The background of the cover is a collage of ancient maps and documents. A yellow ribbon is tied across the top. The text is centered and reads:

CLINT G. ROGERS, PhD

Ancient Secrets of a Master Healer

A Western Skeptic,
An Eastern Master,
And Life's Greatest Secrets



I didn't come to teach you.

I came to love you.

Love will teach you.



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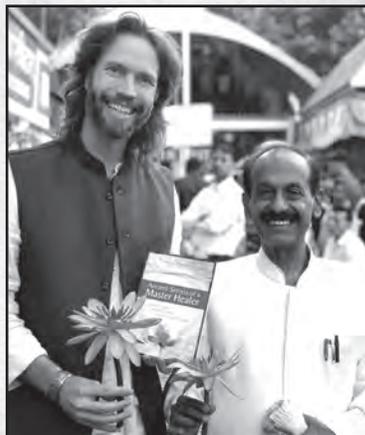
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Praise for Ancient Secrets of a Master Healer



“Dr. Clint G. Rogers has done a great *seva* (service) with this book. The world is in need of great help, as it is polluted not just in the way most think . . . also mental, emotional & spiritual pollution too. The ancient healing secrets in this book are a deeper solution for the world’s biggest problems today. I’ve known and respected Dr. Naram for more than 40 years, personally met his guru master, Baba Ramdas, and know the power of this unbroken lineage ultimately coming from Jivaka (personal physician of Buddha). I’ve seen Dr. Naram use the ancient healing principles to help the people I’ve sent to him to reverse and overcome rheumatoid arthritis, epilepsy, severe menstrual bleeding, liver infection, lung infection, multiple sclerosis, heart blocks, cancers, infertility, fibroids, diabetes, thyroid problems, complications in pregnancy, high cholesterol, high blood pressure, hair loss, ascites, urinary tract problems, tailbone fracture, severe hernias, psoriasis, autism, eczema, cervical spondylosis, and brain challenges, just to name a few. Dr. Naram has a *siddhi* (power) for healing given by grace of his master. The secrets of ancient healing revealed in this book are needed more than ever.”*

–H. H. Hariprasad Swami (Head of the Yogi Divine Society)



“Dr. Pankaj Naram is a world authority in ancient healing secrets. This book is inspiring, sharing how to infuse these ancient healing secrets into daily life for immense energy, health, and happiness. I am taking his herbs for diabetes and cholesterol and have had extraordinary results. Many Sadhvis in Bhakti Ashram are taking his herbal formulas and have had incredible effects and some completely cured. Whether it be diabetes, thyroid, arthritis, joint pain, back pain, asthma, or more, all are having amazing results. I thank Dr. Clint G. Rogers for this magnificent book, which every human should read.”*

–Beloved Premben, Sadhvi Suhrad (Yogi Mahila Kendra)



“I know Dr. Naram, who is an amazing being, so when I heard Dr. Clint G. Rogers had written this book about his ancient healing secrets, I got so excited. Most people don’t even get 3 minutes with Dr. Naram, but through this book, anyone can be with him on a journey that drops them into his tremendous joy, peace, clarity, and deep wisdom. It’s all captured

brilliantly in this book as such a phenomenal gift to the world. Do yourself a favor and read this book.”*

–Jack Canfield (Success Leader and co-author of *Chicken Soup for the Soul*)



“I have known Dr. Naram for over 30 years and seen his mission to spread healing grow across the world . . . propagating the relevance of ancient healing teachings in modern society. Dr. Naram has brought to the world ancient healing practices that have been lost over the generations. I am sure that you will find this true story, as told by university researcher Dr. Clint G. Rogers, truly fascinating and inspiring, as you discover gems of ancient wisdom that you can apply in your daily life.”*

–A.M. Naik (Group Chairman—Larsen & Toubro, one of the most respected CEOs in India & the world)



“This book, *Ancient Secrets of a Master Healer*, is like a ray of light for people. I simply fell in love with it. It’s so beautifully written and will give a lot of hope to people who need it. I didn’t want it to end! I discovered that learning Amrapali’s secret is a must. This is definitely one of my favorite books.”*

–Arianna Novacco (Miss World Italy, 1994)



“This powerful book will change so many lives around the world. The Qur’an and Hadith speak about health, with the Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him) saying: God has not sent any disease without sending a cure for it (Hadith no. 5354). Through the ancient secrets described in this book, so many people will find their cure! I pray more people dedicate their lives to learning and sharing this ancient science to help people throughout Africa and all over the world.”*

–Her Excellency Dr. Batilda Salha Burian (Former Tanzanian Ambassador to Japan, Australia, New Zealand, and South Korea)



techniques. I wish him all the best with this book and in his overall mission to help humanity.”*

–Joel Fuhrman, M.D. (President, Nutritional Research Foundation, and 6-time *NY Times* Bestselling Author)



“Wow! This book, *Ancient Secrets of a Master Healer*, is a game-changer for most people’s concept of life and health. Each story has such a life-changing impact. As I read each page, I kept thinking about how much I want my son and all the people I love to read this.”*

–Wendy Lucero-Schayes (Olympic diver, 9-time national champion)



Dr. Naram’s treatments for three years, I am much better. It helped me greatly and I feel very well now.”*

–His Eminence Namkha Drimed Ranjam Rinpoche (Supreme Head of the Ripa lineage, Nyingma Vajrayana Buddhism)



Dr. Naram, my whole diet changed and I started taking some herbs to help detox and nourish my body. Now I’m pleased to say I enjoy life so much more.

