

## CHAPTER 1

# BEGINNINGS

“It’s a raid!!! It’s a raid!!!”

Menacing shouts exploded toward my office from the stairwell, over a stampede of heavy, booted feet. Only moments before, I had given two Sesame Street finger puppets a quick spin in the saucer of a baby musical toy, tossing them high into the air to the surprised delight of my 3-year-old granddaughter, Hayden. Our laughter froze as armed agents in black uniforms burst into the room. More agents descended like locusts upon the storefront and office below.

Jim, standing in the doorway watching us play on the floor, was immediately made to relinquish his cell phone with a gun to his head and taken away. Hayden hid behind the blue child’s bookcase I bought for her sister, Emma, when she was that age. I made my way to the phone, and was ordered not to touch anything. Nobody explained what was happening, but I noticed the badge on the chest of one of the vested agents: FDA. The only other people in the building, a very pregnant office worker and Hayden’s mother, Jill, with her baby, Mya, downstairs, were quickly ushered outside and the door locked behind them. Black government SUVs lined the parking lot, and a state police cruiser and a local police cruiser blocked the driveway.

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Late-summer sunlight was beginning to brighten the bedroom, and the rumble and swoosh of traffic could be heard picking up on East Main Road three floors below. I lifted myself, begrudgingly, out of bed.

*And morning never came.*

Lord, what?! More a thought than audible words, it came not from me but *to* me, in a still, small, and familiar voice.

Shuffling around the room, gathering clothes to take downstairs, I wondered what God was telling me. Might I die soon, in my sleep? Or, perhaps my husband Jim would? Maybe we both would perish before the trial, before the whole ordeal was over.

All day the phrase reechoed, *and morning never came.*

*Stop procrastinating, I thought. That must be it! Don't worry about tomorrow, don't even think about tomorrow or plan for it. 'And morning never came' . . . sounds like the beginning or ending of a story. So, start writing our story? The one my husband and others have urged me to write but I keep waiting until everything is over, thinking I can write it from prison where I'll have more time . . . ?*

*Start now, I decided, for the glory of God! Write it now, if ever you are going to. Stop saying tomorrow!*

So I begin. The year is 2014, and it's been four years since the raid. This is our story, a tale of the faithfulness of Yahweh and the wonderful adventure it is to serve Him, no matter how difficult it may become.

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A heavy woman with dark skin and two young boys walked along the sidewalk the other day, beside where I had just parked my champagne-colored Jaguar behind the Tennis Hall of Fame tennis courts. Good-looking boys, cute, maybe 8 and 9 years old. When I jumped out of the car in tennis whites, shouldering my racket, bag, and purse, the woman glanced and scoffed out loud for the boys' benefit, "Rich people think they're better than everybody else." What?! That was uncalled for! She hurried the boys away before I could smile and say hello.

Such is prejudice; hostile, irrational.

I'm not one of those "rich people" she took me for, and I certainly don't consider myself above anyone else. Jim and I are truly nobodies: sinners saved by grace. We joke between ourselves that the Lord chose a couple of real dummies to stand up to tyranny in the US government, too naive to have any fear, just as He chose us to found Daniel Chapter

One, when we had nothing, so that all credit goes undeniably to Him, lest any man boast.

Born in 1959, I grew up in the suburbs of Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, in a modest, one-floor house with others like it lining the street. Mom was a housewife, dad a teacher. They raised three kids on inexpensive food and clothing, and family vacations we camped. The riches they gave us were principles and values to live by, reinforced by their love for each other, for us, for others, for God and for nature. Gentle and full of kindness, they lived and preached respect for everyone. As a matter of fact, one of my earliest memories from preschool age is of coming home after playing in the neighborhood with other children and innocently telling my mother what I had heard, that a new family just moved in named the Niggers. She told me sternly never to talk that way again. Confused and embarrassed, I didn't understand what I had said that was bad.

