

It Won't Hurt You

by Morley Evans

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v 1.0.11

My first experience with anaphylaxis was at Christmas when I was four. We had been living in our new house for about a year. I had helped my father and grandfather build it when I was three. (My sister claims she helped too, but I don't remember that.)

It was 1951.

I was sitting on a hot air register in the living room enjoying the pictures in a magazine. The Christmas tree was standing in front of the picture window. My father was sitting on the Chesterfield enjoying some nuts.

"Have a Nigger Toe," he beckoned. "They are really good."

For some reason, I didn't want anything called a 'Nigger Toe', so I declined. "I don't want any," I said.

"Come on. It won't hurt you," he went on. Here, I'll break off a sliver."

Against my better judgement, I ate the piece because my father insisted. It was about the size of a finger nail clipping.

To my father's amazement and horror, something began to happen — right before his eyes. My face started to swell up. My eyes swelled shut. My ears became hot and itchy. My body became covered with hot, itchy giant hives. I couldn't breathe. Everything was swelling up. Everything was itchy. I could not breathe.

My father called my mother. She called Dr. Mac Mackenzie who was

a friend of theirs. Within a few minutes, Dr. Mackenzie had arrived with a small black leather satchel. He took one look at me and said confidently, "I know exactly what's wrong with him. Morley will be better in no time."

Dr. Mackenzie took a syringe out of his bag, filled it, swabbed my arm with alcohol on some cotton batten, and injected some Adrenaline®.

I began to get better as quickly as I had become sick.

Dr. Mackenzie had coffee and visited for a while to see that I was going to be all right. Soon, I was better.

"Morley is allergic to nuts," Dr. Mackenzie said. He will have to avoid nuts, or he will have another 'allergic reaction' like this one. Morley will begin to find that he has become allergic to other things too. He will have to be careful from now on."

I would be careful. I would especially avoid Brazil nuts.

I would be alerted by the phrase, "It won't hurt you."

Allergy would become an important part of my life from then on. Doctors would become an important part of my life. I would often wish Dr. Mackenzie would come to help me. I would be disappointed. I would never see him again.

Alas, Dr. Mackenzie and his colleague, Dr. Cranston, moved to Medicine Hat. There, as young doctors, they would create successful medical practices and raise successful families. I would learn years later, from my mother, that these two friends had been forced out by a small clique of Regina doctors. A future doctor of mine had been one of the clique. He had been its ring leader.

My life would get harder after that Christmas. I would endure years of maltreatment by doctors who thought allergy and anaphylactic



shock were “psychosomatic”. My mother did her best to keep me well. But every Christmas, the house would be full of wool, nuts, the Christmas tree, the dog, and other potent allergens. My family didn’t know what to do. They would follow the doctor’s advice.

Every Christmas, my father would take me to the emergency room at the Grey Nuns Hospital or the General Hospital and try to explain to a skeptical doctor that I needed an injection of Adrenaline®. Doctors don’t like to be told what you need, I would learn. Doctors know everything. Usually after making me wait, and wait, I would get an injection of epinephrine, with a warning. “We don’t like to administer this, unless it’s an emergency.” Isn’t this an emergency, I would wonder? What would be an emergency? Sometimes I would be given something else and then, when that didn’t work, I’d be given an injection of epinephrine.

A pattern of *ignorance* was, and is, firmly entrenched within Regina’s medical community. It would cause me years of trouble.

Throughout elementary school, Tedral® was prescribed for my asthma. The side effects were almost as bad as what they treated, but no one cared to know about that. “Doctor knows best.” Significantly, Tedral® creates changes in personality. It makes people who take it irritable. But the choice was between not being able to breathe and “side effects” which everyone ignored.

Throughout the years, I had several “scratch tests” administered by Allergists. These indicated I was “allergic to everything.” For several years, I was given desensitization injections by Mrs. Curtis, an RN who lived across the lane. They were prescribed and monitored by Allergists. They did not help.

I was a skinny little guy with asthma, glasses, and a short temper (which was directed inward onto myself). I ate a lot but I never put on any weight. People would marvel how much I could eat. “Morley can sure pack away the groceries,” they would quip.

When I entered high school in 1960, I had a new doctor who had just come from Scotland. This doctor was fine when he arrived but became more and more arrogant as the years went by. One of his patients called him “the mad Scotsman”. At first, he helped me; he prescribed a new drug for asthma. It was a steroid inhaler. Because it didn’t have the awful side effects of Tedral® it was a big improvement. I would have to use my puffer three to five times a day, sometimes more. It was always in my pocket.