“I’m excited to share these secrets with others and for the wealth of this ancient healing knowledge to spread all over the world, because I know how much it has helped me. I had fibroids and was losing a lot of blood, feeling very anemic. Western doctors wanted my uterus removed, but I believed that if the body creates a problem it can also heal itself. After meeting

Not only did my fibroids disappear, but also my knees, which had taken a beating with years of professional bodybuilding, got better! It takes faith and changing your mindset from what was to what is. But if you have a burning desire, Dr. Naram can help your dream to become a reality.”*

–Yolanda Hughes (2-time winner of Ms. International bodybuilding competition)



“People call Dr. Naram many things, but I call him my healing guru. For years I’ve been taking his herbal supplements to naturally support my hormone and testosterone levels, testing my blood reports to see the impact, and I feel great. At age of 73 I’m still in the gym and training for Mr. World competitions. So much is about positive mindset, and I love that Dr. Naram gives me solutions to having great health and accomplishing my dreams in an all-natural, nontoxic way.”*

–Sadanand Gogoi (Mr. India Masters, 5-time winner)



“Once I started reading, I didn’t want to put it down! This book brilliantly bridges the East and West, like *Autobiography of a Yogi* did, in a way that is sincere, engaging, and refreshing. This book will spread all over the world, touching millions of lives, as the ancient secrets Dr. Naram shares change our beliefs about health and deeper healing.”*

–Pankuj Parashar (Artist, Musician, and Bollywood film director)



“Every physician trained in Western medicine appreciates its strengths but understands at the same time its limitations. Einstein’s thinking forever changed our concept of energy and physics. There is truth to be discovered outside our current thinking and conditioning in medicine as well. Opening our minds to thousands of years of accumulated knowledge in Eastern medicine offers the possibility of complementing and expanding Western medicine with greater effectiveness and healing. This book, *Ancient Secrets of a Master Healer*, has opened my mind and hopefully will yours to a universe where there is so much more for us to continue to learn and benefit from.”*

–Bill Graden, M.D.

*Please refer to the medical disclaimer for this book.

More important endorsements for this book can be found at MyAncientSecrets.com

Ancient Secrets of a
Master Healer

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A Western Skeptic,
An Eastern Master,
And Life's Greatest Secrets

CLINT G. ROGERS, PHD

ANCIENT SECRETS OF A MASTER HEALER

A Western Skeptic, an Eastern Master, and Life's Greatest Secrets
by Clint G. Rogers, PhD

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Note about new words: This book introduces many words that will likely be new to you—they certainly were to me. For example, when I first heard the word *marmaa* I thought it might be anything—a type of butter, a cuddly animal, or what a drunk pirate might call his mother. (“*Aargh, I luv me dear marmaa!*”) Turns out it is none of these. Some of the words might sound strange at first. I will do my best to translate both their meaning and pronunciation, and, most important, explain how they can apply to you. Each chapter contains notes from the journal I kept of remedies, quotes, and questions. I invite you to be like a researcher with the resources I’ve shared here. Test them out, and see what happens. There is also a glossary at the back of the book.

***Medical disclaimer:** This book is intended for educational purposes only. This book is not meant to be used, nor should it be used, to diagnose or treat any medical or emotional condition. The author does not dispense medical advice or prescribe the use of any technique as a form of treatment for physical, emotional, or medical problems without the advice of a physician, either directly or indirectly. Please find a good physician to consult with on those matters, especially when medications are involved. The intent of the author is only to offer information of a general nature regarding physical, emotional, and spiritual well-being. The cases recorded in this book are remarkable, and it is important to remember that results can vary for each person, depending on many factors, and may not be typical. In the event you use any of the information in this book for yourself, which is your right, the author and the publisher assume no responsibility for your actions. You are responsible for your own actions and their results. Educate yourself fully, so you can make the best choices to align with the results you desire.

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You are not reading these words by accident. You and I are connected, and I believe you were led to this book at this point in time for a specific reason.

Who do you love deeply? And how much would you be willing to help them if and when they desperately needed it?

Love is one of the most powerful forces in you. Never underestimate what it can do.

Even for a science-based university researcher like me, love is the force that propelled me out of my comfort zone to seek solutions that were beyond what I thought was logical or possible.



“Son?” The tone in my father’s voice indicated that something was wrong. “Can you come home? I need to talk with you.”

It was the spring of 2010. I was a postdoctorate student doing research at the University of Joensuu, Finland, and I received the call while I was traveling in India. I had no idea that the direction of my life was about to change so drastically.

I flew back to the United States as soon as I could and met Dad at his office in Midvale, Utah. As he closed the door behind us, we sat side by side in the chairs in front of his desk. He looked at the floor, not knowing how to start. After what seemed like an unbearably long silence, his eyes slowly moved up to meet my confused gaze.

“I don’t know how to tell you this,” he said, “but the pain is so intense. At night, I lie awake in so much agony that I honestly don’t know if I want to live to see the morning. It’s very possible I may not live through this week.”