Dad taught in an inner-city school in Worcester and cared deeply for all his students. I never heard racial slurs at home. I never heard any denigrating thing about anybody. Honestly, I never heard loud, coarse, or inappropriate words. My mother's response that day was as harsh as it got, which is why I remember it. They taught me to love and not hate. They believed that all men are created equal, a foundational truth they infused into me, my sister, and my brother.

Jim was born in 1947 in Fall River, Mass. His parents worked so many hours they were hardly ever home. His dad toiled in the mills and his mom served as a housekeeper and nanny to various Jewish families. They both continued to work cleaning houses and offices until their late 70s. Jim and his sister were latchkey kids, living in the middle apartment of a three-decker. Love was sure, but discipline tough: the belt. City streets and rowdy groups beckoned young Jimmy, and were it not for a high school coach who took him under his wing, the streets might have destroyed him. Thanks to his coach, Jim channeled his exuberant energy into sports, playing hard and achieving great success, despite sneakers so worn the soles had to be fortified with cardboard inserts. He drank honey for endurance, and set records that remain unbroken in track and football. I think the Lord blessed him for his high moral character, and for honoring his

father and mother. Perhaps these were early signs that the Lord does the winning and the choosing.

Jim enjoyed being part of a uniquely extended family that included not only “Voovoo” and “Vovo,” his Portuguese grandparents, but also included the Jewish families his parents worked for, his football team, and his family’s church. For a time he wanted to be a priest, so he took himself to Sunday mass every week and learned prayers in Latin.

Both our parents were Roman Catholic. My dad was Irish and my mom Polish, born to an immigrant. Their fathers had died at young ages and their mothers had worked in sewing mills. My folks were the first generation in their family to attend college. Jim’s parents were both Portuguese, and he was the first one to attend college in his family. He dreamt of going to the College of the Holy Cross to study art, but a scholastic scholarship to Springfield College dictated a different path, and there he majored in Physical Education and Psychology, earning a MEd before beginning his PhD. Jim downplays his education and degrees, calling himself “certified stupid.” If there’s one thing he detests, it’s airs about being educated as if it makes one superior. He worked his way through school moving furniture and selling his oil paintings.

A thread common to both our childhoods was a strong work ethic. Hard work pays off; work hard; you must work for what you need and want; don’t steal; owe no man! All scriptural principles. Jim remembers his father working three “sweat jobs” in a day, refusing to accept government welfare. I’ve seen Jim take those principles and go beyond, considering others more important than himself, giving to all who ask, giving to those who cannot pay back and without expecting anything in return. More than once he took our rent money (and did this when we were living hand-to-mouth) and gave it to someone with a greater or more urgent need, like visas for a missionary family, or to a family whose father had cancer.

Several years prior to that, just out of college, he took a cross-country trip with a male friend and ended up in Hawaii after gambling his last \$30 in Vegas and winning big enough for airfare to Oahu. While on the island he was unofficially offered a tremendous coaching position at the University of Hawaii, a position later held by Dom Capers. Had he stayed to apply, his life may have turned out very differently, but his

father ordered him home to honor his word to another coach who had already hired him for a position in New Jersey. He returned to keep his word.

Jim burst from the starting block in the job he had committed to, as head football coach for The Pennington School. Just 24 years old, he flipped the Red Raiders history of losses that season, leading them to total victory, becoming the youngest undefeated coach in the country. After one major game, a pivotal upset, his jubilant players hoisted him onto their shoulders and carried him high in the air. Exiting the field aloft, he remembers looking up into the sky, shaking his fist at God, and yelling, "I told you I didn't need you!"

He had come to believe that religion was for the weak and not for him, after befriending an atheist in college, and after the church wrote to his parents that they dropped his membership since he failed to send in weekly "offerings." His Philosophy paper entitled, "Fear, The Reason for The Existence of God" got him an A++.

