My Nikken Story  Stein Gunleiksrud

NOTE: This is a personal story and we make to medical claims whatsoever. Experience the products for yourself and see how they can help you. Good, deep and truly restfull sleep helps the body to recover in wonderful ways.  http://www.gunleiksrud.com/tab5/frame-me.html

My diagnosis (middle 2001)
  •  Fibromyalgia
  •  Chronic Pain Syndrome
  •  Chronic Fatigue Syndrome (CFS/ME)

How I got ME/CFS, became dependant of an electric wheelchair and got back on my feet again.

TM and I at the top of Mt. Fuji in April 1978. Height 3667 m.

November 2001 after I just have got my fantastic new electric wheelchair.
In November 2004 I called Runar, acquainted through business. He knew that I was very sick and at the end of our short conversation he asked me if I had tried it. It? I did not understand at all what he hinted, but he then told me that I should try something called Nikken. I probably cut him off rather hard, but he insisted. He told me that he should arrange it so that I could try some Nikken products free of charge. Still I had no idea what he was talking about and I thought that I had tried everything to improve on my health situation. He told me that someone that he knew would be calling me. - I am an engineer and I have always been very skeptical to anything that I cannot directly understand or systems that does not have sound technical bases, so what was this Nikken? – I was soon to find out. I contracted Chronic Fatigue Syndrome (CFS/ME) during the summer of 2000 and it later on turned out that I also suffered from Fibromyalgia and Chronic Pain Syndrome. My CFS/ME developed gradually through 2000/2001 and I became weaker and weaker. Initially I totally refused to accept that anything was wrong with me. I just needed more time to regain my strength after an operation in March 2000 that turned out to be a nightmare with infections, pain and frustrations.
Just to let you a little into what happened during the summer and autumn of 2000. I was running a company that I started myself and I was working long hours. At one time late summer I started to be so fatigued that I just bent forwards on my desk. It was already late evening and I would only rest a little before going home. But my energy just evaporated more and more. I knew at some stage that I needed help and when I tried to lift my arm to dial the number home, I could not lift my arm. I tried several times and I became even more and more fatigued. I knew from situations with low oxygen that breathing slowly and deeply over a long time would give me more strength. So I did, face down on my desk, arms hanging straight down. Finally, after may be 15 minutes, I managed to lift my right arm onto the desk. Another long breathing period and I managed to lift of the receiver and finally dial the number home. With the receiver on the desk in front of me, I managed to utter the words that I needed help and that I needed help to get to the elevator. So finally I came home and was put to bed. After a long rest I managed to take control over my body, but I was very weak. The important thing though, I did not consider myself ill in any way. I was just tired.

Another late day at work, I closed the office and started my car and drove off towards home. My normal route was through a 2 km long road tunnel with two lanes in each direction. It was late in the evening and I quickly reached the 80 km/t speed limit in the left lane overtaking a few slower cars. Then all by a sudden I went blind. I lost my visual ability. – I knew instantly that this was dangerous and proper actions would probably save me. As I could not see anything, I had to rely on what I could hear and I also remembered the visual image the last millisecond before I went blind. When I knew that I had passed the cars in the right hand lane, I indicated to go right and very, very slowly I eased to car to the right until I could hear the sound markers along the curb. Then I started to slow the car and kept “touching” the sound markers. At the exit of the tunnel I knew that it was possible to leave the motorway and get onto a local road and a roundabout. I thought that I knew when I had navigated the car out of harm’s way (blindly). Then I stopped, found the emergency blinker on the dash board and relaxed in my seat. Then I called home to tell that it would be some time until I would be coming home. I needed to rest. After may be 10 – 15 minutes I slowly regained my visual capability, but I kept my eyes closed most of the time to rest as good as possible.

I had been to my doctor a few times before this and he wanted to put me on sick leave. But I could still walk, I could still talk and I had my arms and legs intact, so I refused. I just needed to recover after the operation. Now I understood that something was wrong and when I saw my doctor again he demanded that I took a sick leave of at least 3 months. If not, I would have to find another doctor. He could no longer have me as a patient.

A little later I stood outside his door with the sick note in my hand. I felt like wasted. Worth nothing! Rejected! It might be emotionally one of my toughest moments. In retrospect I now understand that it was about time I started to face
the facts. I became weaker and weaker every day. But I had no diagnosis to my problems. My doctor ran all kinds of tests which came back blank. Both he and I were totally ignorant to what caused these enormous fatigues.

