

Bobby's Story: Proof that You CAN Beat Cancer

A little three-year old boy did it with the help of a determined dad, lots of love — and alternative medicine

(Pass this story on to your friends)

I heard one of the most inspiring stories I've ever encountered when I was attending the annual meeting of the Cancer Control Society over the Labor Day Weekend.

Kevin Wright, an English businessman, told the audience the whole story of how his little three-year-old son Bobby was diagnosed with a rare type of bone cancer. The doctors told Kevin and his wife Jackie that only one child out of five survived this type of cancer for one year. Within five years, only three out of a hundred would still be alive.

Kevin and his wife Jackie made up their minds they would NOT lose their little boy. And they didn't. They won. Their story was so incredible I wanted to share it with you. Just scroll down and you'll find it beneath this note.

They and their brave little boy beat the death sentence
Cancer Defeated Update - By Lee Euler

The Wrights had no choice but to let Bobby go through chemotherapy. If they'd refused their child would have been taken away from them and treated anyway. But while Bobby went through the conventional treatments his parents also used every alternative treatment they could find (read it and you'll be amazed).

Bobby not only got through the chemo and other horrors but he SAILED through with few side effects. I've heard the same thing from adults who used alternatives along with chemo.

Bobby and his parents should inspire all of us to keep trying. And by the way, you don't have to do as many things as they did (even Kevin would admit maybe they went a bit overboard). Kevin was a prosperous businessman and spent what he had to spend to save Bobby. I know of people who used just a few alternative treatments and survived.

But enough from me.

Read their story and feel the joy and love.

Kevin Wright founded a nonprofit group to raise the money so other children could receive the same kind of no-stone-unturned treatment Bobby got. He's been able to help more than 30 kids. If you'd like to help the cause, the website address is www.bobbysfund.org.

But mainly, please read the story for what it can do for YOU and those you love.
Kindest regards,
Lee Euler
Publisher

Bobby's Story

Speech given by Kevin Wright at the 35th Annual Cancer Control Society Convention

FRANK COUSINEAU: Our next speaker is someone that I met in January, and it was a very — it was a fascinating experience... He just made a significant contribution to the Cancer Control Society. And the story he's going to tell, I think, is truly remarkable.

Kevin Wright is a businessman from the U.K. He has a son who was diagnosed two years ago with neuroblastoma, and this is his story. Kevin, thank you very much for taking time to come.

KEVIN WRIGHT: Thank you, Frank. [APPLAUSE] Thank you, everybody. I came here to tell you about my son, Bobby. He was born in February of 2002. He had an undiagnosed breach birth at home, and he was perfect apart from an undescended testicle, which I was told by the doctors is just one of those things. But of course, I now know that it indicates some kind of hormone disruption whilst in the womb. The testicle was brought down while under general anesthetic just after his first birthday. All was well for the next two years. Bobby grew and developed normally. I was very pleased that my wife breastfed him for 2½ years with no problems, until our family doctor gave my wife Jackie antibiotics, which he said she could breastfeed on. But when we checked, we found that breastfeeding should be stopped while taking this drug.

We'd always had trust and faith in our family doctor...

...who we thought knew best. The only type of medicine we had ever used was allopathic [conventional medicine].

Bobby's third birthday was in February '05. It came and it went, but it was around this time that we noticed Bobby was not keen on walking. He wanted to ride in his push chair more than our daughter did at his age, but we just put it down to him being a boy, and being a bit lazy.

On Good Friday morning of 2005 — Bobby was three years and three months — Jackie was dressing him and saw that he had a swelling in his left groin, and a

cellulitis-type rash on the front of his left thigh, and a noticeable limp. She took his temperature, which was on the high side, so as it was a public holiday she took him to our local hospital, as the family doctor's surgery [private office] was not open.

The doctors at the hospital diagnosed osteomyelitis

That's a bacterial infection of the bone marrow — and admitted him as an inpatient so that a course of IV antibiotics could be given. Over the next two weeks, various different antibiotics were given which achieved only temporary relief of his symptoms.

During the third week an incision was made in the outside of Bobby's left thigh, and holes were drilled in his femur to "let the antibiotics into the bone marrow." But still no change. His CLP was up and down.

The worst part of all this was the insertion of a cannula every other day, which never found a vein first time, and I cried with him.

It was during this third week while in my village pub after leaving the hospital at 9 p.m. that another local who was a retired doctor and knew that Bobby was in the hospital took me to one side and asked if the pediatricians had mentioned malignant processes.

I was stunned. I was shocked. I was in disbelief that my friend could mention cancer in the same breath as my son's name. Of course they hadn't. Bobby had a bacterial infection of his bone marrow, not cancer. We've had no cancer whatsoever in either my or my wife's family, and I mean not one case. But the seed had been sown.