Following two years at Pennington, he next took a coaching and teaching position at Ursinus College, Pennsylvania; however, he was fired after the first year when he refused to help rivals try to bring each other down. The unsettling request was motivated by a power struggle between the athletic director and the dean of men (who was also the head football coach). Each sought Jim privately to join him in defaming the character of the other. Jim would not, and would not take sides. "I refused to bastardize myself," he explains. Consequently, the rivals joined forces to oust Jim, culminating in the chancellor's request that he resign. He refused because he had done nothing wrong. Despite threats that he would be blacklisted forever if he did not resign, he stood firm and was both fired and blacklisted. Some would call his decision admirable, some would say foolish, but the fact is his integrity was not negotiable, despite being married and with a baby on the way. Ending up selling cars, he never taught or coached college again, though eventually he returned to coaching football as well as wrestling at his alma mater, Durfee High School in Fall River.

By the time he was 29, his marriage had become strained. On the surface things looked good: house in scenic Little Compton, Rhode Island, two beautiful healthy children, a boy and a girl, Cadillac in

the driveway: the coveted American life! But a battle raged within. Jim was fighting with his wife, fighting with himself, and fighting The One calling him. That's when missionaries and evangelists, John and Eunice Buffam, stopped by one day, visiting whomever they could in the neighborhood to share the gospel, extending invitations to attend the local UCC (congregational) church.

Jim Feijo decided to accept the Lord Jesus Christ on his 30th birthday.

The day before his birthday, as he sat in the back of the UCC church, the Lord appeared to him and said, "I choose you, you don't choose me." That's when he received Jesus and became a new creature, born again by the Holy Spirit. And that's when his life fell apart and he lost everything, although Jim says that is when he gained everything.

His wife deserted with the children and filed for divorce. He relinquished the house they had moved to in Fall River, the car, and full custody of the children to her, "like a lamb in court," according to a friend who accompanied him to the hearing. Jim had challenged the Lord to test him and would stand the test, but cried himself to sleep every night in the Buffam's attic, painfully missing his kids. After months of crying, he heard the Lord say "Stop crying. You're being selfish. Trust Me. What about My sheep?!"

I was born again about five and a half years after Jim, in my second year of college in Dartmouth Mass. I was a late returning student, after graduating from high school a year early and taking several rebellious years off, during which time I worked sorting splits in a leather factory, sanding computer hoods in a plastics factory, and injecting toxic chemicals into mice in a cancer research lab that was like a factory. I had stopped talking to my parents, who disapproved of my living with a boyfriend. My mother eventually reached me with a note, "We'd like to talk to you," and after meeting with them I finally agreed to go to college with their financial help. But soon after I started studies at Southeastern Massachusetts University (now SMU Dartmouth), my parents and I became estranged again. They disapproved of my new boyfriend, rightly so. He was manipulative and used people, a thief who stole from others and from me. I felt bad for him. I didn't want to listen to reason, stubbornly determined "to do my own thing." I

stopped talking to them, paid for school myself by waitressing, and moved into a tiny apartment in a seedy part of New Bedford, subsisting on Cream of Wheat cereal.

A young man visiting the university one day stopped me and asked if I knew Jesus. Annoyed, I quickly told him I was all set, knew God, said, "I'm Catholic." I don't remember the exact course of our brief conversation, but at one point I mentioned the Virgin Mary's ascension into heaven (maybe to show I had Bible knowledge), which he corrected, explaining that account is not in the Bible. Soon after, I turned away and headed off across campus.

Could it not be true? According to what the nuns at St. Mary's taught me, I had believed in the ascension of Mary all my life!

But I hadn't read the Bible. It never made sense to me, never held any appeal. That night I began reading it, and while not discovering any of the evidence I sought regarding Mary the mother of Jesus, I did happen upon Ecclesiastes, which begins, "*Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.*" The verse stung true. Then I read Revelation 3:16, "*So then because you are lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew you out of My mouth.*" I was not hot, nor cold, towards the Almighty. I was merely lukewarm, and suddenly did not want to be spit from His mouth! I knelt on the hard floor, and in the diffuse light reaching into the room from street lamps, begged the Lord God into my life and to make it right. I confessed my sins and asked His forgiveness.

