

Confessions
of A Mad
Pee Drinker

Urine Therapy

by

P.P. Powers

Copyright Notice

Copyright © 2007 by P.P. Powers

ISBN: 978-1-4303-2806-3

Table of Contents

1. Pills For Every Ill	5
2. So Who <i>Is</i> This Chick?	10
3. So Am I Crazy?	13
4. A Little History	15
5. But Why Urine?	18
6. Me, A Pee Drinker?	22
7. What Exactly Is Urine Therapy	25
8. Origins of Urine Therapy	25
9. What Is Urine	26
10. What Is In Urine?	31
11. What Does Urine Therapy Cure?	37
12. Ailments Cured by Urine Therapy	38
13. How To Start	39
14. How I Began	40
15. Urine Enemas	40
10. Topical Uses	41
11. Other Uses	41
12. Healing Crisis	42
13. Spiritual Benefits	43
14. Final Words	45
15. Links	47

Pills For Every Ill

I'm not crazy . . . much. I'm not usually disgusting, either, at least not on *purpiss*. What I am, however, is fed up to the gills with pills, pills, pills. We've got pills for every ailment; pills for headaches and bone aches, hair loss and sexual dysfunction, parasites and bacterial vaginosis. Pills and potions, lotions and magic goo. Who's lining their pockets at our expense? Certainly, somebody's laughing all the way to the bank . . .

Seems like everyone I know is on some kind of drug— mostly of the antidepressant variety, yet most of them are still depressed. Some are even *more* depressed since beginning their drug therapies, which is a travesty I could harp on until the cows get sick of walking home.

Here's the true-blue-scoop: My thirty-five year-old sister's on at least five different prescription drugs to manage her so-called fibromyalgia, chronic fatigue syndrome and depression, and to help her sleep. Meanwhile, she's overweight. She lives on ice-cream, Coca-Cola, coffee and potato chips. She smokes cigarettes and marijuana on a daily basis, and never sees the daylight, since her internal clock malfunctioned a long time ago.

Her idea of exercise is flapping her gums on the telephone to whoever will listen, complaining about her miserable existence, and draining the life out of everyone. Rather than considering

her poor lifestyle as the source of her misery, in case she might have to make a change or something as unspeakable as that, she'd rather ingest God knows what *crap* into her body, without a single thought about the havoc these drugs are playing on her brain chemistry.

And she's only one case study. My aunt, who's in her fifties now, complains of similar symptoms— depression, anxiety, fatigue, pain and poor sleeping patterns. She, too, lives an extremely debilitating lifestyle. Recently, she called me up to tell me her doctor diagnosed her as severely bipolar, and sent her home with two different drugs to manage her moods, as well as sleeping pills and pain pills.

My nieces— all three of them— are on drugs. Each has her own special diagnosis to justify her consumption of the special drugs she's on. The oldest is apparently another victim of bipolar disorder, the middle one is on antipsychotic drugs for a botched suicide attempt; a feeble attempt made while drunk, I might add, and the youngest has been consuming colossal amounts of Ritalin since the age of five— ADHD.

And that's not even the half of it!

My neighbour can't sleep without her sleeping pills. That's because she spends her days in bed, doing absolutely nothing but eating junk food, while watching talk shows and soap operas. My other neighbour drinks Vodka every day for breakfast, and smokes weed well into the night. Surprise,

surprise— she, too, can't sleep at night without sleeping pills.

At least two kids in my youngest daughter's grade five class are on Ritalin, and I know of several other kids in that same school, who are on some kind of antidepressant. That's a lot of kids, considering this is a little hick town with a population of less than three thousand souls. It's become epidemic, if you ask me. Everyone and their neighbour is on drugs. Even many of our beloved pets are on drugs, but that's another topic.

My doctor, after listening to my growing list of chronic complaints and ailments over the past two years, *highly recommended* I join the merry-drug-bandwagon, too. In a weak and desperate moment, I accepted a prescription for a drug called Effexor XR, which he promised would alleviate what he suspected was a case of fibromyalgia/chronic fatigue syndrome/depression.

Though happy to have finally been given a diagnosis, after years of dealing with depressions, pain, fatigue and a whole host of other ailments, I just could not do it. I couldn't *do drugs*. Especially not after reading online about the horrendous side effects of the drug he prescribed— side effects which he neglected to inform me of, by the way. I threw the pills directly into the trash can that same day and never looked back, except to remind myself of what could have been my fate.

I'd rather eat rat poison (or drink pee) than go through what so many others, trying to get off that drug, are currently

experiencing. It's hell, according to their testimonies. You can never get off the drug, once it gets into your system because of how thoroughly and irreversibly it messes with your brain chemistry. And no, I'm no expert, but I don't need to be. All I need is a good set of eyes and ears, a semi-functioning brain and common sense to know that if my body chemistry's already screwed up, adding more foreign chemicals into my system is likely to do me in!

*(*For those who are interested in investigating the dark side of Effexor XR, here's the website that opened my eyes:*)*

www.focushealthcare.com

What shocked me more than being prescribed a drug that could have potentially ruined whatever is left of my life, is the fact that my husband scorned me for not taking my doctor's advice and for throwing money out the proverbial window by tossing away those pills. And my doctor displayed a *bad attitude* toward me when my husband told on me. He said, "I guess she doesn't want to get better."

That cannot be further from the truth in my case. I want nothing more than vibrant good health, however, if attaining it means masking symptoms of something potentially serious, like **anaemia**, then I guess my doctor's right.