His words took my breath away. I was instantly flooded by sadness and paralyzed by fear. This was not like my father. He was my hero. My rock. By my side in every step of my life. The last time I saw him, he was fine as far as I knew. Sure, he had problems, like everyone who ages. But this? Everything else that seemed important to me, before that moment, faded into the distance as I desperately tried to figure out how to help him.



My dad and mom, holding each other.

My dad had already received the best medical care he could find; four distinguished doctors had him on twelve medications for everything from severe arthritis, high blood pressure, and high cholesterol to gastrointestinal and sleeping issues, but the problems were not going away. On the contrary, the pain was only increasing. My mind and body were in shock. I felt like I'd unexpectedly been punched in the gut.

Nothing in my life had prepared me for a moment like this. And nothing I'd done up to that point gave me the knowledge of how to help. For years, I worked helping people invest their retirement

savings in the stock market. Financially rewarding, but personally unfulfilling, I went on to get a PhD in Instructional Psychology and Technology. My doctoral studies trained me well for the rigors of academic research, but I knew nothing about healing. As one of my graduate professors once told me, “Accumulating advanced degrees usually just means you know more and more about less and less.”

So there we were. My dad said, “Two of my doctors told me this month they don’t know what else to do for me.” He decided the end was near, and simply wanted me to help him tie up loose ends in case he didn’t have much longer. Seeing he’d lost faith that he would recover, I said, “Dad, I never really shared with you what I saw in India. Can I tell you some stories?”



The experiences I shared with him, I share with you in this book. I didn’t know if they would help him or not, but I was desperate and didn’t know what else to do.

Perhaps that’s what life inevitably does to all of us. It brings us to a desperation point, where whatever we have and whoever we are isn’t enough. And we know it. It’s at that point we either give up or reach for something beyond what we’ve known—for some greater power.

As I write this, I realize that you—or someone you love—may be at that point now. My prayer is that this book will transform and bless your life by giving you what you need the most: hope and courage. Hope that there are solutions to any and every problem you may face, and courage to keep an open mind to receive them even if they come from unexpected sources.



What happened with my dad helped me understand how love can guide us, even in the darkest times of our lives. I'll come back to that difficult conversation with my dad later in this book, but first I need to share the unexpected series of events which preceded it.

In 2009, I met Dr. Pankaj Naram (pronounced *Pahn-kahj Nah-rahm*) in California. Although relatively unknown in the United States, he was recognized as a master healer by more than a million people in countries across Europe, Africa, and Asia, including India, where he was born. Hailing from a centuries-old unbroken lineage of master healers, which originated with the personal physician for Buddha, each master kept and passed down ancient secrets for helping anyone improve mentally, physically, emotionally, and spiritually.

Personally, I was never attracted to alternative medicine or the people who promoted it, assuming the best medical discoveries would come from well-funded scientific research in universities and hospitals. Those Dr. Naram helped said he instantly knew their problems by just touching their pulse. Then he gave remedies, based on the forces present in nature, that helped them heal, even from "incurable" conditions. Their descriptions made him sound to me like a Jedi healer out of a *Star Wars* movie.

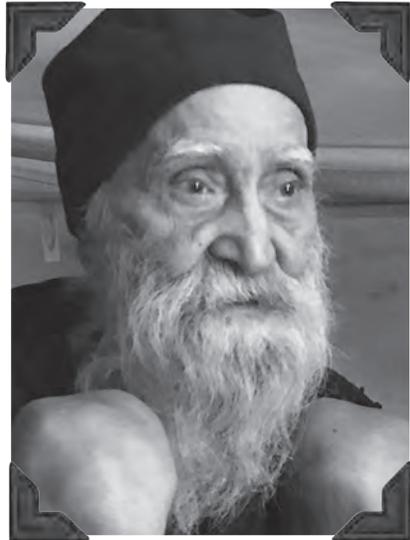
When I met Dr. Naram, I was intensely skeptical. How was it possible to do what I was told he could do? Before the events described in these pages, my attitude about health was what might be labeled as typically American. I consumed a lot of processed and fast food, and whenever I became ill, I would either search Google to find out what I could do, or go to a doctor. For diagnosis of my problem, I expected the doctors to use a thermometer to measure my temperature, poke me with sterile needles to suck blood from my body, and in some cases zap me with electromagnetic radiation or ask me to pee into a small cup. Based on the results, I expected a prescription of a pill or shot to make me better, or in extreme cases, surgery. I assumed they would give me whatever was the best solution according to the latest research. This being the

case, I couldn't make sense of how Dr. Naram could so accurately diagnose and effectively help people with what he calls the "six secret keys of deeper healing."

Even after meeting Dr. Naram and seeing the impact his work had on his patients, I had many doubts and struggled to understand what I saw. With the curiosity of a university researcher, mixed with a healthy dose of Western skepticism, I spent time visiting his clinics, questioning Dr. Naram and those he helped. Even writing these words, I realize the story is one I would scarcely believe myself, had I not lived it.

The journey took me from the Lowes Luxury Hotel in Hollywood, California, to the best pizza restaurant in Italy; from the devastation of Ground Zero in New York City to the slums of Mumbai, India; and from my research at the clean and tidy University of Joensuu, Finland, to helicopter rides visiting fire pits and hidden temples in remote areas of the Himalayan mountains. I have now visited, with Dr. Naram, over one hundred cities in twenty-one countries during the last ten years.