The weight of my sins lifted, and only then, after Jesus took it from me, did I realize the tremendous burden I'd been carrying. Euphoric, I got up and called my parents! Mom answered as usual, I told her I loved her and that I was sorry for all the pain I had caused them. Her breathe caught in excitement, "Patricia, have you been born again?" "Yes!" I confirmed, surprised by the question. She then called to my dad joyfully, "Bill, Bill, come here! Tricia's been born again!"

I was baptized in a river in North Dartmouth several months later, by the head elder of The First Christian Church of Hixville. My parents both came. I guess Jim was there too, most people from the church were, but he and I had barely met.

## CHAPTER 2

# NATURAL VERSUS ARTIFICIAL

I'm not usually in our store anymore, but this day in 2014, when Cindy and Liza, two former homeopathy clients, stopped by, I happened to be here. Cindy suffered a head injury in a car accident, and was healed with homeopathic remedies after seeking my help. We originally met about 30 years ago, during the first year of my marriage. In those days I didn't work and spent one day a week with Eunice Buffam. Together we cooked and talked and attended a Bible study with her husband, John, at the Old Stone Church in Little Compton. I met Cindy, who this morning came looking for homeopathic Arsenicum album for the upcoming flu season, at that study. Along with her purchase, Jim and I gifted her with a Names of God Bible, a Bible that uses the Hebrew names and titles of God, like "Yahweh Elohim" (the Lord God).

It was in Israel, years before, camping in Shiloh where the Lord revealed to us His true names. Jim had been praying about using the name Yahshua for Jesus. Several years later, as we finished a live radio broadcast in Albuquerque, New Mexico, an elderly woman came up to us and shared the power of God's real names, explaining that in order to say "Yah," you must drop your jaw and breathe out, as He breathed life into man. We are not legalistic about the names of God because we don't want to ostracize anyone by using unfamiliar words. But we do enjoy the magnificence and meaning of Yahweh's self-appointed names.

Liza, wife of a Rhode Island doctor, came into the store sometime after Cindy left, and was thrilled to see me here so that she might obtain guidance regarding her young son. In the past, we grieved with her and her husband over the tragic death of their firstborn (the baby



aspirated meconium in-utero and lived only hours after his birth), and rejoiced with them over the birth of their second son. That child I treated for years for eczema, and later helped the father with Lyme's disease resulting from a tick bite. Both were fully healed.

Can I say healed? I really don't know. But Yahweh Ropheka means "the Lord Who Heals," and He does.

My angst in using the word is because the US government has forbidden us to use certain words, like *treat*, *cure*, *prevent* and *mitigate*, unless using the words to sell pharmaceutical drugs approved by the FDA. We are not even allowed to say water can prevent, treat, or cure dehydration! The irony, however, is that no allopathic drug can heal, treat, cure, prevent or mitigate any illness. All pharmaceutical drugs are designed to suppress symptoms; it's mere illusion that they improve health.

*Strong's Concordance*, under the definition of *sorcery*, reads: "from the Greek *pharmakon*; definition: a drug, spell-giving potion, a druggist or pharmacist, a poisoner." One dictionary definition for the Greek root word *pharma* is "magic charms and potions." Chemical pharmacy is witchcraft, sorcery. The symbol used in pharmacy, big *R* little *x*, is presumably based on the sign of Jupiter and was used to propitiate the god in writing a prescription.

The way of true healing is from the Living God, Yahweh, and is to utilize His creation. As He created man from "the dust of the earth," so He grows plants from the earth that have the same vitamins and minerals in our bodies, nutrients necessary to stay healthy and fight disease. Healing can take place when a need or deficiency of the body is met, and that need is always for a biological, not a synthetic, substance. We do not suffer illness from a lack of chemical drugs, but from nutritional deficiencies.

