

Walk on the wild side
Psychic Surgeons
by
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The Philippines, a place of incredible contrasts, mountains, girdled by abundant, luxuriant greens, which belies ghettos, poverty, teeming cities, and wonderful peoples. My German friend, trip organiser, and I met through our mutual interest of healing. My friend had embarked on her quest for help when medical attention left her in considerable pain, that journey, eventually took her to the Philippines, where she experienced marvellous healing, which she wanted to share with others. The aim of this trip was to visit healers and psychic surgeons. Our party was an interesting mix, a doctor, several homoeopaths, healers of various kinds, and those who wanted healing or simply the experience.

After a back crunching journey, and we arrived to meet a man of some renown. Daus Simplicio, slender and jovial, with an easy, welcoming smile, cycles every Monday afternoon to his 'clinic' and treats whoever turns up, for a donation. The stark room, with small windows, and unpleasant smells if you stood in the wrong place, has a concrete slab in the centre, which serves as an 'operating' table. A notice to patients, gave guidelines regarding treatment, e.g. no alcohol should be taken after a session – (I forgot that one).

Introductions over, Daus was ready, two women assist him. I ask how he is able to perform psychic surgery; he said it is God, he is like a conduit. I asked to check the cotton wool and work area, amused, he consented

graciously. During the operations, he appeared to delve into the body; I stood a couple of feet away, observing. He sterilises the area using pure alcohol and cotton wool, dousing his hands in the alcohol in between patients, who report that they feel no pain, though some sensation of pressure.

My friend and I checked for blood capsules or anything suspicious, but could find no trace of anything fraudulent. He picked up people's conditions in an instant, telling us another lady had clots near the heart which are dangerous, and proceeded to remove several gritty, bloody bits of matter, fifteen minutes later, she was on her feet again. In between a cigarette, and a joke, Daus was ready for the next patient.

My turn; Daus didn't do the 'bloody' operation, if it wasn't necessary; he said I needed an MOT. I was in some trepidation as he and his assistants set about vigorously and robustly manipulating my body. I was sure if they pulled any harder an arm would come flying off! I had some problems with my ankles, and holding them, Daus appeared to give me an injection in each ankle, which I keenly felt as a momentary hot, sharp sensation, as you might experience, but without the physical syringe. Shortly afterwards, I was up, my body felt like a feather, there was such a wonderful sensation of lightness, like walking on air, and no discomfort. However, later on, at dinner and a beer later, I'm suddenly feeling as if I'm about to leave my body, a strangely disorientating experience, I have to go to bed. Thankfully, after a nights sleep, I'm fine again.