Far more amazing than the places were the people, who came by the thousands to see Dr. Naram; from police officers, priests, and mafia to nuns, movie-stars, and prostitutes. I saw women come wearing saris, burkhas, and bikinis; men wearing work attire or religious robes, and even a couple of naked swamis! Billionaires in well-pressed dark suits came, titans in business, politics, and media; and street kids wearing dirty, crinkled clothes. People brought their children, their neighbors, and their animals. With Dr. Naram, I met powerful



Tyaginath, a 115-year-old Aghori master, whom I met several times with Dr. Naram.

saffron-clad rinpoches and lamas in their golden-colored temples; orange-clad yogis or swamis, worshiped by millions, in ashrams by great rivers; and mystical aghori tantric masters cloaked in black, outside burning funeral pyres. I witnessed the problems each faced, and observed how Dr. Naram, dressed in crisp white, helped each and every one.

At clinic locations I recorded videos and documented hundreds of patients' cases, with their permission, taking pictures (some of which appear in this book) and asking to see copies of medical reports and other evidence of their experiences. At least some of their problems (like anxiety, indigestion, high blood pressure, infertility, weight gain, hair loss, and autism) I imagine you will relate to. I often spoke with people before they met Dr. Naram, then again years later, witnessing the entire arc of their transformation.

I also recorded many of my countless conversations with Dr. Naram. They reveal secrets passed down by masters for centuries. To my surprise, I discovered that so many life-changing remedies for our health challenges can be found in our very own homes and kitchens, if we just know what to do.

Fueled by my love for my father, *Ancient Secrets of a Master Healer* traces my journey as a Western skeptic of this ancient healing science to . . . well, you will see as you read. My time with Dr. Naram challenged me and my beliefs about health and life in a way nothing else has. This book captures the first year of that journey. Tragically, Dr. Naram passed away on Feb 19, 2020, only months before the publication of this book. As a result, now this is more important than ever to share.

While sharing these precious secrets with others, I've been shocked how few know that such an ancient science of healing exists. So why were you led to this book? You may not have known deeper healing like this was a choice you had. I'm excited for the way knowing it now can totally change your life and those you love, perhaps showing you more is possible than you ever expected.

Clint G. Rogers, PhD
Mumbai, India
March, 2020

CHAPTER I



Ancient Healing Secrets That Can Save Your Life

*The best things in life happen unexpectedly.
The best adventures were never planned as they turned
out to be. Free yourself from expectations. The best
will come when and from whom you least expect it.*

–Author Unknown

Mumbai, India

Loving deeply is a force that can lift you to heavenly heights, and sometimes it can put you on a path that leads you into the jaws of hell.

Reshma was praying for any solution to save her only daughter, who was in a life-threatening coma due to complications from blood cancer treatments. “There is no hope,” the doctors at the hospital in Mumbai told her. “We’ve never seen anyone in a condition this severe come out. It’s time to let her go.” What can you do when someone you deeply love is about to die, and you desperately want to help them but you don’t know how? And how would you feel if the things you tried to do to help only made things worse?

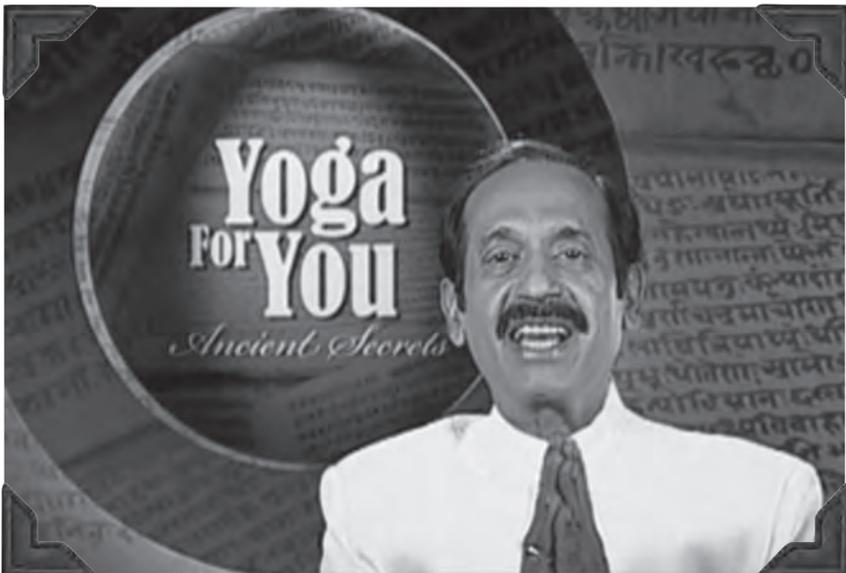


Guided by Inspiration or Desperation?

I was in Mumbai, India, visiting the clinic of Dr. Naram, who I'd been told was a world-renowned healer. It was a series of unlikely circumstances that had led me there, which I will share later. For now, I will simply say that being in India was a lot to take in and the activity swirling around Dr. Naram was confusing. On one of my last full days at the clinic, I asked him why people flew in from all over the world just to see him for five minutes. How did they know about him?

Dr. Naram smiled and invited me to the studio to watch while he recorded a TV show on ancient healing which broadcasted in 169 countries. Out of curiosity, I decided to go.