I mentioned anaemia because after all that hoopla, the

results of my blood work came in. Go figure– low iron. Duh! No wonder I’m always bagged out. The worst part about this little tale of mine, is that I’ve likely been somewhat anaemic all along and have suffered in ways I don’t have time to describe, as a result. However, had I not asked to see my own test results, *for myself*, I would not have known about this low iron issue. My doctor told me everything came back normal. That irks me! A lot! When I mentioned the low iron, he said, “It’s not too low, just *low-normal*,” whatever that’s supposed to mean.

I decided to keep my doctor, regardless that he’s obviously deficient in the giving a shit department, because I might need a lobotomy some day. I’m sure he’ll be more than happy to oblige me, should I ever request one.

Fancy, high-budget drug advertisements plague my tv set like some kind of virus I can’t kill, unless I tune out the scream altogether, by blowing up my beloved big screen. The fact is, everyone, including my doctor, is looking for a quick fix but the other fact is, most of the commercial drugs and supplements we consume by the bucketfuls don’t do us a bit of good. By masking the symptoms we experience, the real problems fester.

Meanwhile, the drug companies and pharmaceutical giants are making a fortune on our lingering pain and suffering, offering yet more snake oil to mask the side effects of the original remedies they sold us *and that we willingly/naively bought*. We’re all too trusting, I think. If a doc says it, it must

be gospel, hmm?

I should say that some people really do need conventional drugs and should not chuck theirs without first consulting their doctors. As well, I'm not a diehard anti-drug activist, nor do I claim to have the remotest clue as to who needs what drugs, for what ailments, and when. What I'm against is the **needless consumption of drugs, especially when natural remedies will do the trick, without the harmful and potentially fatal side effects.**

So Who Is This Chick?

I like to think I'm just an every day person– the wacky chick next door– but really, I'm the restless mother of three restless/demanding kids and wife of one seriously warped individual. In my spare time, which obviously, I must have too much of, I like surfing the Internet for information on a variety of subjects, including home remedies and natural cures. I love to draw and paint, decorate, garden, hang out with my ten cats and two dogs, and most of all, I absolutely love, love, *love* writing.

I guess you could say I'm the artsy-fartsy-eccentric, crazy cat lady type, and a freelance writer. I write on a broad range of subjects, in several genres, always incognito, of course, lest anyone find out that it's really little old me next door, stirring up controversy all over the place. Okay, I'm exaggerating. The

point is, I like my anonymity. After all, would you like your neighbours knowing you write warped stories and drink pee for breakfast?

Well, I'm nobody special in the 'special' sort of way. I like to think my brain has at least a few functioning cells in it, and that I'm endowed with at least a bit of common sense. I even like to think that once in a while, I'm actually brilliant, but then I realize, there's nothing I've ever said or done, or will say or do in the future, that hasn't already been said and done before. So the best I can do is share my experiences from my own, unique and somewhat jaded point of view.

I'm adventurous. And I'm cheap. I don't particularly enjoy flushing my hard earned money (or my urine) down the toilet, if I don't have to, or if I can put my money and my pee to better use. I have kids to raise, and everyone knows it costs a fortune just to feed and clothe them, let alone keep the medicine cabinet full of the latest remedies from the old drug store. Money doesn't grow on trees, but urine grows in me! I can keep my money and recycle my pee, and with any luck at all, improve my health in the process.

I love to read about newfangled/resurrected home remedies and I'm just the kind of person to try just about anything once, if it sounds convincing enough, and if it's not too gross.

So why urine therapy? Isn't that the mother of everything gross? Nope. It's not gross at all. It works. It really, *really*

works. I know because I tried it. I stuck with it for about four months, and now I'm starting it again, because I realize how much better I felt, in general, when my morning pee went into a glass and down the hatch, rather than into my toilet, into my septic tank. In fact, I can hardly believe the difference between then and now. I decided that if something worked so well for me in the past, there's a strong likelihood that it'll work for me again. Told you I'm brilliant.

Hey! I guess I'm not insane after all. What's the definition of insanity? *Doing the same thing, over and over again, expecting a different result.* With urine therapy, I expect the same amazing results as I experienced in the past. *Whew!*

Now that my health is going down the toilet with my morning urine all over again, and taking drugs offends my sensibilities, I'm back to square one. Only this time, I have a much different perspective on urine therapy. Where I was basically experimenting before, now I'm taking urine therapy much more seriously. I value myself, and my quality of life, much more now than I ever have, and because I've lost faith in western medicine, and don't feel like arguing with the big-wigs anymore, I'm taking matters into my own hands— taking responsibility for my own well-being. I'm officially proactive.

I know some would say I'm going straight to hell, without passing the urine, for my rebellion against the system of things, and my unconventional spiritual views, but I don't care what

anyone else thinks of me anymore– except, of course, my neighbours, husband, friends, extended family and kids . . .

I care what *I* think of me– how *I* feel inside and how well *my* body functions. It's *my* life. Period. I guess I'm finally growing up and growing one huge set of balls. I'm finally taking control of my own reality, by using whatever God gave me, including my own endless and absolutely *free* supply of good old-fashioned pee, to better my existence. I guess I'm desperate enough to stick with the pee-pee program this time, knowing that in the past, the benefits truly were astounding.

So Am I Crazy?

I said up front that I'm not crazy, but maybe I lied. Maybe I really am crazy. If you equate spending most of your life in bed, depressed and tired to the bones for no apparent reason, with being crazy, then commit me to the nearest looney-bin and throw away the key.

Well, I really *would* be crazy if I refused to consider the past; the past in which I gave urine therapy a whirl, just to see for myself what all the hype was about, and the past in which I discovered a truly powerful 'cure' for my incessant fatigue. I was bursting with energy, taking two, sometimes even three, long walks every day with my dogs, out playing in the garden for hours without tiring, keeping up with my domestic duties

like a dutiful wife and mother and basically on the path to vibrant health, something I'd never experienced prior to urine therapy and haven't experienced since.