I managed to avoid severe anaphylactic episodes until 22 February 1976 — having only to deal with asthma all the time and Christmas once a year. (My asthma, itself, had gotten better. After I had had a total collapse in 1973, my parents took me to Calgary to see Dr. Carl Reich, an Internist. Dr. Reich prescribed vitamins A & D. My asthma went away the night I started taking it and asthma only returned when I stopped taking it as I was urged to do by other doctors. But that is another story.)

Returning to anaphylaxis:

When I was 29, I was flying by Air Canada from the Progressive Conservative Leadership Convention in Ottawa on 23 February 1976. After leaving Ottawa, we had a layover of several hours at Pearson International Airport in Toronto. I was tired and I was hungry too.

Soon after the plane was in the air from Toronto, the stewardesses served drinks and hor’dourves. I chose a Scotch whiskey and two salmon balls that were about 1-1/2” in diameter. Feeling confident, I knocked back the shot of Scotch and popped the salmon balls into my mouth. I realized my mistake as I swallowed the salmon balls. WALNUTS! Some creative chef had packed the salmon balls with walnuts.

Oh, Christ!

I knew I was in big trouble. I called the stewardess and told her what

had happened. Rather than move me to the back of the plane, as I had suggested, she moved me up to first class where I could spoil the trip of all the people who had paid extra to be on the flight.

Then I heard the captain ask if there was a doctor on board. Unfortunately, there was. In a few moments someone appeared beside the stewardess who was standing in the aisle next to my seat.

This person identified himself as a doctor, as a psychiatrist.

Oh, great!

“Should we land in Winnipeg and get him to a hospital,” she asked?

“No, that won’t be necessary,” the doctor replied. “It’s all in his head.”

I was unable to defend myself from this person. I was vomiting every few minutes. My pulse was 160. I had already removed my suit jacket, vest and shirt because I was so hot and itchy. My body was covered with giant hives. I couldn’t breathe. The doctor couldn’t see. He was blinded by ignorance.

The doctor stood watching me for a few minutes. When he seemed satisfied, he went back to his seat, somewhere. I spent the entire flight struggling to breathe, moaning and groaning and throwing up every few minutes. Perhaps the doctor didn’t want to wait while I was unloaded in Winnipeg. The doctor may have had important things to do.

When the plane landed in Regina, the doctor reappeared — to take charge of the situation, I assume. That’s what doctors do. They take charge. Doctors are take charge kind of guys.

When the ambulance personnel came to take me off the plane, they asked, “What’s wrong with you?”

“Why not ask that asshole,” I pointed? “He claims to be a doctor.”

A lifetime of pain and frustration boiled over. I found the strength to really curse that dumb bastard. I cursed him up one side and down the other. In retrospect, that might have made things worse for me. Probably it did.

With sirens screaming, the ambulance took me to the Regina General Hospital Emergency Ward where I spent several more hours waiting on a gurney for the injection of Adrenaline® that I told them I needed.

I told the doctors what I needed as soon as I arrived. But no, they couldn't take my word for it. They had to wait. I told them who my “family physician” was. It was good old “Doctor Bill”. Everyone knew him. He was one of Regina's most prominent physicians. He never came. He was no help at all. I had to wait and wait.

Then the doctors in Emergency finally gave me an injection of epinephrine. Too much! I convulsed. But I did begin to improve immediately. Thank God!

I spent several days and nights in the Intensive Care Unit where I finally got some care. I was a swollen mass of throbbing flesh. I had tubes and wires coming out of me. Every time I moved a muscle, a pretty young nurse came to see if I was all right. It was as if I had died and gone to Heaven.

But they saved me in ICU and they sent me back to hell. When I was well enough, I was discharged to general care with bad food, fat, ugly, surly nurses and unending boredom. I was glad to get out of there. I could hardly wait.

I vowed never to return or have anything to do with doctors or hospitals. But the health care system everyone is so proud of in Regina was not to have finished with me yet, despite my best efforts to avoid it.

“It won’t hurt you,” they say.

Yes, I’m afraid it will hurt you, if it gets a chance. You may not be able to avoid it whatever you do.

Most doctors, in most places, I imagine, understand that allergy and anaphylaxis are not laughing matters. But my “family physician”, [“Doctor Bill”](#) didn’t know that. When I asked him if he could prescribe something that would have saved me in my recent circumstance, he just made a joke. “Why would you need that?” “Doctor Bill” was very popular. He was famous for his sense of humour. He was very likable. “Doctor Bill” was useless.

Epinephrine auto-injectors have been available for years. Perhaps they were available in 1976. “Doctor Bill” eventually wrote a prescription for epinephrine and a syringe when I insisted. He thought it was a joke. “Doctor Bill” would cause me lots of trouble but not as much as his son, John N. Alport, would eventually cause. I finally dumped “Doctor Bill” when he tried to sabotage the physiotherapy treatment it took me a year to find for my injured left arm, shoulder and neck. “You don’t need to bother doing that,” he told the therapist, “Evans is just a hypochondriac.” Good thing the head of the clinic intervened. He gave the therapist hell. I never saw her again. Maybe she was fired. I went there 3 times a week for over a year before I was better.