Although Dr. Naram mostly spoke in Hindi during the recordings, the filming process fascinated me. I had never been behind the scenes of a TV show before and was amazed how much painstaking effort went into every detail. It took about forty minutes to



Dr. Naram being recorded for a TV show broadcast by ZeeTV in 169 countries.

get the lighting just right before the director finally said, “Ready, silence, action!”

There was a moment of silence. Then Dr. Naram began speaking to the camera as if to his best friend. Everyone was transfixed by his presence and voice. As it took so long to get to this point, I found myself getting annoyed when I heard a commotion in the room. A woman wearing a green shawl entered the studio, speaking loudly, completely disruptive and utterly oblivious to the silence of the room around her.

The director was irritated as well. But Dr. Naram, on seeing the woman, asked him to stop recording. He walked over and listened patiently as she pleaded, “Dr. Naram, I need you. Please, please, save my daughter’s life. She’s about to die. I beg you.” As she broke into tears, my heart softened.

“I watch your TV show every morning in Bangladesh,” she said, “where you help so many people. We use the home remedies you share any time we get sick, and they work. I found the address of this TV studio, got in a taxi, and came here so you can save my daughter.”

The woman’s name was Reshma. She’d traveled with her eleven-year-old daughter, Rabbat (pronounced *Rah-baht*), over a thousand miles to Mumbai from Bangladesh, to one of the best cancer hospitals in the world. Rabbat had blood cancer, and subsequent to arriving at the hospital she fell victim to a terrible lung infection, one of the unfortunate possible side effects of her treatments. Reshma described how, once smiling and playful, as soon as the infection took hold in Rabbat’s body, she quickly slipped into a coma. For eleven days now, Rabbat lay unconscious, 100 percent dependent on a ventilator. Despite having the most expensive medical equipment, top doctors at the hospital were forced to bring Rabbat’s chance of survival to almost zero and encouraged Reshma to take her off life support.

Reshma exhausted all of her husband and family’s financial resources, going into serious debt, in trying to rescue their daughter. Even if she had the thousand dollars per day it cost to keep her daughter alive in the ICU (Intensive Care Unit)—which

*“No matter how big
the problem or
difficulty, never
give up hope!”*

–Baba Ramdas
(Dr. Naram’s Master)

she didn’t—she was running out of time. The longer Rabbat showed no signs of improvement, the more emphatically doctors urged Reshma to terminate her life support.

Like any devoted mother, Reshma was frantically searching for anything or anyone else who could help. The pressure of removing the life support was mounting when a tiny spark of hope stirred inside as Reshma suddenly remembered Dr. Naram lived in Mumbai. Reshma’s desperation and mother’s intuition led her to where Dr. Naram was recording, just twelve hours before he would leave the country again. Dr. Naram was traveling so often that he was rarely in India, much less at the recording studio, so Reshma took it as a sign from God.

“You must be here for a reason,” Reshma said. “Allah [God] led me to you. You are my only hope!”

That seemed like a lot of pressure to put on someone, and I watched closely as Dr. Naram responded.

He touched Reshma gently on her arm and said, “My master taught me, no matter how big the problem or difficulty, never give up hope!”

Although he was soon leaving the country, he promised to send one of his top students, Dr. Giovanni Brincivalli, to the hospital the next day to see her daughter. Then, turning to me, he said “Clint, why don’t you accompany Dr. Giovanni? You might learn something valuable.”

I didn’t plan to spend one of my last days in India going to a hospital, but I went anyway. That decision ended up being monumental.



The Distance Between Life and Death

The next day Reshma anxiously greeted Dr. Giovanni and me at the entrance of the hospital. She had long dark hair pulled into

a tie behind her head and wore a green shawl wrapped around her body. Without wasting time, she quickly walked us to the ICU, where her daughter, Rabbat, lay in a coma. Like intensive care units in other hospitals, it was sterile and melancholic. Four beds crowded this room, each holding someone deep in a coma. A heaviness hung low in the air and I hoped I wouldn't have to stay long. Family members stood by in subdued silence. Their whispers and quietly falling tears penetrated through the incessant beeping of machines and monitors. The bleak atmosphere reminded me of a viewing at a mortuary, and I was struck by the probability that these families, including Reshma's, might soon be standing over a casket or burning funeral pyre that would envelop their loved one.

Dr. Giovanni walked beside Rabbat's bed, dressed in white pants and a white button-down shirt. He had slightly graying, speckled hair and a gentle disposition. As he took Rabbat's pulse, his compassionate eyes, normally accompanied by a broad, cheerful smile, were now dim with concern.

I stood next to Reshma at the foot of her daughter's bed. "Not long ago I watched her as she was playing jump rope, smiling, and eating ice cream in our garden," she told me as we looked at



Rabbat, in a coma, photographed by her mother.

her daughter's fragile little body wrapped in a cocoon of blankets. Rabbat was barely breathing. Her eyes twitched while held shut with tiny strips of tape. Her young face and body were swollen and puffy with the lure of death. A sharp needle pierced her wrist and was connected to an IV. The tubes protruding from her nose and mouth helped her breathe, while the electrical wires attached to her chest and head tracked her vital signs.

Unsure of what to say as we stood gazing at her unconscious daughter, I thought of the question Dr. Naram asked me when we first met—the same question he asks everyone. So, I asked it of Reshma, “What do you want?”