And I'd be doubly crazy (and perhaps even clinically retarded) if I refused to recognize the night and day difference in my general sense of well-being, when drinking pee, as opposed to not drinking pee. Since I quit drinking it, slowly, but as surely as my husband's feet stink, I went straight back to bed, and now, all I want is to wake up in the morning feeling like I actually slept, and have enough fuel to carry me through my day. If urine is that fuel, then fill me up!

The question of whether or not I'm sane may never be answered. I guess it depends who you ask. I hate to be the bearer of ominous news, but my goodness, it seems to me like everyone I know is experiencing the same form of the crazies as I am. Nobody seems to have the energy to *really* live. I feel sorry for my sister, my aunt, my nieces and my neighbours . . . and my neighbours' pets . . . who are victims twice over. First they're victims of environmental pollutants, then they're victims of pharmaceutical, and sometimes recreational drugs.

I feel sorry for me, too, because though I'm also falling ill, due to the exact same factors, I'm the one who's made out to be crazy for opting to go the natural route. Because I refuse to further poison myself with the pop-culture remedies being plugged day in, day out, on tv., in magazines, on the radio, and

by my very own doctor, who's supposed to care about my health and well-being, *I just don't want to get better*. And I thought there was peer pressure in highschool!

I guess the general population's being slowly poisoned to death by chemicals in our foods, in the air we breathe, in the cosmetics and pills and everything else we're all exposed to, and the sad truth is, there's nobody to stop this madness . . . except maybe ourselves.

Though I believe doctors are definitely needed and should never be forsaken, I doubt that most of them have either the time, nor the energy, to actually get to know their patients on a personal level— enough to know why they're bagged right out and dragging their behinds through life. Most doctors are so overworked and stressed out, themselves, it's really no wonder, at least not to me, that they take the path of least resistance— drugs— when it comes to treating our complaints.

A Little History

I come from what some would describe as a bad past. My childhood basically sucked— divorced parents, single mother on welfare, when not on a new man . . . God bless her; she did the best she could, but I grew up with a pickle up my butt. The world wasn't a nice, sunny, pretty place to me. Facing each day was terrifying, especially not knowing what new traumas would

befall me, in the wake of my mother's actions. Like I said, she did the best she could, and I hold no grudges, however, I still had to deal with the emotional aftermath of many painful experiences.

Incidentally, my mother died of brain cancer at the age of 39, which I know contributed significantly to her insane behaviour. And, incidentally, she wasn't diagnosed with brain cancer until she had a massive stroke one day. Prior to her diagnosis, she was admitted to the nut wing of a local hospital, where she was drugged to the gills and treated like a dog.

Who knew what we were really dealing with? Had I known my mother was dying, I may not have internalized the pain of growing up with an unpredictable and distant mother, an absent father, and perverted substitute fathers, and become *insane*, myself.

But hindsight was still twenty-twenty, last time I checked. Operating on an emotionally cracked heart and overwhelmed brain, I took my frustrations out on this poor little body of mine in some of the most self-destructive ways imaginable.

I spent the first twenty years of my life loathing myself, wondering why the hell I was even born, if life was nothing but one tragedy after another . . . *if my very own mother didn't love me, how could I possibly love myself?* I guess it was a bit hard to show love to her children, when my mother's brain was being eaten by a tumor that was the size of a grapefruit by the time the

lovely doctors discovered it . . . after putting her through hell in the nut house, but that's another story.

As a direct result of my horrifying childhood, which I won't go into in this book, I became anorexic/bulimic. At age 10, I decided my body was disgusting, therefore not worthy of feeding. At age 13, I discovered a way to feed my disgusting body, but not allow it the benefits of anything life-sustaining. For 14 years of my life, I hated this poor body of mine so much, I tried to make it disappear. I either starved it half to death or stuffed it full of whatever wasn't glued down in the refrigerator, only to throw it all back up, or worse, crap it out, thanks to colossal laxative abuse, which, of course, I purchased at my local pharmacy.

I wasn't very nice to me, put it that way. In fact, I was so mean to me, that I even tried to end my own life on two separate occasions, in my teen years. The second attempt nearly killed me. I died three times but was revived. A miracle. That's why now, I don't *hate* doctors. I thank them for saving my life so I could one day grow up to be a pee drinker and tell the whole world about it. We need our doctors, but we also need to educate ourselves.

The reason for the above disclosure is simple: to let you know that no, no, and no, I'm not in any way, shape or form what could be considered 'normal.' I'm abnormal. I march to the beat of my own drum nowadays, because I never fit it with

the madding crowd well. That'll happen when you move almost two dozen times between birth and graduation from highschool. Then again, I never did graduate from highschool. I quit in the middle of grade eleven. I had just spent a year in a psychiatric hospital for treatment of bulimia (which was a waste of time, I should add) and felt like too much of a freak to rejoin the normal people, who had normal families to give them normal support and normal guidance . . .

No, I'm not feeling sorry for myself. I'm glad for what I went through. It obviously didn't kill me, and I like to think it even made me stronger— strong enough to defy convention and do things my own way, rather than trying to conform to a world that I can never please, anyhow. I please *me*— at least I try to, because in the end, it's only my own conscience I have to answer to.

Drinking my own urine pleases me. Regardless that even my closest family members have absolutely no idea that I practice such a *taboo* self-healing modality as urine therapy, I'm here to tell the rest of the world that it really does work, and it's absolutely free. I like things that are free. Who doesn't?