Finding a good doctor in Regina is not easy. Most of my medical problems have been created, or made worse, by my “family physician.” That’s a GP who is the gatekeeper to services. I can’t condemn every doctor, only some of the “family physicians” I have had in Regina. Most of the other doctors have helped me. But I had the bad ones for a long time and they did a lot of damage.

I haven’t needed a “family physician” in other places where I’ve lived. I wonder why? Live in Regina, you need a doctor. Live in Japan, you don’t need a doctor, or Vancouver, or Los Angeles, or Flin Flon, or Saskatoon. Maybe it’s the water. Maybe it’s the doctors.

In a health care system that is bereft of quality control you take your chances. Your doctor might be good or he might be bad. If he is bad, the system won't suggest he make any changes, or discipline him, or get rid of him. And they won't help you either.

"It won't hurt you," they say. No? It might kill you, I say.

You may be playing with fire when you go to the doctor.

Is everything black? Not at all. My own life starts with this story that my mother told me not long ago: When she was pregnant with my sister and me, my mother was very sick. They said she was 'toxic'. Her doctor, Dr. Cowan, sat up all night in a chair beside her hospital bed because he was so worried. "Dr. Cowan sat up all night in a chair beside her hospital bed because he was so worried? Are you sure?" The man was a saint! Others confirm this. Dr. Cowan was a saint and he's not the only one.

The Regina Qu'Appelle Health Region has a high standard to strive to meet. They have their work cut out for them.

Will I get to live another sixty years? I might.

EPILOGUE

Christians are taught that what happens to us in this temporal realm isn't important. Most of us don't believe it. Everyone is obsessed with worldly possessions. "I could have had a *bigger* pension, they moan? I could have had \$xx,xxx.xx *more*? What a calamity!" What about the billions of people who have no pension, or don't even have enough to eat? Or who have had one of our bombs dropped on their house? Or on them? Or who sleep on a sewer grate in one of our frigid cities in winter? Christians are taught that suffering is part of the gig. Suffering is a corollary of the lesson. Buddhists learn the same lesson: SUFFERING? IT WON'T HURT YOU, say Zen Masters. That *is* empowering. Jews and Muslims are told this too. This is the common lesson of religion. **BUT WOE UNTO THEM WHO CAUSE OPPRESSION AND SUFFERING.** Those who help the poor, live clean lives, and struggle against wickedness will be rewarded. Believe it, or not.

PORTENTS

The medico-legal establishment in Canada thinks it lives in a fortress standing on granite. Actually it lives in a house of cards squatting in a pool of gasoline. An inverse relationship exists: the more they get away with their outrages, the weaker they become. Today, after a century of scamming and sliming, they cannot admit even one hint of a problem or it will be all over for them. I was saved from death at the hands of doctors by other doctors, twice. Here is a lit match, ready to toss.

EVANS' MEDICAL MILESTONES 1947 to 2007

1947-08: Dr. Cowan sat in a chair all night beside Venetta Evans' bed in the hospital. She was toxic. She was pregnant with the twins, Merna and Morley Evans

1947-09: Evans and his sister were born Regina General Hospital

1949-05: Evans in General Hospital with the flu. – survives

1951-12: Dr. Mackenzie saves Evans from anaphalaxis

1952 to 1959: Dr. Brown, Medical Arts Clinic — Tedral®

1960-09: Dr. Coneghan switches Evans' asthma medication from Tedral® to a steroid inhaler which was an improvement

1971-08: Dr. Crook – operates to clear nasal obstruction

1973 to 1976: Dr. Bill Alport

1973-01: Dr. Carl Reich *cured* Evans' asthma with Vitamins A & D

1976-02: Evans suffers Anaphalaxis on Air Canada flight

1992-01: Dr. John N. Alport prescribes Zocor – ruins Evans' health

1998-05: Dr. Cenaiko prolotherapy treatment – Zocor discontinued. saves Evans' life