“What do you want?” With tears pouring down her cheeks, she looked directly at me, replying in broken English, “All I want is for my little girl to open eyes and say ‘Mommy’ again.” Reshma’s voice quivered as she spoke.

(Key question
Dr. Naram
asked everyone)

The sheer magnitude and ache of her plea pressed heavy on my heart, as I did not know how it could ever become a reality.

Looking around at the high-tech, modern hospital setting, I thought that if anyone could save her daughter, shouldn't it be this place? This medical facility matched any that I'd seen in the United States or Europe. It was one of the best hospitals for cancer treatments, and Rabbat's attending physician was a renowned cancer specialist. As one of the top authorities in his field, not just in India or Asia, but in the world, if he didn't have a solution, it seemed soberingly obvious that there was likely no solution anywhere.

Was it arrogant of Dr. Naram to think his ancient healing methods could defy the odds when the best experts could not? Or maybe Dr. Naram knew there was nothing he could do so he avoided coming and sent his student instead. If so, why couldn't he just be honest with Reshma and tell her he didn't have a solution? Why give her false hope by sending Dr. Giovanni? I worried that Reshma's hopes were misguided, that by putting her faith in Dr. Naram's ancient healing methods, she was setting herself up for inevitable heartbreak.

It was sobering standing next to Reshma looking down helplessly at her daughter. I began to feel and understand even more the pressure and trauma Reshma was experiencing. She sacrificed everything. She left behind her husband and two young sons in Bangladesh, seeking the best treatment for her only daughter. She was hopeful it was all worth it when Rabbat showed signs of improvement, until that ominous day when a fungal infection suddenly invaded her daughter's entire body. "One day Rabbat started holding her throat," Reshma quietly explained, "saying it felt like someone was choking her. It was shortly after that she went into a coma." The sad reality was that the side effects of the treatments which they'd gone into huge debt for, now threatened Rabbat's life more than the cancer itself. The nurse told Reshma that if the oxygen tubes were removed from her mouth, she would likely survive only a few minutes.

Reshma's love for her daughter was as vast and powerful as the ocean, but was now reaching for the sky and breaking on the sand. Looking down at her daughter, Reshma faced excruciating questions. Was this the end result of all her prayers, money, and tears? Did she have to be the one to make the dreaded choice of ending her daughter's life? How could that be? It was a decision no one should have to face—a mother's unfathomable terror.

Witnessing Reshma's despair triggered emotions that had long been buried inside me. I was eight years old, visiting my own sister at the hospital, not long before her unexpected death. As a boy, I watched my sister suffer and felt helpless to do anything about it. Startled by this memory, as Reshma stood next to me quietly crying, I felt tears swell in my eyes.

In that moment, I was struck by how fragile life is; the distance between life and death for any of us could be only one or two breaths away. I became conscious of the air entering, then exiting my lungs.

Each breath, I understood, is a gift.

My sadness turned into self-conscious discomfort. In that moment I was feeling that perhaps it was a mistake to come to

India at all, especially as I was standing there watching this little girl struggle for each remaining breath, with no idea whether Dr. Naram or his ancient methods would help her.

Perplexed by Reshma's decision to reach out to Dr. Naram—and trying to move beyond my discomfort—I turned my attention to Dr. Giovanni.



Tears & Onions

I watched Dr. Giovanni take Rabbat's pulse and call Dr. Naram to discuss the situation. Dr. Giovanni graduated with a medical degree from the oldest and one of the most respected medical schools in Europe before training with Dr. Naram for over seventeen years. Upon first meeting him, I had wondered why this highly educated doctor from a prestigious medical school would be interested in studying these ancient healing methods at all, much less for such a long time. Despite his background in both Western and Eastern medicine, I questioned how Dr. Giovanni would assess this seemingly dire prognosis.

At the clinic, I saw Dr. Naram or Dr. Giovanni prescribe herbal formulas or home remedies. Although people told me these did help them heal, I suspected it was the placebo effect more than anything else. Perhaps his patients *believed* Dr. Naram could help them and their beliefs created the positive outcome of feeling better. But how could the placebo effect impact Rabbat, who was unconscious? She couldn't just *believe* something would help her and have it be so. Faith is faith, but facts are facts. This girl was in a coma. She couldn't eat anything, making it impossible to swallow home remedies or herbal supplements anyway. How would a natural remedy even be administered?

I listened intently as Dr. Giovanni began to speak. "Dr. Naram says there are things we must do immediately." Instead of suggesting a mix of modern and ancient, Western and Eastern approaches, Dr. Giovanni focused exclusively on the ancient healing methods.

First, he took herbal tablets out of his bag, which he had Reshma crush, mix with *ghee* (a clarified butter, created by cooking all the milk solids out of it), and apply on Rabbat's navel. Dr. Giovanni explained that "in cases where the person cannot eat, this area of the body acts like a second mouth, used in ancient times to help bring needed nutrients into the body."

This approach seemed odd, but since the doctors at the hospital had already done their best and there was nothing to lose, no one was stopping him.

Next, Dr. Giovanni instructed Reshma where and how often to press specific points on her daughter's hand, arm, and head. "According to Dr. Naram's lineage, this deeper healing instrument is called *marmaa shakti*," Dr. Giovanni told Reshma. It was the most peculiar sight watching him, a respected European doctor, engage in these strange activities with so much confidence. And what he did next was utterly bizarre.