But Why Urine?

Call me gullible, but I came across the idea of pee drinking for health, while hunting the Internet for a home remedy for

poison ivy. I was covered from head to toe with ugly, oozy, itchy poison ivy sores and would have tried anything to rid myself of the affliction. I found an article, whose author claimed that rubbing horse urine on the sores relieves the symptoms. There was a link to a site about urine therapy on that site, so I followed it. One thing led to another . . . you know how that goes, and I became fascinated with the entire concept of pee guzzling.

No, human urine does not, I repeat, it does *not* cure poison ivy, however, I thank the universe and my lawnmower for leading me through that poison ivy patch because now I'm a pee drinking advocate, taking the path of most resistance to vibrant health. I never could persuade myself, by the way, to try the horse pee remedy, but figured my own pee might do the trick.

Incidentally, I did eventually find a cure for poison ivy– in the spring, you nibble a poison ivy leaf each day for three weeks and your body builds up an immunity to the plant. I know because like I said, I'm crazy enough to try just about anything once. Well, I tried it and haven't had poison ivy since, though our property is teeming with the stuff.

Of course if you go on ahead and try anything I suggest, and have a bad, or even deadly/fatal reaction to it, it's not my fault. It's your own. If you try anything, you assume responsibility for any benefits and repercussions of your experiment, since it's you who consents to do it. Same with pee drinking. If you

suddenly become a pee drinker, then all the benefits and/or drawbacks of taking up this practice belong solely to yourself. Okay?

And now, back to the topic. I tried my first spot o' pee one morning, two summers ago, out of desperation to shake the old familiar depression that I felt creeping back into my soul. And just as I was with the poison ivy incident, I was desperate enough to avoid the great depression, **without the use of drugs**, that I was willing to try anything. Even drinking my own midstream morning urine.

That first gulp was the most revolting thing I'd ever tasted in all my life, and believe me, I've tasted practically everything on this planet of ours. Between you and me, I distinctly recall tasting poop as a toddler. I had a little accident in the bathtub and, well, after watching the brown log boat float around the tub for awhile, I couldn't help becoming fixated on the peanuts. Hey, don't tell me you never tried it. It likely just grossed you out so badly, you've eternally blocked it from your memory, or you're in serious denial. I know now, that those weren't peanuts, by the way, but again, I'm so much stronger, even wiser, for the experience. I also know, that though that first taste of pee almost made me throw up, I'm strong enough minded to have followed through with my vile intentions. I swallowed a tablespoonful of midstream morning urine that day and lived to tell that tale, too.

Did you know that urine acts as a natural and gentle laxative? I recall having one of the best *dino-craps in my whole life, shortly after drinking that first tablespoon of urine. It felt like my entire colon was cleared out, and to my utter bewilderment, the chronic abdominal pain was nowhere to be found for the rest of the day. I had energy, too. Loads and loads of it.

Of course, being the rational person that I am, I chalked the absence of belly pain, and the sudden increase in energy up to the placebo effect. However, the next morning, I got brave. I drank two ounces of midstream morning urine, and again, to my absolute amazement, I had a second dino-crap.

(*dino-crap: term invented by kids to describe a good poop.)

My stomach felt warm and relaxed all day, and once again, I had energy to spare. For the next week, I repeated the secret morning pee-drinking ritual, sticking to two ounces each time. By the end of that week, I was so inspired and energized that even my husband and kids noticed how much happier I seemed.

I decided to take this urine therapy thing to the next level. I read everything I could find on the subject. At the end of this book, I'll put links to websites I frequented, which will give you much more 'formal' information. For the purposes of this book, however, I'm sticking to my own experiences. I can only speak for myself, after all.

Me, A Pee Drinker?

Had someone told me I'd become a pee drinker when I grew up . . . But alas, I am what I am. After the first week of drinking morning pee, and being beside myself with awe and wonder over my brand new daily poops, I began noticing some odd things. The whites of my eyes were clearer and brighter. My body didn't ache after doing moderate exercise. Most of all, I wasn't bloated anymore and didn't have the familiar cramps.

I became a dedicated pee-drinker for the next four months. I gradually increased the amount I ingested. By the end of my experiment, I was drinking approximately 8 ounces each morning.

As well, I collected all my urine throughout the day and added it to my nightly bath. My skin was simply radiant after a few weeks. Even my hair was stronger. It didn't help with yeast infections, asthma or toenail fungus, like some report it does, however, it helped with energy– with vitality, the main reason the therapy intrigued me in the first place.

After the fourth month, I began getting lazy. I missed a day here, a day there, and next thing I knew, I had abandoned the practice, altogether.

But the benefits of having practised urine therapy at all, lasted for a whole year, and in some ways, even longer. For instance, all my life, I've had at least one serious cold and

bronchitis each year. I haven't been sick with any kind of cold or flu, since. I directly attribute this to having boosted my immune system so much, drinking my own pee for that four month stretch. What else can it be? Nothing else has changed. I felt the first signs of a cold coming on the other day. I forced myself to drink a glass of morning pee, and still haven't developed that cold . . . hoping I don't!

Beyond the physical benefits of having drunk urine for four months, I noticed a marked difference in my general mood. Before embarking on my pee-drinking adventure, as I've said, my energy levels were so low, it was like dragging myself through four feet of water every day. When practising urine therapy, my energy levels skyrocketed. And, having abandoned the practice almost two years ago, though I still haven't gotten sick with a cold or the flu, my energy levels have drastically decreased. I think, in fact, that I'm worse now than before I tried urine therapy.

