

## On crutches through swamp

Written by врач невролог А.А.Пономаренко  
Friday, 12 April 2013 00:00

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What do I do in the clinic? Today, since there are people who I helped and who believe in me, I feel much better. All doctors will understand me. When a patient comes to you, and you're a young doctor without a name, you have to prove him that you will not make any harm, you will help. Usually it takes years. During these years you either give up or stay. Giving up is easier, but then there is no point to start. Staying is difficult, even not just difficult, and it is extremely difficult. I did not want to be a doctor at all. After graduating from school I dreamed about sea journeys, eternal love, space flights, but not about listening every day to complaints about all kinds of ailments. In autumn of 1985 my father gave me a "Handbook for entering the Kuban Medical Institute named after the Red Army" and said, "take it and learn, even if you will end up in prison you always can be a doctor!" And I was not dreaming about the prison, but my father, as I understand it, at that moment knew what he was talking about. He spent his childhood during those old years, so he knew it.

You know, I can not say that I fancied the father's idea of prison and medical work in it, but I started working with that manual. My classmates in the village called Kavkazskaya, (where we lived from 1980 to 1986) wanted to be drivers and tractor on the farm, as their fathers used to, so there was nothing original in the fact that I decided to be a doctor like my dad. This is not arrogance, on the contrary, boys grinned saying: "Why should you spent 7 years of study in order to earn 120 rubles when you can earn at moonlighting five hundred a month?"

I also did not want to be a doctor because I could not myself in a white coat, besides I was afraid of hospitals, because sometimes when I went to my father's I usually saw drunk and angry surgeons who hated everything. Now I understand that it wasn't because of their evil character. It comes from the fact that each of them want to help sincerely make all their physical

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and mental efforts. However they still know that the mistakes are inevitable and people can be killed incidentally. There is even saying about this, "Every surgeon has his own graveyard." When I am told that the doctor is guilty of a ma's life, I can't say I do not believe, I believe that it might be true, but would it be better if a doctor gave up on a patient? Doctor's job has its own features. Doctors can get a degree, sit in the office and tell annoyngly "What you want at your age?". They can not take any responsibility as they accepted the fact that medicine has reached its perfection in writing papers, prescribing patients drugs realising that they will not help. It is very difficult to go forward, it requires powers of the soul, which is always in short supply. Once, when I was studying at the Medical Academy, classes for surgery were canceled because in one day our three surgeon-professors died. They died from heart attacks

It is certainly possible to say that they had to lead a healthy lifestyle and then they would not have died, but this is nonsense. How is it possible for a physician to lead a healthy lifestyle? I'm not talking about alcohol, I want to say that it's just a very dangerous and unhealthy profession. If you do nothing, then you can not help anyone, and if you go over the edge, then you succeed and have the opportunity to have a heart attack because of mental efforts. We doctors can choose between seedy sadness and helplessness, and between the breakthrough in the treatment, which may end with personal attack.

Today, we are "In the beginning," when, as in the days of Columbus, everybody is wrong. Today, it is believed that the earth is flat, the disease does not have a cause and completely incurable. It's true, the approach to treatment is fundamentally wrong. [My words can be confirmed by video reviews from patients on YOUTUBE.](#)

Those who read these lines I hope will understand that it's not easy to say this as I have to contradict with a lot of things we were taught about in the past and taught about right now. I posted the article entitled [Appeal to the doctors practicing the method RANC](#) ". My friends, it's not that I want something for myself, I want to change what should be changed long time ago. So I'm looking for people with the same views. It will be difficult for us for the first time but if we are united, we can talk and everything will be all right.

When I walk alone, I go quietly as possible, trying not to lose the rest of sanity, because in such an unusual situation, where I put myself, it is very easy. I mean if I get rid of unnecessary knowledge, each step will become more confident. And at some point you suddenly realize that the land is no longer going away and if you involuntarily look back, you see a few people, who are still staggering and look at each other, go a bit far from you. There is a faith In the eyes of these "Swampwalkers" despite the slowness and uncertainty of movements and this faith is based on the fact that it is your back in the fog and your steps are confident and fast.

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At this point it is difficult to say what you are thinking about, it is likely to think about thrown crutches and decision to get out of this incomprehensible and terrible place. And when you started to go, you had no idea that involuntarily you will find yourself as the leader of this small group. Just when you are standing it is even easier to use crutches, but if you decided to come out of the swamp on a firm, friendly and high bank, which is just near you. Then if you do not throw away these crutches, you're just going to wallow in the swamp falling sometimes, though sometimes you may stand on your knees.

I know nobody needs this sentimental talk, a specific composition of the drug is needed, the treatment regimen, how safe it is, "can I be treated if I am aged, have heart conditions, diabetes and hypertension?" and other list of questions may be confusing. Sometimes I am simply amazed how full we are of strange theories. And what is even more ridiculous, it's done quite sincerely, I would even say selflessly. From TV, newspapers, the Internet, books and medical textbooks we learn that we are destined to be ill and can not be cured completely. Do you feel sick? Did you have a look at your passport and in the mirror? You looked in the morning so do not moan and be patient. Do a dropper twice a year, take a stick, put the suppository in a certain place and be patient, you won't last long. That is not all. "What about money? Wow, you're well of!" a sly voice is laughing from the commercials. "Then listen carefully. IF YOU WILL NOT buy our best, cosmic, made of eco-friendly components of the Altaregion according to the ancient technology of American Maya, OUUUR Russian equipment called "KREMLIN VSEZDRAV", you are done, don't you get it!?"

That's the real sentiments with violent parts, but mine is mild, but still want to believe that this babble is needed. No, not even this way, it is needed for those who wallow in the swamp and look as you go. It is necessary for those whose hands are busy with not even crutches, but the sick child and the mother. Well, how is it possible to live without the right prose and poetry? Incredibly hard and the legs do not go. And I can't sing right now though I used to sing in a school choir quite well. So when I hear the song of Ostap Bender performed by Andrei Mironov, my mood is lifted immediately. Yes, and my sail is not alone. It is now rusted and rotted boards of medical mistakes and helpless failures are towering over us. Who in the late 19th and early 20th century laid the true foundation of a new medicine? Our citizens! Sechenov, Pavlov, Botkin! Ours! "The steel ships" were built later but firstly there were Beautiful Sails. Well, anyway, there are so many not lonely sails that it does not worth touching shabby boats, let them sink, and we will manage under white sails. The article turns out to be useless if you think about a particular method of treatment. But the [RANC method](#) is described in many articles on the site, and we both, patients and doctors need the confidence and inspiration. Therefore, I consider this article as useful, although in high school I thought, 'So why during the World war II, the artists were travelling around the country?'. And now I know why. So that is where the "silly" sentimental talk comes from I hope on a "smart" website". In any case, everyone who takes part in the development of this site keep trying.