation?" Not waiting for my response he continued, "I saw that you are going to find two blockages in my heart."

I smiled at him as I responded: "Well, Mr. Hotshot Meditator Man, let's see how good you are." I felt pretty confident that I would prove him wrong. I have performed thousands of these procedures. I never know what I'm going to find.

As I completed the procedure, Art must have seen a smile cross my face because he asked, "What's so funny, Doc?"

"Well, Art," I paused, "perhaps we should have delayed your catheterization for three hours rather than just two so that you would have had more time to meditate. You have just one blockage."



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Art wouldn't let go. "Are you sure, Doc?" he asked. "I know I saw two in my meditation."

I reviewed the films with him, showed that in each view there was only one blockage. It was a critical blockage, but he had only one occlusion.

What happened next brought gooseflesh crawling over my skin. He looked at me with such conviction, his crystal hazel eyes piercing mine. Emphasizing each word, he slowly said, "Terry you're missing something."

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How did he know? He had no training in anatomy. He hadn't been educated in the sciences I had relied on for all these years. But somehow Art knew.



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I fixed his arteries, but I must share with you that I don't recall performing the procedure. My mind was elsewhere. The question kept rolling through my mind: How did he know? Intrigue was drawing me to him like a magnet; I sensed I was about to be introduced to something profound.

When I finally completed my 14-hour day at the hospital, I went straight to his room and admitted, "OK, Art, you've got my attention. What's this all about?"

The student was ready and the teacher had appeared. I made the choice when I allowed myself to have a change of heart. The time had come for a shift in my consciousness. Years of training and experience had paved the way for this precise moment.

Art and I spent the evening together as he shared with me some of the many truths of the universe he had come to know while traversing his path. A new way of thinking had been gently introduced to me. I made the conscious choice to take a step most scientists refuse to consider. I chose to be open to everything and attached to nothing. It was the beginning of a new leg of my journey, one that would lead me to the discovery of unimaginable truths.

Dr. Terry Gordon, a Cleveland Clinic-trained cardiologist, practiced within mainstream medicine for over two decades. Named the American Heart Association's National Physician of the Year in 2002, Gordon is nationally recognized in matters of the heart. For many years, his approach to diseased hearts was to fix the broken parts with mechanical devices and pharmaceuticals. Ultimately he discovered that complete healing occurs at a place where he least expected. www.drterrygordon.com



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