2000-02: Dr. Annandale prescribes Lipitor

2000-06: Dr. Buwembo operates on haematoma – saves Evans life

2001-08: Evans discovers why he was sick from CBS News

2004-11: Dr. Aghaegbuna prescribes Carnitor® with Evans' lead

2007-02: Evans starts JuicePlus+

2007-03: Dr. Muhammad Tasneem prostate treatment

2007-07: Pasqua Hospital ER – acute prostatitis

2007-08: Evans starts BELL EZEE FLOW TEA for prostate Evans lead



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ALPORT, WILLIAM

Published: 11/10/2006

Regina, SK

ALPORT_William Edward Harvie (October 28, 1922 November 8, 2006) Dr. Bill Alport passed away quietly after a long battle with Alzheimer's disease on November 8th, but not before he touched the lives of a great many people in the community. Family, friends, and patients' lives were enriched by the time spent with Dr. Bill. Bill is predeceased by his loving wife, Dr. Jill Alport, by his parents, Dr. Edward and Ruth Alport; sisters, Patricia Dobie, and Elizabeth (Phil) Baby; brother-in-law, John Lord. Left to mourn, but also to share in many fond memories, are his sister, Daphne Lord; brother-in-law, Dr. Ted Dobie; his four sons, Edward (Ted), John, Stephen and Peter (Harvie); daughters-inlaw, Karen, Donna, Lois; grandchildren, Brie, Michael, Lisa, Katherine, Annie, David, Jill, Carling, James and Thomas. Dr. Alport's lifetime passions were his family, and his work. For over forty years, Dr. Bill practiced family medicine, caring for many Regina patients, carrying on a tradition that started in 1912 with his father, Dr. E. B. Alport, that he passed on to his son John upon retirement. He was a true family physician, with a deep compassion for his patients and their well being, spending countless hours at the bedside waiting for a baby or consoling a grieving family. Bill attended Lakeview School and Central Collegiate, received his post secondary education in Saskatoon. He received his Medical degree from the University of Toronto in 1949. His studies were temporarily interrupted by wartime service with the Royal Canadian Air Force. Following his formal education he returned to Regina where he met his future wife, Jill, the cute, masked anaesthetist standing at the head of the operating table, while operating with his brother-in-law, Dr. Ted Dobie. Dr. Alport's passion for family medicine was obvious. He was a clinical professor of the University of Saskatchewan, teaching many young doctors at the Plains Health Centre. He also served at the National level as President of the College of Family Physicians of Canada, and as Chairman of the Board of Examiners. He was among the first group to receive a Fellowship in that College. He also served as President of the medical staff of the Regina General Hospital, Medical

Consultant to the City of Regina and was a member of the Board of Governors of all three Regina hospitals. He served as board member of the Canadian Cancer Society, and board member and president of Group Medical Services. In 1977, he was awarded the Queen Elizabeth Jubilee Medal and in 1989 he received a Life Membership in the Canadian Medical Association. Despite his fondness for his work and his many patients, his favourite place was Katepwa Lake, where he spent his summers. He and Jill bought their own cottage in 1955. Bill and Jill enjoyed nothing more than spending time at the cottage with family and friends. Those whose lives were touched by Bill, are invited to share in a celebration of his life on Saturday, November 11, 2006 at 3:00 p.m. in Lakeview United Church, 3200 McCallum Avenue, Regina with Rev. Everett Hollis officiating. Interment in Regina Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, friends so wishing may make donations, in memoriam, to a charity of choice. An online book of condolences may be signed at www.speersfuneralchapel.com

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Morley Evans

Dr. M. Tasneem, M.D.
3992 Albert Street
Regina SK S4S 3R1

Wednesday, June 20, 2007

RE: Prostatitis

Dear. Dr. Tasneem,

I wish to thank you for the care and advise which you have provided to treat the prostatitis I began to suffer with in March of this year.

I have enclosed a copy of the letter of commendation I sent to the Pasqua Hospital ER to thank them for saving me when I was in a very difficult circumstance.

I would like to thank you further for listening to me recount some of my past medical experience.

I appreciate the referral to Dr. Tse (urologist) that you and Dr. Rose, in your clinic, requested.

Sincerely,

– Morley Evans

Morley Evans

Emergency Room
Pasqua Hospital
4101 Dewdney Avenue
Regina, Saskatchewan, S4T 1A5

Wednesday, June 20, 2007

Dear Doctors and Nurses,

On April 29 and on May 7, 2007 I was admitted for emergency treatment for *acute prostatitis*. A catheter to drain my bladder was inserted; a leg bag was fitted: *Xylocaine and a coude tip were required*.

I wish to award **FIVE GOLD STARS** (out of five, Dr. Peti, not out of ten, as you wondered) with Oak Leaf Clusters and Diamonds to the doctors and nurses who provided the medical care I received on those days.

Thank you.

- Morley Evans

Citations for April 29 to:

Dr. Ross, Megan, Erin, and several nurses whose names I did not see

It took 5 tries to get a catheter past my prostate. Would they succeed, I wondered? What if they don't?

Citations for May 7 to:

Dr. Peti, Shauna D. and Darla and several nurses whose names I did not see

They did it first try, following what was done before!

cc: Linda: Client Representative at RQHD