

Blue Heron Guide to Beat Diabetes



*Step-By-Step Method to Naturally Cure Type 2 Diabetes and
Drastically Improve Type 1 Diabetes – Starting Today!*

By Jodi Knapp

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The Holiday

Wake-up Call

This eBook is dedicated to my hero: my amazing mother, Joanne Winters. She is my hero because of the role model she's proven to be since being diagnosed with diabetes. I've never admitted this to her, but there was a frightening moment when I didn't think she'd make it ... not given her terrifying incident on Christmas Day six years ago ...

Mom had been leery about being away from home, from her daily routine in St. Louis, but eventually caved in for holiday travel. I was ecstatic that she'd fly to Chicago for a visit. I planned a big gathering, a Christmas Brunch, in my brand new home. My fiancé's family, lots of other friends and relatives would all come to enjoy quite an elaborate spread of omelets, a huge honey-baked ham with pineapples, shrimp 'n grits with wine sauce, homemade biscuits, rich egg nog – the works.

Everyone had an awesome time, and later that night, a few of us would regroup and venture out for fun at a casino, despite a blanket of fresh snow.



But as evening approached, Mom mentioned her stomach was giving her trouble. She stayed in the bathroom a while, hoping to make things better. But ultimately said she felt no relief.

When she emerged, she sat atop my bed, clutching her belly. I asked what I could get for her, to help. "Would Alka Seltzer help?" I asked. She said *no*, but wanted me to bring her purse. She'd take a Tums and be fine, she said, sounding certain.

Just as I was extending her purse toward her, I saw my mother's head fall back into the mattress: She'd passed completely out. Her purse hit the hardwood floor with a thud.

"Mom! Mom wake UP!" I kept pleading ... stunned, in utter disbelief, frightened beyond words. Because I was a nurse I knew exactly what to do and moved into action with lightening speed. With one hand I was vigorously shaking her knee; with the other I grabbed the phone off the nightstand and dialed 911.

About 20 seconds later, while I was telling the emergency operator my address to send an ambulance, God was merciful: my mom's eyes opened! And then she sat up, blinked a few times, and asked who I was calling.

"I'm getting an ambulance," I told her. "You passed out..." I probably looked like a doe peering in the headlights of a Mack truck, but somehow I managed to keep my inner-hysteria out of my voice.

"Oh honey," she said sweetly, "You're over-reacting."

And *BAM*: she passed out *again* ... her head sunk silently into the mattress once again!

By this time I'm grabbing and pulling on my shoes, preparing to move the moment the paramedics show up. All the while I'm thinking, "This can't be happening. My mother's going to die on Christmas? Right before my eyes?! Life couldn't be this cruel ..."

By now, there was a knock on my condo door. I rushed over to let in two very capable looking paramedics. They were accompanied by two burly but sympathetic looking policemen. I let them all in and immediately felt relieved that so much good help had arrived so quickly.

They all entered my home just when mom was, thankfully, coming to again - sitting up for the second time!

As a seasoned nurse, I'd seen this a million times but certainly not with my dear mother. Twice - back to back within minutes - I'd "experienced" the death of my mother. And twice - back to back - I'd witnessed the awesome miracle of her awakening. This was mind-numbing.

The lead paramedic, a statuesque, take-charge blonde, asked Mom and me a series of questions. She inquired about what led up to her passing out. She wanted more information about mom's stomach pain, and what she'd eaten. I described the impressive menu I'd served at my very fine brunch.

The male paramedic then asked mom if she was diabetic. She answered, "No, not that I'm aware of."

"But," I chimed in, "Both of her parents were diabetic. On the insulin needle ..."

And at the hospital, I'd witnessed similar incidents with people who indeed had no idea they had suffered Type 2 diabetes for years. The paramedics and I shot each other a knowing glance ... a bit of an "Aha!"

My mother seemed noticeably silent once I emphasized that point. Thinking, I'm sure, that her days of free-range eating were over.

Everyone helped my mother onto a stretcher and carried her outside, through a foot of glistening snow, to their ambulance. I piled in and sat beside her, and held her hand. In short order, we were en route fast to the University of Chicago Hospital, just 10 blocks away, red lights glaring in the night and in my heart.