Bulimia did a number on my whole system. Now my body needs to draw on stores of energy that don't exist. I accept the fact that my self-destructive behaviours of the past have led to this current condition. You can't expect your body to keep doing what you need it to do when you've starved it and tortured it for so long, during the most crucial years of growth and development. However, I can't change the past. What's done is done. All I can do is the best I can do, right now. In the present.

I'm back to drinking urine. I brew and drink another substance, too, and have been for approximately two months now: Kombucha tea. I used to get chronic yeast infections. I haven't had one since I began drinking Kombucha tea. Not only that, but the fungus on my toenail is completely gone. Nothing else cured it— not even pee. The Kombucha tea has made my hair naturally lighter— back to its original shade of dark blonde, and my hair is growing like crazy. So are my fingernails. I've never had long fingernails, until now!

I'll never stop drinking Kombucha tea but it doesn't do everything. It takes care of the yeast issues, makes my hair shiny and thick and makes it grow faster. I now have long, hard fingernails, something I've never had, and I swear by it for chronic yeast infections. Drinking approximately 8 ounces per day for the past two months, has helped my moods stabilize. I'm not as cranky or as quick to get angry about anything. I feel mellow and upbeat, most of the time.

However, it's urine therapy that I noticed worked like magic for me, as for the increase in vital energy. I'm doing both now— drinking Kombucha tea and urine.

At the end of this book, I'll add a link to a site about Kombucha tea.

So that's me and my life, as well as some of my past experiences, in a nutshell. Now to the good stuff!

What Exactly Is Urine Therapy?

Very simply, urine therapy is the use of ones own urine, either topically (on the skin and hair) or internally, for cosmetic and medicinal purposes. People use their own urine to heal cuts or wounds, to boost their immune systems, thus cure and prevent diseases and infections, and to enhance their sense of well-being. Some even use it as a method to purify the spirit-self, which I'll elaborate on later. Some rub aged, concentrated urine on their skin, where it's absorbed into the body for maximum results. The skin is an amazing sponge.

A urine therapist is often called a uropath. Other names for urine therapy are auto-urine therapy and uropathy. In the Indian ayurvedic tradition, it's known as amaroli or Shivambu Kalpa—the waters of Shiva.

Origins of Urine Therapy

The use of urine as medicine has been around for ages. There are references to the practice in many holy books, such as the Vedas and the bible, as well as in the recorded histories of several civilizations.

One biblical verse commonly cited by proponents of the practice is Proverbs 5:15:

Drink water from thy own cistern, and the streams of thy own well.

The Aztecs, ancient Egyptians, Chinese and Hindus have used it throughout history. Ayurvedic yogis are said to drink their own urine early in the morning, between 4 and 6, because apparently, hormones in the urine assist in meditation.

Urine therapy is said to have originated in India, some 5,000 years ago, and was reintroduced to the Indian population by Englishman, JW Armstrong, via his book: “The Waters of Life.” *For more information about the origins of urine therapy, see the links at the end of this book.*

What Is Urine?

Urine is a byproduct of blood filtration, rather than excess water from food and drink, or a waste product. The medical term for urine is plasma ultrafiltrate. Nutrient rich blood is filtered by the liver. Toxic waste matter then becomes a dino crap. Once the blood has been cleansed by the liver, it makes its way to the kidney. There, any excess vitamins, minerals, etc., that your body doesn't currently need, become what we know as urine, which most of us think of as waste matter.

Urine is actually sterile. What can contaminate it is bacteria on our privates. But essentially, pee is very pure. Some might

never be able to get their heads around the idea of drinking urine, let alone their lips around a glass of it, but it's our culture. We're raised here, in the good old west, to believe our urine is a disgusting substance, never to be touched, let alone ingested. That's the problem with ideas such as urine therapy– the very idea is surrounded by untruths.

Urine consists mainly of water– 95% water, in fact. The other 5% is composed of vitamins, minerals, hormones, enzymes, urea, DHEA, antibodies and proteins. Imagine this for a moment. If our pee is 95% water, and we all know that water is essential to all life, including our own, then drinking pee is at least 95% to our benefit. But what of the other 5%? How much money do you spend on vitamins and minerals? Why spend any at all, if all you need is right there in your own urine?

Did you know that many popular skin creams contain urea? That, too, comes directly from urine, which means each time you use a skin care product containing urea, you're actually rubbing urine on your skin. Do you know where that urea came from? The makers of the cream you smeared on your face extracted the substance from human urine. You're actually smearing *the pee of many* on your face. Why not use your own pee? At least you know where it came from, and from whom.

Urea is a powerful moisturizing substance, hence billions of bucks spent on products containing it, by people like us. I'd rather use my own pee, personally, if I'm going to use any at all.

Urea is a natural anti-bacterial, anti-fungal, anti-viral substance and it's absolutely free for the taking– if you can get past the idea that urine's a disgusting waste product.

As well, urea is a potent anti-cancer substance. Cancer patients have lowered urea levels in their bodies. Your body uses urea to synthesise amino acids and proteins. Patients with kidney failure improve significantly with higher doses of urea. It's a natural diuretic, too. Some claim urea even shrinks tumours.

DHEA (dehydro-epiandrosterone) is a powerful hormone found in urine. Some say it's a precursor to testosterone. Athletes and body builders often use DHEA for its muscle-building benefits. Many use DHEA for increased energy and to improve libido, however, when used in large amounts, such as *in pill form*, it can be harmful. Your own urine provides the 'right' amount of DHEA. The hormone helps cure depression, which is likely a main reason why my depressions were nowhere to be found, after the first couple of weeks of my urine therapy experiment. As well, DHEA is said to be a potent anti-aging substance, to improve memory, help fight obesity and even prevent diabetes, among many other things.