My life deteriorated rapidly by the end of 2000. I could walk a few, very slow steps. I managed to read the headlines in the newspaper, but when concentrating to read the smaller text, my mind seized up. I could not watch television because the pictures moved too fast and that drained me of energy. When going to the doctor, I had to move a few meters at a time to get into the car on the passenger side. Then I had to lie down and close my eyes because the moving scenery drained all my energy. I could sit absolutely still and do nothing. Then the total fatigue came. Some times that took hours. And I needed ear plugs more or less constantly because any noise would drain my energy. – If fact, my life was slowly being taken away from me. I was confined to the home. Of course there were some few better days, but even then I had mostly to sit still to conserve my energy and not fall into a pit of total fatigue.

Some very few moments I could do a little. Just a very little thing, but if I overexposed myself only a few percent, my energy situation collapsed again and I had to lay still for hours with eyes closed and ears plugged. Finally during the summer of 2001 the medical profession found out what were the problems with my body, my pains and my exhaustion. I had Fibromyalgia, Chronic Pain Syndrome and finally Chronic Fatigue Syndrome (CFS/ME). As soon as these diagnoses were settled, I was declared disabled. My job was terminated. The shares that I had in the company I solely started back in 92 had to be sold to save our new house. My life was really hard to endure. One of the few things that kept me hanging in there was the fact that one of my uncles had come out of German concentration camps with both his life and mind intact. When he managed that, I must be able to endure this even if it should last several years. And then this thought of focus and I just felt very, very sad and exhausted.

On the positive side, the social services gave me in November 2001 an electric wheelchair. This wheelchair was a heaven sent gift because now I could get around a little and be less isolated. As soon as I had a little energy, I got into my single seater cabriolet and drove around. It did not move fast, but the only thing that we with CFS/ME have enough of is time.

Lots of time! As I told you initially, I had called Runar and he was going to organize something called Nikken. This is how is came known to Sissel Andersen (Nikken Royal Diamond). She told me that she had agreed with Runar that I should be able to test some Nikken products. I thought it was just another hoax, but I had a lot of respect for Runar and agreed. On December 31st. 2004 a parcel was delivered to my door. This was my first contact with Nikken and these products.
At this time I was very fatigued because on Christmas evening I managed only 3 hours with my children and my grandchild before I collapsed. One week later I was still lying as still as possible to conserve energy. What could these stupid magnetic products do to improve my health situation? My body was not magnetic and how could this have any effect at all? I felt that this was directly insulting to me as an engineer. I was most tempted to just return the whole thing. As I was very weak and spent these days on the sofa during the daytime to conserve energy, applying these products as instructed would not harm me. Besides, as I was lying on the sofa I was far away from these Nikken products.

As the days want by, I forgot about these Nikken things. I remember that I noticed the insoles the first time that I put in my shoes the first time. That all! The days went by and without taking too much notice I exposed myself more and more to these products. Then one day I discovered that I actually could move more meters that I normally could and I did not get fatigued. I tried to walk even further, though very carefully. And yes I managed this too. So then I decided to really try to push the limits to see much I could do and I walked more than 1000 meter continuously.

I was not sure whether it was these Nikken products or if I by some miracle had been cured, but I decided that I should enjoy my new freedom for some weeks and then I should do the negative test. During this period I signed up as a Nikken distributor just as a gesture to Sissel and Runar.

Negative test:

I was very doubtful that some magnets could make such a profound effect. If it were these magnets that had caused this change, then it should be possible to test this. And if such a test did not prove anything, then I was cured as a miracle. The natural thing to do was to start on a Monday and run the negative test for 4 or 8 weeks.

I started day one, the Monday by removing all Nikken products and store these far away. The negative test has started.

- Day one went by without and change in my situation. I could move about without restrictions.
- Day two came and went by in the same way.
- So did day three. Absolutely no change. I started to believe that I had been struck by a miracle.
- Day four started as the other days. No change! Absolutely no change.

At lunch time I sat down in front of the TV to eat and relax. Half way through the meal it felt like someone pulled the plug on me. To give an impression of how this felt. If you have a big open tank of water with a big outlet valve and open this valve all the way, you can see and hear the water pouring out. This was exactly how I felt that my energy was drained from my body. I knew from past experience
that energy conservation was now important, so I lay down, closed my eyes and switched off everything that could disturb me.

As the hours went by, I could feel that I was getting weaker and weaker by the hour. Not a drastic change, but I could feel my “batteries” were being drained. The Friday came and Sissel called. I had informed her that I was going to do a negative test and she had begged me not to do it. Now she voiced her concern as she could easily hear that I was sinking into a hole of fatigue.

My most important concern now was to conserve as much energy as possible and make sure I was able to feed myself. I normally stored enough food to last at least 3 weeks, so I had no big concern. Now the days moved very slow and keeping thoughts from circulating in my brain that would draw more energy was one the difficult tasks.

