

# How One Man Bucked the System & Healed His Failing Liver Naturally



By [Jeff Roberts](#) | [Collective Evolution](#)

This past February, I was thrown off of my health high-horse. What first started as a headache, fever, and body aches, quickly escalated into an excruciating migraine, debilitating muscle stiffness, and an overwhelming sense of nausea. I was hit with what I thought was a nasty case of the seasonal flu, and it sucked. But I powered through, drinking my liquids and following the natural recommended flu-protocol, knowing that it would all be over within a few days.

My prognosis proved wrong, however. Over a week into my sickness I still couldn't eat, and I was dropping weight like a Jenny Craig story gone right. The only word I could use to describe the feeling in my stomach was "gross." My usually clear skin had broken out, and my urine and stool were also

starting to look “off” to say the least, which caused some serious concern.

Then on day 10, I looked in the mirror and noticed something even more unsettling – I was yellow. My skin was lifeless and my eye-whites had become saturated by yellow stains and red veins. I knew it was jaundice, a symptom commonly associated with an out-of-whack liver, which is never a good sign. But I was curious about the cause, so I gathered the energy to head to the walk-in clinic to see what was up.

After my tests, the clinic told me that they’d only call or email if there was an issue. A day later, I received the email, with bold capitals, “**You have Mononucleosis (AKA kissing disease), and your liver enzyme levels are EXTREMELY ABNORMAL. Please come to the clinic immediately!**”

“Mono!? How would that have even been possible?” I wondered, “I’ve been with the same person for 8 years!” I rarely have even just one drink; super-foods and exercise are an everyday staple for me, so how was my liver so out-of-whack?



Well as it turns out, the mono had conveniently decided to wage war against my liver, and I was losing drastically.

The doctor explained that normal liver enzyme levels range anywhere from 5-50 units per liter of serum, while someone who is ill may have 100 u/liter. **My enzyme levels were over 1000.** She told me that my liver was basically failing and that I would need further testing done at a hospital.

I was shocked. Never did I think I would be dealing with a failing liver at the pinnacle of my mid-20’s health. A large portion of my writing work is based around diet and health. I offer health advice to the community regularly. Confused I was indeed.

But there I was. Sitting in the emergency room, face mask and all, sticking out like the contagion reservoir I was. There were a few curious stares coming from fellow patients, but most were so wrapped up in their own excruciating physical traumas and ailments, such as a burst appendix and kidney stones, to care about anything other than their name being called by a nurse.

I overheard some of them talking, the ones who had bonded while they'd been waiting. Some had been there over 8 hours, patiently awaiting results and word from the doctor about ultrasounds or blood tests. Things were moving slow, and people weren't happy about it.

Staring at the faces of the busy nurses, med-school residents, doctors, and various other medical staff, one thing was blatantly apparent – no one looked happy. There was a density that filled the room and hallway – sick people, miserable staff. No available water, and the closest thing I saw for food was a vending machine stocked with pure junk.

I was in shock. There was nothing I could see about the environment that was conducive to healing, and it soon became apparent that everything I had feared and known was true – the state of modern medicine is in shambles.

Here was my dilemma – do I sit and wait for another 3 hours to hear my limited options (of which there weren't many in my case), i.e., a liver transplant? Or do I say “screw it” to the conventional medical system and take my health into my own hands, like I tell so many others to do in my writing?

Then, in a moment of divine synchronicity, I got the message. While I pondered my decision, scrolling aimlessly through my Facebook newsfeed, a meme with a frighteningly relevant message appeared. **“The power to heal is within you.”**

That was all I needed. I threw my face mask in the garbage and marched out of the hospital faster than I could say **“SEE-YA!”**

I told myself it was time to practice what I preach and trust that I had the power to heal my failing liver with the right nutrients.

## **My Liver-Saving Protocol**

Although I felt strong in my decision, going against convention is never easy. Fears of the worst-case scenario would come and go, and I was still very sick, *and* yellow. At times I wondered, “**Am I really just letting myself die slowly?**” or “**Is this lemon juice and oregano oil really powerful enough to heal me?**”

Well, long story short, yes they are powerful enough. And here is exactly what I did.

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