If urine is a waste product, dangerous for human consumption, then how is it that my health improved so drastically by its use? How is it, that even now, two years after my experiment, I still have not had a cold or the flu, or any other

viral illness? I believe that my experiment strengthened my immune system and that my body's still reaping the rewards for being 'gross,' all this time later.

Urine therapy is said to heal and ease a broad range of illness and *disease*. Some even say it cures depression. Since I'm no doctor, all I can tell you is that for me, it did just that. I've always struggled with depression and nothing helped prevent it. For me, I believe that my depressions are not only due to imbalances in my body chemistry and hormonal fluctuations, but also, the traumatic childhood I endured.

On the issue of childhood trauma: How can a pill ever erase the past? It can't and it won't. The fact remains— I had to simply accept things. I had to stop blaming myself for things I couldn't control, let go of my ideals, and what I wished could have been true of my life, and go forward. You can't change your past. It is what it is. All you can do is forgive the people who you feel let you down, and most of all, forgive yourself for whatever sides of you came out when faced with trials and tribulations. Then you have to take it one day at a time, looking ahead and up, not backward and down.

Pills don't change your reactions to things. They only mask your true feelings. To me, that's not helpful. It's unhealthy to suppress emotions because they become toxic. If depression is caused by a chemical disturbance/imbalance in the brain, the only remedy would be balance, right?

Urine therapy apparently helps balance your chemicals and hormones. It balances your metabolism, too, keeping all the right juices flowing to all the right places. That, I believe, is why my depressions were nonexistent, while ingesting urine for four months. My greatest battle since quitting the practice, has been combatting depression.

It would seem as though my problem simply stems from heredity, considering my aunt and sister, and one of my nieces have been diagnosed with bipolar disorder. It would be easy to hop on that same train and let drugs carry my depressed self through life, however, you already know how I feel about drugs. I want a permanent solution, not a bandaid. Besides, if I'm on some kind of drug, am I really even me anymore? I like me, nowadays. I don't want to be anyone else, so to speak.

With urine therapy, it's my body being healed by use of my own bodily substances. I can deal with that. What motivated me to restart the practice is mainly curing depression. I can't say enough, how much better I felt when drinking pee daily. Like I said, it's like night and day. Of course, don't take my word for it. Try it for yourself and draw your own conclusions. That's how I do things: I'll try it out for myself and see if something's what it's cracked up to be. If it is, then great! If not, then at least I tried it.

Urine therapy works. There are many ideas floating around cyberspace as to why it works and how. In simple terms, it's

like biofeedback from your own body. Some call this the ‘transmutation theory.’ Your urine contains a holographic picture of your body– your tissues and your fluids. When you drink your own urine, the biofeedback tells your energy system what’s going on with you on a cellular level, thus kicks certain parts of your body into healing mode. That’s how it balances your body. It takes a substance from your own body, fed back to your body, to figure out what’s happening in your system. Not to get complicated, that’s the gist of it.

Urine therapy has been a life saver for many, according to testimonials I’ve read online, and I can see why. Some say it even cures cancer and AIDS. Again, do your own research on the matter before drawing any conclusions.

So What Is In Urine?

95% water,

2.5% urea

2.5% minerals, enzymes, hormones.

Though urine does contain some ‘waste matter,’ the waste matter in urine is not toxic to your body. Your body produces in your urine, the following ‘ingredients’ on a daily basis:

Alanine 38 mg

Arginine 32 mg

Ascorbic acid 30 mg

Allantoin 12 mg

Amino acids 2.1 g

Bicarbonate 140 mg

Biotin 35 mg

Calcium 23 mg

Creatinine 1.4 mg

Cystine 120 mg

Dopamine 0.40 mg

Epinephrine 0.01 mg

Folic acid 4 mg

Glucose 100 mg

Glutamic acid 308 mg

Glycine 455 mg

Inositol 14 mg

Iodine 0.25 mg

Iron 0.5 mg

Lysine 56 mg

Magnesium 100 mg
Manganese 0.5 mg
Methionine 10 mg
Nitrogen 15 g
Ornithine 10 mg
Pantothenic acid 3 mg
Phenylalanine 21 mg
Phosphorus (Organic) 9 mg
Potassium 2.5 mg
Proteins 5 mg
Riboflavin 0.9 mg
Tryptophan 28 mg
Tyrosine 50 mg
Urea 24.5 mg
Vitamin B6 100 mg
Vitamin B12 0.03 mg
Zinc 1.4 mg

That's astounding to me. Imagine spending hundreds of dollars every year on supplements, and flushing the best

possible source of those same supplements straight down the toilet. Most of us have horrendous diets, though many of us do try to eat balanced meals. The problem is that our foods—the foods we've always trusted to provide our bodies with proper nutrition, are severely lacking. Thus the massive increase in degenerative diseases, such as chronic fatigue syndrome, fibromyalgia, and osteoporosis. Even depression is caused in part by poor diet. It makes sense to me, to simply drink from my own cistern . . . and replenish my body on a daily basis.

Other Substances Found In Urine— (in millilitres)

Urea nitrogen 682.00

Urea 1459.00

Creatinin nitrogen 36.00

Creatinin 97.20

Uric acid nitrogen 12.30

Uric acid 36.90

Amino nitrogen 9.70

Ammonia nitrogen 57.00

Sodium 212.00

Potassium 137.00

Calcium 19.50

Magnesium 11.30

Chloride 314.00

Total sulphate 91.00

Inorganic sulphate 83.00

Inorganic phosphate 127.00

N/10 acid 27.80

Other Important 'Ingredients'

Enzymes:

Amylase (diastase).