"We need an onion," he said, "and some milk." Someone brought him an onion from the kitchen, which he placed on the table next to Rabbat's face. As he sliced it into six pieces, it looked as if the onion fumes caused her eyes to twitch and water a bit. Dr. Giovanni put the pieces in a bowl and placed them on a table to the left of Rabbat's head. Then he had Reshma pour milk into a second bowl and set it on the right side of her daughter's head.

"You must do nothing with the bowls," he explained. "Simply leave them here while Rabbat sleeps."

It was surreal. We were surrounded by the most expensive, state-of-the-art medical equipment, slicing an onion and pouring a bowl of milk. I said nothing, but I thought, *Really?* I didn't participate but watched from the side of the room, not wanting to be associated with such a bizarre, superstitious-looking approach. I couldn't fathom how anything Dr. Giovanni did would make a difference. Reshma, at least, seemed grateful to have something to do besides watching her daughter cling to life.

Since there was no chance Rabbat would be harmed, the hospital staff didn't stop Reshma and Dr. Giovanni, but the looks

on their faces mirrored my own doubt that any good would come of it.

When Dr. Giovanni and I left the hospital that afternoon, I didn't think we would see Rabbat again unless we were invited to her funeral. As our driver slowly made his way through the honking horns of a Mumbai traffic jam, a quiet sadness enveloped me. That feeling was all too familiar, a backdrop of my life beyond this day's experience. Memories flooded in. Most people would say I seemed happy and successful from a young age, but deep inside I felt differently. I carried a pervasive melancholic loneliness of which I rarely spoke, even to those closest to me. Instead, I sought distractions from it.

I don't worry about my own death, but the fear of losing someone I love has evoked especially tender emotions in me ever since my sister Denise died when I was a little boy. And what made it even more raw was that, after several attempts, she took her own life.

I remember that night stumbling out from the dark room where I was watching TV, jolted in an instant from the make-believe slapstick world of a sitcom family to my own family's grim reality. I walked towards the living room, confused by the flashing emergency-vehicle lights outside. My dad pulled me into a side room where my other brothers and sisters were huddled together in tears. Through his own tears, he said my sister was gone. She had killed herself.

Even though I was only eight, I asked myself the same questions over and over again. *How come nothing the doctors or my parents did worked? What could I have done to help her? Was there something else I could have said or done to make a difference?* The counselor who met with my family told me I shouldn't feel guilty, but I just couldn't stop.

In the years since, the questions I had as a child morphed into a strong desire to know what life was about. *Why is life worth living? Am I present enough for people I love? Am I spending whatever time I have doing things that really matter? Am I living my life in a way that is worthwhile?*

Being in the hospital with Reshma and Rabbat stirred up all those questions and emotions inside me. Once again, I reflected on how short and precious life really is.



The Unimaginable

The next day Reshma called with astonishing news. Rabbat's dependence on the ventilator had reduced from 100 percent to 50 percent. She was breathing more on her own! Though she remained in a coma and her vital signs were still critical, her condition was stabilizing. Dr. Giovanni seemed hopeful, but I remained doubtful it would be anything more than momentary respite for a mother desperate for signs of hope.

Three days after our visit to the hospital, Reshma called again. "She's awake!"

"What?" asked Dr. Giovanni, surprised.

"**She's awake!**" Reshma exclaimed. "Rabbat, my little girl, opened her eyes!" With a quivering voice and emphasis on every word, she exclaimed, "She looked into my eyes and called me Mommy!" Reshma's voice gave way to the sound of quiet, grateful weeping. I was shocked. My brain was scrambled. Could this be true?

Dr. Giovanni and I made the drive back to the hospital. He had



Rabbat being attended to by the nurse shortly after awakening from a coma.

additional herbal tablets for her now that she could swallow. Even as we drove through traffic, I regretfully admit wondering whether Rabbat would still be out of the coma when we arrived. Maybe opening her eyes was a momentary fluke?

My doubts disappeared the moment we walked through the door of her hospital room and saw this beautiful girl, now awake, sitting on the bed!

As Dr. Giovanni took her pulse, Rabbat looked at the many rings on his fingers. Thinking he might be superstitious, she asked him, “Do you have a fear of the future?” We laughed with surprise at how alert and conscious she was. I was impressed by her strong voice, and that she spoke better English than her mother. Her eyes gleamed with life and wonder.

I recorded this meeting with my video camera.

“You look good,” I told her.

“Not like before, at home,” she said. “If you saw me before, this Rabbat and that Rabbat are not the same.”

“Well, you definitely look better than last time I saw you,” I said gently.

She smiled.

“How did this begin?” I asked.

Rabbat recounted the story of the pain that started in her body one day and the confusion over why things were getting worse. She shared her last memories before going into a coma, and her first thoughts when coming out. Reshma told Rabbat about who



Dr. Giovanni and me with Reshma and Rabbat at the hospital, after she came out of the coma.

helped her, and so in addition to thanking Dr. Giovanni, she said, “Every thanks in the world to ‘Uncle Naram.’ He’s such a miracle person for saving my life.”

“Is Dr. Naram your uncle?” I asked, confused.

She laughed. “No, but in my culture, we call older men ‘uncle’ and older women ‘auntie’ as sign of affection and respect.”