My energy level deteriorated day by day. On day eleven, the second Thursday, Sissel called again. My vocal cords were so weak that I could not utter clear word. The words I tried to form were foggy, distorted and very hard to understand. To speak was equally very hard. My energy level was so low that my cordless phone was lying on my shoulder. Sissel begged me to stop the test. She was concerned that I might die, but I told her that nobody had so far died by CFS/ME and I had set the test period to at least 4 weeks. I would carry on.

On Saturday, day thirteen, I managed to get up and get myself something to eat. Then I slumbered down on the sofa. I was really low on energy. The warning light was blinking. I was very close to rock bottom, but with low energy actions adopted in earlier situations, I managed to get myself both lunch and dinner. I knew that feeding me was important, but after dinner I collapsed into sleep. Around midnight I woke up and wanted to get into bed. I tried to get to my feet, but I could not rise, so I roll out of the sofa and crawled on all four into the bedroom. Here I tried to lift myself from the floor and into bed, but I had no more energy. I knew from experience in high attitudes that if I breathed deep and slowly over some time, I would get more energy. So I lay on the floor pumping air slowly. After some time, I tried to lift myself, but I had to realize that it was too hard. So I tried some slower, deep breathing and I managed a little more, but again I had to give up. I remember that I cried there on the floor. I had no phone nearby, so I could not call for help either. After about two hours I finally managed to lift my limping body onto the bed about 40 cm above the floor. Then I just disappeared mentally.

When I woke up the next day, I just lay still in bed. Slowly I started to think about my situation. I thought of the energy and joy that my life had been just two weeks before I put these stupid Nikken products away and started this negative test. What if reapplying these would give me back that life? – With the experience of last night, I tried very carefully to sit up, but I could feel how much energy this drained, so I lay back. Sometime in the afternoon, I managed to get up. Very
slowly! I was afraid of burning too much energy and I do not know how long time I used to do the things I had to do and to feed myself. Sometime in the afternoon I was on the sofa and Sissel called. I cried! I was alive, but not much more and now I agreed with her that the negative test had to come to an end. I was to apply these Nikken products again tomorrow morning. Using energy to get them now was not something that I would go through.

So Monday morning I had a little more energy and I put reapplied these Nikken products and lay on the sofa using them. I fell asleep and the only thing I did this Monday was eating and sleeping. I finally got to bed and then I woke up Tuesday morning. I had more energy, but why should all the joint pains come out like this now? Wednesday most of the pains were gone and I could walk about in my flat. I could feel that the energy was coming back into my body. I was recharging! My mood improved. I was no longer in hell. I was coming back to life. Thursday I felt so good that I drove to the supermarket and I enjoyed to smell of the air. I enjoyed seeing other people. I was not alone on this globe anymore. On Friday I felt really good. Sissel called again and I told her how good I felt. She was of course glad to have me back among the living.

But I also have to tell you what happened on Saturday. My friends and I used to go to a jazz-club and I risked this again this Saturday. The band was very good and afterwards there was a really good jam session at a very tiny, little bar. I wanted to take photos of this and went out to get it from my car. All by a sudden I realized that I was jogging. Jogging! I had not moved like this for since before I became sick. The enjoyment cannot be described. The mood in the bar was good, but this was even better. My body did respond and function.

Shortly after this I had the full 5 star Nikken Wellness Home installed in my apartment. I did everything. No way should I lose my life and the quality of my life again. I started to exercise to build my body op again. Remember I had been inactive for 4, 5 years. The most I had done was walking very slowly for 10 – 15 meters on good days and on not so good days I stayed immobile.

When I turned 60, my brother, Trond, gave me a cycling map for the south of Norway and told me that I should do a trip around the coast. Me? I told him that he was crazy! But the really crazy one was me because in August 2007 I started out from Bergen heading south. In 7 days I pedaled around the rugged Norwegian coastline to Holmestrand where Trond lives. Not only was the total ride 750 km, the total climb during these 7 days was 9250 meters. (Recorded by Garmin Edge 305)

It is no question about it. The Nikken Wellness Home gave me my life back! I have my negative test, the bicycle tour and my life to prove for this. I am not cured from CFS/ME or any of the other diagnose, but the CFS/ME illness no longer is in control of my life. The cold winters have proven to be a problem, but most of
these problems are probably related to Fibromyalgia. To improve on this condition I have moved to warmer climate.

If you meet me on the street, you do now know that I have Nikken Insoles in all my shoes, that I sleep in my Nikken Dream Comfort bed, that I sit on a Nikken Kenko Seat, that I breath clean Nikken AirPower air at home, that I drink Nikken PiMag water and that I use the Nikken food supplements. These changes have become natural part of my life and now you know some of the benefits of living in a Nikken Wellness Home.

It is wonderful being able to live a normal life.

Thank you Nikken!

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