Lactic dehydrogenate

Leucine amino-peptidase

Urokinase.

Hormones:

Catechol amines.

Hydroxy-steroids.

17-Catosteroids.

Erythropoietine.

Adenylate cyclase.

Prostaglandin's.

Sex hormones.

If all those great things are present in my very own body, and available to me, free of charge, any time I want, then why am I wasting money buying them? Why is my health wasting away at all, when urine is a perfectly suitable remedy for whatever ails me? And if urine is not a waste product, why have I always been told it is?

Could it be something as sinister as the fact that drug companies and pharmaceutical companies would lose their insane fortunes if the masses knew how simple it is to cure ourselves? Have we been bamboozled by the medical community as well, into believing there's no cure for certain diseases?

Our foods are deficient in vital minerals and vitamins due to over processing and cooking. Our meat is pumped full of things like growth hormones that are harming our bodies. Pesticides and preservatives in the foods we consume are killing us, plain and simple, yet those of us who choose to practice urine therapy are accused of drinking toxic waste. Doesn't make much sense to me.

If urine therapy is so bad, then why did I feel so damn good while practising it? I've begun the practice again. I'm on my third day now, and all I can say, is it's so nice to see those dino-craps again. My IBS is gone already, just as it was before. The cramps are gone, I'm no longer bloated, I slept like a baby, two nights in a row, and today, I'm full of energy again. I can't help feeling excited about this, considering how rotten I've been feeling for the past year or so.

Like before, I wonder if it's just a placebo effect, and like before, I know it's not. No placebo can give a person relief from IBS and fatigue.

Most health problems, by the way, are caused by an overloaded colon. If your body can't excrete its waste, its waste stays lodged in the colon, causing all sorts of trouble for your body. Urine therapy helps cleanse the colon.

What Does Urine Therapy Cure?

Apparently, urine therapy is the cure for *any disease*, due to the biofeedback it provides your body. It cures everything, even asthma, according to several research papers I've read. Though I still have asthma, I believe it's because I didn't stick with the program long enough. I did, however, experience great relief from asthma during my four month trial with urine therapy. I believe that I would have benefited by a urine fast, and will have to try that, this time around.

Some Diseases/Conditions Cured By Urine Therapy

multiple sclerosis

colitis

lupus

rheumatoid arthritis

cancer

hepatitis

pancreatic insufficiency

psoriasis

eczema

diabetes

herpes

heart troubles

insomnia

AIDS

chronic fatigue

ADHD

asthma

depression

obesity

The list of ailments said to benefit from urine therapy, is endless, and it seems that it simply depends what's ailing you. Also, for chronic diseases like chronic yeast, or candida, you can't expect lasting results after just a month or so. Some conditions take longer to completely cure, but from testimonials I've read, it seems there's nothing urine therapy cannot cure.

How To Start

Different practitioners recommend varying methods for using urine. Some recommend a urine fast for severe illness. For a urine fast, you drink all your urine throughout the day, every day, and for at least a week. I did a short urine fast of three days, drinking only urine and eating nothing. Serious energy boost! For serious diseases, it's recommended that you fast for two weeks or even longer, drinking only urine and water. And some recommend daily midstream morning urine ingestion, gradually increasing the amounts drunk, until you reach a certain maintenance amount.

I'm one of those annoying all or nothing types, so I jumped headfirst into urine therapy, thinking that I could handle going for the big gulp, early in the game. I experienced quite a serious healing crisis, which I'll elaborate on later, doing it that way, however, after the first week or so, the symptoms subsided and my body came out of shock. As you know, after that, it was worth the initial discomfort. I can't say I do, or don't

recommend a certain program for ingesting urine, but I can tell you how I did things. You should only drink midstream morning urine to begin with. Make sure your privates are clean, and that the container used to collect your urine is sterile, just to prevent any kind of contamination.

How I Began

First Day: 1 tablespoon

Second Day: 2 ounces

Third to Seventh Days: 2 ounces

Second Week: 4 ounces

Third Week: 6 ounces

Fifth Week Onward: 8 ounces.

Urine Enemas

I also used **urine enemas**, twice a week. I collected urine throughout the day for use in a bedtime enema. By doing so, not only did my abdominal cramps disappear completely, but I eliminated parasites! My body felt relaxed and I have to say, I slept like a baby. Not only that, but my complexion cleared up and in the morning, I coughed up all sorts of disgusting lung goo. I'm sure, had I kept at it, I'd have likely cured my asthma entirely, because while doing the enemas and drinking urine, I

rarely ever used my inhaler.

Topical Uses

I used urine in footbaths to cure a wound on my foot. Within a week, the problem was resolved, and I no longer needed pain killers to ease the discomfort.

As a hair rinse, urine gets rid of dandruff, and it makes your hair shiny and soft. Of course, you might want to wash your hair again, after rinsing with urine, however, believe it or not, there really is no smell at all, once your hair dries.

As a skin softener– there's nothing like urine. My skin glowed when I rubbed urine into it every morning and rinsed it off ten minutes later, negating the need for any kind of moisturizer.

Other Uses

I added a bit of urine to my houseplants and watched them bloom like crazy. Even some that I believed were beyond hope, came back– and fuller/healthier than ever.

I had chronic earaches. On a whim, I put a few drops in each ear, twice a day, and cleared up my chronic earaches. I had an eye infection and used urine to clear that right up, too.

Some use urine as a household disinfectant. I had to draw the line there, personally, because I just couldn't see using pee

to clean the counter tops, even if it is safe and sterile.