I smiled at her response, but was thoroughly baffled by what I saw. She’d been in a coma! How could pressing points on her body or placing onion and milk beside her head have helped? Was this result even related to what Dr. Giovanni did, or did she wake up because of some other unrelated factor?

If Rabbat’s speedy recovery wasn’t already enough to absorb, the most shocking part wasn’t *her* recovery alone. It was what we saw happening to the other coma patients who were in the same ICU room.



Contagious Healing

Many people who come through the doors of the ICU do not leave alive. As fate would have it, the sister of the nurse in charge of Rabbat’s care was also in a coma in the bed opposite of her. She came to the hospital with a severe liver problem doctors could not cure. As the toxins accumulated in her body, she slipped quickly into unconsciousness.

As in the case of Rabbat, the doctors told the nurse there was no hope for her sister. Seeing Rabbat’s remarkable recovery, she asked Reshma what she did to make it happen. Reshma told the nurse, and she proceeded to follow the exact same procedure for her sister.

When we finished visiting with Reshma and Rabbat, the nurse took Dr. Giovanni and me to see her sister. Her eyes, which days before had been closed for what seemed like the last time, were now open and she was fully alert. She smiled the instant she saw us.



*Top: Dr. Giovanni, the nurse, and her sister, the day after she came out of a coma.
Bottom: Dr. Giovanni demonstrating a marmaa point for the nurse and her sister.*

“It took some time using the ancient methods,” said the nurse. “The changes came slowly at first, until finally, she woke up. And now you can see for yourself the amazing result!” She spoke with elation and gratitude.

The nurse told me that families of other patients began implementing the ancient healing methods, too. Of the four comatose patients in that room, three were conscious and no longer in the ICU, and one had already gone home from the hospital. She spoke of her amazement that these ancient methods facilitated such deep healing, even in cases where the doctors had given up.

I walked out of the hospital in awe, pondering whether people at home in the United States would believe me when I told them what I’d seen. I felt they might think I was smoking something in India! I was glad I had brought my video camera and journal to capture what I’d witnessed.

My Journal Notes

3 Ancient Healing Secrets for Helping Someone in a Coma*

1) Herbal Remedies—Crush required herbs, mix with ghee into a paste, and put on the navel (e.g., the herbal formulas Dr. Giovanni used for Rabbat were tablets Dr. Naram created to support healthy functioning of the brain and lungs*; later, for the nurse's sister, he added one for the liver*).

2) Marmaa Shakti—Here are the marmaa shakti points Dr. Giovanni taught Reshma to press on Rabbat. She pressed this set of points diligently 15–21 times a day, while saying Rabbat's name and loving things to her:

a) On the right hand, at the top portion of the pointer finger, press and release 6 times.



b) On the spot just under the nose and above the top lip, press and release 6 times.



c) Squeeze the head gently 6 times by putting one palm on the forehead, the other palm on the back of the head, curling all the fingers and thumbs to touch and squeeze the scalp.



d) In some cases, additional points may be added.

3) Home Remedy—Cut a fresh raw onion into 6 pieces and set in a bowl on the left side of the head; put milk in another bowl and set it on the right side of the head. Leave the bowls there while the person is unconscious.

(Two more secrets for helping someone in a coma are revealed later in this book.)

*Information (including key ingredients) for any herbal formulas and tablets mentioned in this book are listed in a chart in the appendix. Bonus Material: To “meet” Reshma, Rabbat, her nurse, and Dr. Giovanni through the video I captured, and for you to understand this method more deeply, please visit the free membership site (www.MyAncientSecrets.com/Belong).

*Important Medical Disclaimer: This book is intended for educational purposes only. The information found in this book and online is not meant to be used, nor should be used, to diagnose or treat any medical or emotional condition. As of the publication of this book, these ancient secret remedies have not been proven or disproven in any western medical studies that I’m aware of, including clinical trials. They are based on ancient teachings for overall well-being. As you read, please remember the author does not dispense medical advice or prescribe the use of any technique as a form of treatment for medical problems without the advice of a good physician. Please consult with a health care provider for medical treatment. Also, the cases recorded in this book are remarkable, and it is important to remember that results can vary for each person, depending on many factors, and may not be typical. In the event you use any of the information in this book for yourself, which is your right, the author and the publisher assume no responsibility for your actions. You are responsible for your own actions and their results. Educate yourself fully, so you can make the best choices to align with the results you desire.



Screenshots from the video I took of Rabbat, her mother Reshma, and the happy nurse.

I wondered, *How did these ancient methods create such profound healing?* If these methods were so effective even in extreme cases of life and death, why didn't more people know about them as an option? What if my family had known of this when my sister needed help? Could it have saved her life? Why onions and milk? How did that even work? Does it work in every case? Where did these "ancient secrets" come from, and how did Dr. Naram learn them? And, above all, why was *I* witnessing this?



It may be helpful now to share how I met Dr. Naram. It was while I was visiting California in October 2009. At the time, I had absolutely no interest in "alternative healing" and no desire to travel to India. I was preoccupied with something much more important to me: trying to impress a girl I'd just met.

Your Journal Notes (from Chapter 1)

To deepen and magnify the benefits you will experience from reading this book, take a few minutes now and answer the following important questions for yourself:

Whom do you love?

What do you want? (For yourself? For those you love?)

What other insights, questions, or realizations came to you as you read this chapter?

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