Homeopathic remedies are energetic, not physical matter, derived from natural substances (plants and other things occurring in nature) that have been diluted beyond measure. Their energy can balance the life energy, or vital force, of a living being, if the remedy taken is the right match. Homeopathy does not treat a disease, it instead treats the whole person, the mental/emotional/physical being. The basic homeopathic constitutional types, the type of person one is, depending

on the totality of one's individual characteristics, are all minerals: Calcarea carbonica (calcium), Phosphorus, Sulphur, Silicea . . . stuff of the dust of the earth!

The government sued us because we told the truth about drugs and offered natural alternatives, and threatened to imprison us. Judge Emmett Sullivan called in marshals with handcuffs when we appeared before him on contempt charges, to remand us to a Washington DC jail until we agreed to fully comply with the Federal Trade Commission order to stop our ministry. The order forbade us from sharing health information, and required us to mail our customers a deceptive letter written by the government which stated that only conventional cancer treatments (chemo and radiation) have been "scientifically proven safe and effective in humans."

"It's a matter of coercion" insisted the DOJ lawyer, Jessica Gunder. The judge agreed. "Yes it is, a matter of coercion."

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I sit in my second-floor office, outside Providence, Rhode Island, behind a Surface computer perched on a pile of books balanced on one corner of the desk. The desk is a mess. The whole room is a mess; only the pale yellow walls sporting homeopathy posters and children's art look cheery. I gaze out the large front window overlooking the parking lot, to our home. I'm sad to be here in the quiet of space no longer in use. Ever since the Feds stormed this room, taking client files and personal items from my drawers, I no longer work in here. The metal drawers of the file cabinet remain empty. I fear that anything I put in them may without warning be seized again. This manuscript, this computer, could be seized at any moment. It's hard for me to even walk into this room and feel normal.

There's nothing normal about being suddenly and loudly ambushed by men in black uniforms wearing bulletproof vests. It was traumatizing, personally violating. The government agents desecrated this place, this sanctuary where many people came asking for help, came to be cured of their suffering.

But I am not supposed to use the word *cure*, only drug companies can.

To my left and right and behind me are walls lined with bookcases stuffed with books collected over 20 years of study and practice, and where two walls meet to my right hang 14 certificates from homeopathy classes, some signifying 1 to 3 year's work. One absent is from a PhD program nearly completed, for which I had to take an online exam the week we were raided. I managed to take the exam, here in this disheveled room, phone lying broken apart, a pile of papers still heaped on the floor, invisible fingerprints of federal agents on everything.

All praise to Yahshua, I passed the difficult test. Before taking the exam, Brian Fetzer and Jim laid hands on me and prayed. Brian was living with us at the time, after taking a coaching job at Harvard mainly so he could have closer fellowship with us. Serendipitously, through Brian we obtained the California contact to our present legal counsel after the raid.

I can still practice homeopathy. The government has not forbidden it. Not yet anyway. I tried initially to continue helping clients, but my focus was compromised as well as my time by court dates and legal briefs. I closed my practice.

For what reason did government agents aggressively attack us that September day, 2010, and why did they take my files?

In part (from the warrant), their search was for: "any and all correspondence, notes, e-mail, posters, signs, records, both written and electronic, which may be related to the representation, in any manner, expressly or by implication, that any Daniel Chapter One products are articles intended for use in the diagnosis, cure, mitigation, treatment, or prevention of disease in man or other animal." Not only my office but the entire building was turned inside out; every computer and phone was disassembled while videos were taken of the walls and shelves. Daniel Chapter One customers' affidavit testimonies and medical records were seized, along with thousands of citizen signatures on paper petitions supporting health freedom.

Not a single consumer complaint has been made in nearly 30 years of operation that any Daniel Chapter One product has ever harmed anyone, nor any complaint made that we ever misled anyone, let alone

the fact that no one has ever died from our products or information. Rather, the Lord has healed thousands through Daniel Chapter One, many after they were sent home to die by their physicians.

FDA-approved pharmaceutical drugs kill over 100,000 people every year.

Our free speech and healthy products threaten a sacred cow: the drug industry. The government's commitment to protecting their monopoly on health care is the reason for such draconian efforts to silence us and stop us from providing alternative treatments.