Use common sense when experimenting with any healing modality . . . or, if you're like me, just jump right in! Try it for yourself and see what happens. I'm glad I did and that I've resumed the practice.

Healing Crisis

Whenever your body undergoes detoxification, there's bound to be what's known as a healing crisis. Though I enjoyed exceptional benefits from my former experiment with urine therapy, I also experienced some discomfort at first. My bones literally ached for the first week or two. I had diarrhea for the first week. My skin broke out in tiny, itchy bumps for a week or so, and I was extremely tired. It wasn't the same kind of fatigue as I now experience. It was more of a restful, relaxed kind of tired which led to deep, refreshing sleep, from which, I awoke feeling like I actually slept.

Most of my symptoms happened in the first two weeks, including coughing up large amounts of phlegm. My nose was stuffy, I was achy and feverish, and generally felt like I had the flu. However, I stuck with it, and within a couple of weeks, all my initial symptoms subsided and I began to feel incredible.

Your body will feel the effects from urine therapy wherever there's a system out of whack, or a problem with an area of your body. Urine helps detoxify your body, therefore, expect a

healing crisis of some kind. If you've increased the amount you consume and the symptoms become worse, decrease the amount for awhile, or just endure the 'crisis,' like I did. It's up to you.

If you want lasting results, so I've discovered, you have to stick with the pee-pee program and don't give up when you're feeling better. Just stay with it and keep reaping the rewards.

Spiritual Benefits

There are many benefits to drinking ones own urine, not the least of which are spiritual. According to some, you can expect an increase in both physical health and spiritual awareness as follows:

First month: Internal purification

Second month: Your senses are stimulated and energized

Third month: Freedom from all diseases and relief of troubles

Fourth month: Same

Fifth month: Divine vision and continued freedom from diseases

Sixth month: Heightened intellectual abilities

Seventh month: Gaining extraordinary strength

Eighth month: You 'glow.'

Ninth month: Freedom from tuberculosis and leprosy

Tenth month: Glowing a lot now

Eleventh month: Purified body organs

Twelfth months: Become equal to the sun in radiance

Two years: You conquer the earth element

Three years: You conquer the water element

Four years: Conquer the light element

Five years: Conquer the air element

Six years: More of the above

Seven years: Pride conquered

Eight years: Have conquered all the elements

Nine years: Freedom from the cycle of death and rebirth

Tenth year: You can fly . . .

Eleventh year: You can hear the voice of your inner soul

Twelfth year: Will live as long as the stars . . . will not be troubled by dangerous animals or poisonous snakes—no poisons can harm you. Can't be consumed by fire and can float on water like wood.

Of course I don't take any of the above literally, but it would be fun to fly . . . When it comes to the human spirit, the sky's the limit, after all.

It benefits us greatly to take charge of our own bodies, minds and spirits, and with the explosion of knowledge—*everything we*

need and want to know, is at our fingertips on the Internet– we can do just that. All we need is a bit of common sense and a whole lot of faith in the fact that we’re not as helpless as we think we are against the things we can’t see.

Final Words

If drugs were really the cure all for all that ails us, then why are so many people still sick and why the outrageous increase in degenerative diseases? Why are so many young people falling victim to bipolar disorder, depressions, ADHD and chronic fatigue?

Could it be that we’re being immunized to death . . . and drugged up just to mask the symptoms of somebody’s big mistakes? Maybe our kids are being used as guinea pigs. Whatever the case, what I see are more drugs and supplements, lotions and potions and magic goo being introduced into the population as absolutely safe! There’s drugs to combat bad side effects of other drugs, or complimentary drugs used side by side with crappy drugs.

Our food is being tampered with so much, that who knows what the long term effects will be on both our food supply and on our bodies?

All I know, is that within my own vessel is a fountain of living water– an endless storehouse of everything my body needs to run properly. This information is still amazing to me,

no matter how much I read about urine therapy. To think that the kingdom of heaven really is within . . . that every good thing is already inside my body— even the keys to vibrant health and happiness.

I hope this little book has at least opened your eyes to the fact that you don't have to be a victim anymore. You can take control of your own body, mind, soul and spirit and start being proactive when it comes to your well-being. If I've learned anything at all, through my little trials and tribulations so far, it's that you always do have a choice about how you want to handle problems. You can internalize them and become self-destructive, like I did, and you can also realize that at the end of the day, it's yourself you have to please.

Don't be a doormat in the doctor's office. You hire them, they don't hire you. They're there to do a service to you, and if you feel that drugs are not the answer for you, say so. If you're not satisfied with a diagnosis, speak up. If your spouse doesn't like it, too bad. It's your body, and it's your life.

Urine therapy, though grossly unconventional, is actually becoming widely accepted, with many more advocates toting its praises. Even if the masses never accept it, and if the big-wigs never admit its benefits to the human race, you still have the choice to either try it or not. Like anything, it's entirely up to you, whether you give urine therapy a try or not. Whatever you decide to do, or not to do, just remember, it's only yourself you ever have to please and it's within your means to do just that. Above all, the past is over. It's *now* that matters.

Urine Therapy & Other Links

History of Shivambu *Urine Therapy*

www.indiangyan.com/books/therapybooks/Uroopathy/history_of.shtml

DHEA

www.ithyroid.com/dhea.htm

Kombucha America

www.kombuchaamerica.com

Curezone Urine Therapy Support Forum

www.curezone.com/forums/f.asp?f=109

Shivambu Kalpa

www.hps-online.com/hindiasutra.htm

Shirley's Wellness Café

www.shirleys-wellness-cafe.com/urine.htm

Urine Therapy

www.biomedx.com/urine