It was soon confirmed at the hospital that my mother had, indeed, crossed over from being pre-diabetic to outright diabetic. She'd had a serious digestive incident brought on by high blood sugar, likely due to over-indulgence in the delectable foods of the holiday season.

Very simply, the near-coma event scared us both straight – straight into finding a way to fix her blood glucose problem. And as heredity would likely have it, mine, too.

If you, like my mother, are among the one-in-three Americans who have diabetes or pre-diabetes, consider your diagnosis an opportunity to set a new life path. It's no longer a disease that has to restrict your lifestyle. On the contrary: Reversing and preventing diabetes can set you on the road to a much healthier life!

But the road that my mother took to completely eliminate diabetes' impact on her life was far from a straight path. It seemed that as soon as she regained consciousness her doctors were stuffing her palms full of pill bottles and prescriptions.

When I asked them if exercising or losing weight was important (my dear old Mom had let herself go a bit over the last few years) they shrugged and let out a dry and weak "sure." Although this situation was stressful enough, I had a bad feeling about what my mother's life was going to be like after she got home from the ER.

After visiting a few more doctors, we learned that my mother probably had diabetes for many years without ever knowing it. Because I was her unofficial chauffeur and private nurse –taking her from appointment to appointment, I was able to see firsthand just how much the medical establishment relied on medications – and how little they paid attention to lifestyle. You see, it looks differently for some reason when you're on the receiving end of the medical system than when you work in it.

Just 10 days after my mother's horrifying episode on Christmas Eve, she was prescribed a grand total of 8 different prescription medications –totaling about 18 pills every single day! Sure, the pills did budge her blood sugars down a bit, but they still went up and down like a roller coaster.

But what really scared me was how my mother changed since popping all these pills. What was once a vibrant and upbeat woman had transformed into an apathetic zombie! My mother simply lost the spring in her step that made Mom... Mom! Part of it was the side effects from the medications –which are known to cause drowsiness and feelings of depression.

But I think some of her sadness stemmed from her lack of control. She felt powerless that she'd have to keep taking prescription meds for the rest of her life.

In nursing, we see firsthand the effects of prescription meds on people's bodies and minds. That's why, whenever possible, I encourage people to do whatever they can naturally. That way, they dodge the nasty side effects but get the same (or even better) benefits than the medications gave them.

One day after seeing my Mom laid out on the couch half-asleep in front of the TV, I decided to help empower her to take action. I couldn't bear watching my mother poison herself with pills and walk around half-awake all the time. That's when we set out to find a natural cure for diabetes...

Now, six years later, my mother is in remarkable shape. At 70, she looks great and has wonderful energy. Her blood sugar level fairly consistently hovers in the safe range of 110 to 140. Of course, she still monitors her blood sugar level closely, three times every day. She also takes a leisurely walk with other seniors twice a week. And she even rides her stationary bicycle while watching "The Price Is Right" some days.

She's lost about 12 pounds in the process of eating differently, and let me tell you: My mother is constantly eating good food. She now just eats several smaller meals at the same time every day. She's embraced a wider variety of fruits and vegetables, and has discovered a delicious new world of recipes and spices.

Because she's done so well controlling her blood glucose, mom's doctor has decreased the dosage of her insulin tablets three times before finally eliminating them altogether.

It's happened because she didn't stop learning about the disease simply through her doctors, she also applied credible non-traditional methods to managing her diabetes - most of which is information I tracked down for her (us!) online and in libraries.

My mother and I were "scared straight" into adopting much healthier eating and exercise habits. These days, we're delighted to share the secrets to her success at beating diabetes with all who'll listen. Mom has even participated as a speaker on the matter at a couple of churches in the St. Louis area.

So, it is with great pride that I now share with you the secrets to my mother's kick-butt victory over diabetes with YOU, with full belief that you, too, can live naturally and healthily with it in the background! Shall we begin?

Note: This is only the first of 19 chapters.

To order and read the complete guide, please visit:

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