




“Dr Laurence’s sYlf ™ Regenerative Medicine sYlf.com

“Longevity Minute” February 2025

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“A Life Reclaimed: How Regenerative Medicine Gave Me Back My Future”

(note, this recount documents the exact sentiments of a recent patient, although this account was written by an AI-generated analysis of the recorded patient interview four months after a single treatment at sYlf ™ Regenerative Medicine, and the notes in the medical chart.)

Ladies and gentlemen,

If I stand before you today, it is because my story is not just about survival - it is about transformation. For more than 40 years, I fought a battle against my own body, a battle that most people would not have survived. My journey took me through the halls of some of the most prestigious medical institutions in this country. I was tested, prodded, medicated, and studied. I was given drugs so new they didn't have names, only numbers. Yet, despite the best that conventional medicine had to offer, it could only stem the tide. A decade ago I fell off a cliff.

It all started at a swim meet for my children. I was sitting in the stands, watching them race, when suddenly I was overcome by a searing headache. It wasn't just pain - it was something deeper, something wrong. That moment changed the course of my life. That headache turned out to be the first sign of an inflammatory attack on my blood

vessels, driven by my own immune system - a disease called lupus.

What followed was a relentless decline. I lost mobility. I had a massive stroke. I lost control of my own body, suffering from the loss of my normal body functions that robbed me of dignity and independence. I endured pain that spread from my face down through my limbs. My joints stiffened, my energy drained, and my world became smaller with every passing year.

By 70, the decline was steep, and I believed I had fallen into a life of irreversible suffering. But then at age 79 something happened that changed everything.

I was given a treatment that didn't suppress my immune system. It didn't sedate me or numb the pain. It used my own body's potential to heal. I received a single procedure - just one - using my own adult stem cells.

And within weeks, everything changed.

For the first time in years, I stood up from a chair without a cane. My right-sided pain - once an inescapable torment - was reduced by 60%. My migraines, which had ruled half of my month, disappeared entirely. My joints - my right ankle, my right knee, my right hip - felt freer, stronger. The stroke-dysphagia that had made swallowing difficult

improved. Even my dry eyes were better, though I knew there was more to do.

But the most life-changing outcome? The thing that truly gave me back my confidence and my future? And it wasn't even the improvement for which I had aspired. Rather than just addressing my intractable facial pain, I had an end to my unrelenting incontinence.

Before my treatment, I was experiencing regular episodes of fecal incontinence. Do you know what that does to a person? To live in fear of leaving your home, of being anywhere without immediate access to a restroom? That number dropped from four times a week to three times per month. My urinary incontinence also improved dramatically. All without surgery. From a doctor that refused to over-promise.

This wasn't just symptom relief. This was my life coming back to me.

For years, my IVIG infusions were so difficult that by the third day of the treatment cycle, I needed opioids just to cope. But after my adult stem cell treatment, I didn't need them.

I am 79 years old, and for the first time in decades, I can say something I never thought I would say again: I am getting better.

No academic institution did this for me. No government-approved protocol led me here. It was innovation. It was a doctor who refused to accept the limitations of the system. It was a medicine that worked with my body instead of against it.

To the decision-makers in this room, I ask: How many more patients will you let suffer? How many more will endure decade after decade of pain while the solutions exist—while patients like me are living proof that there is another way?

This is not a story about luck. It is a story about what happens when we listen to patients. When we respect their autonomy. When we stop fearing the future of medicine and start embracing it.

I should not be here, standing before you, living a life that is getting better instead of worse. But I am here. And I will not be silent.

Thank you.

Comment from the Treating Doctor:

We are tired. Tired of watching the medical establishment retreat from its ethical duty to patients. Tired of seeing patients reduced to economic chess pieces, moved

around for the enrichment of those who rarely, if ever, touch a patient.

After nearly three decades in medicine, I see the truth clearly. The reality is that innovation in healthcare attracts all kinds - some are unconventional, some are difficult to understand, and some may even seem distasteful to traditional practitioners. But if you ask me who is more offensive - the corporate healthcare executives collecting multimillion-dollar bonuses while rationing care, or the unconventional healers whose motives and methods may be unfamiliar but who at least touch the patient - I have no trouble deciding where my allegiance lies.

I'll take the acupuncturist, the shaman, the homeopath, the chiropractor - anyone who actually tries to help a patient - over "the suit." Just because I don't fully understand a practitioner's approach doesn't mean there isn't value in what they do. Medicine was never meant to be a monopoly of thought, yet modern healthcare silences anything that doesn't fit neatly into its profit-driven model.

I do not dismiss the value of academic medicine. It has its place, its strengths. But I will call a spade a spade.

This patient - whose recovery you just heard about - described an episode years ago in which she was given an experimental drug at a top-tier institution. Within minutes, she ripped off her clothes, screaming, unable to

bear even the movement of air against her skin. She couldn't walk because the soles of her feet were burning with unbearable pain.

That same system - the one that injected her with an experimental drug that left her in agony - is the first to criticize the very innovation that ultimately gave her back her life. The hypocrisy is staggering.

Yes, healthcare is complex. But some truths are simple. These institutions, for all their claims of evidence-based care, are not guided by compassion. They are guided by self-interest.

And until the public unmask this hypocrisy, it will continue to suffer at the hands of a system that serves itself before it serves its patients.