At pub closing time I went to my home office and hit the Internet, and to my complete horror I found that most cancers can spread to bones and bone marrow. I went to bed at 3 a.m., but couldn't sleep. I decided I wouldn't mention this to my wife. I would ask and consult a pediatrician the next day.

I cornered a doctor in private that next day, and he said that actually a bone marrow biopsy, bone trephine and CT scan had been considered by the medical team, and that as Bobby was not improving they would be scheduling the test for the start of the next week.

I was privately frantic

I could not believe that Bobby might have cancer, but it was something that I had to get my head around. Denial would help no one.

The biopsies and CT were carried out, and the next day we were called to an office, and on entering Jackie immediately started crying. There was a new doctor on the team in the room. Jackie knew that he was an oncologist, as she had worked in that hospital as a nurse before we started our family.

The doctor said that Bobby had stage 4 neuroblastoma, with metastases to bones and marrow. His primary tumor site was his left adrenal. The tumor was bilobed, and seven centimeters by eight centimeters, but it had spread into every bone marrow cavity — into his skull bone, and he had two further tumors on his left femur.

I was so very, very angry. The four-week misdiagnosis was unforgivable, but I now know that many parents take their kids to doctors dozens of times over, a twelve—, or even eighteen-month period, before a neuroblastoma diagnosis is made because it is such a rare cancer.

I asked, "What's the survival rate for this neuroblastoma?"

I was told under 20% survived one year, and 3% survived for five

"What caused this?" I asked. "No one knows," was the reply. "There's no money going into researching causes." "What can I do to improve his chances?" "Nothing," was the reply. "What about diet?" They said there's no evidence that diet makes any difference at all. We should let Bobby eat whatever he wants to reduce the inevitable weight loss.

Now, I'm not stupid, yet these people were obviously wrong. So I said, "OK then. So we take Child A. We give him a Burger King for breakfast, a KFC for lunch, McDonald's for dinner, plenty of Pringles, lots of Diet Coke. And then we take Child B, and feed him a diet based around home-cooked food. Are you telling me that they will do the same?" The answer was the same again. "There's no evidence to show that there would be any difference in outcome."

Now I was already steamingly, ragingly furious, and to be told such complete and utter rubbish just added to my fury. I just refused to believe that with the technology available in the 21st Century, that we couldn't at least have an educated guess on causes. As far as diet is concerned, the U.K. health authorities had been spending millions of pounds on education to tell us that we should eat at least five portions of fruit and vegetables a day.

I ended the meeting right there, right then, as to argue with these people was obviously pointless

They obviously have a very narrow knowledge where cancer is concerned. They may know their chemo, etc., but to say diet would make no difference showed their total ignorance to me.

Jackie and I went outside, and I told her, "I will get to the bottom of this. I'm going to stop work today, and put all my time, effort and resources into this fight." We agreed that Jackie would do the hospital time, and I would do everything in my power to see that this came out right. I would leave no stone unturned. I would scour the planet for the answers.

We will not lose our little boy

Jackie went back to Bobby — he was in his hospital room with a girlfriend of hers — and I went home to make dinner to take back to the hospital at 6:00, as I had every day since Bobby was admitted. U.K. hospital food is very, very bad — lots of sausages, deep-fried food and lots of processed junk.

But while driving home, I started to formulate my plan. Firstly, I needed a second opinion, but from outside Europe. Neuroblastoma is treated [in accordance with] an EU-wide protocol. The treatment is 80 days of combination chemo in ten-day cycles — three days on and seven days off. And for those of you who know about chemo, you know that that is aggressive chemotherapy. This is followed by surgery to remove the primary tumor, then high-dose, max chemotherapy — maximum action treatment designed to completely clear all bone marrow cavities of marrow, and hopefully, cancer too. This is then followed by radiation therapy and then redifferentiation therapy, which is high-dose, pulse Roaccutane designed to redifferentiate any tumor cells almost always missed.

Now, this is all provided it goes according to plan, but I now know that this happens in less than 10% of these small kids. Average age of diagnosis of neuroblastoma is just three years old.

It struck me though, as a trained vehicle engineer, that this treatment focused only on the symptom — the tumor. If the engine oil light came on in my car and I took it to be repaired, and the mechanics chopped the dashboard out with an axe, destroyed the speedo, the rev counter, the temperature and fuel gauges, and then just took the bulb out of the oil light, it's just made the car pretty much unusable, and of course, the cause of the oil light coming on has been ignored.

That night of the day of diagnosis I spoke to Sloan-Kettering, I spoke to Children's Hospital of Philadelphia, and I spoke to Children's Hospital here in L.A., and I wanted to find which doctor has been treating neuroblastoma for the longest period of time, and I found it was a doctor by the name of Bob Seeger, who is here at Children's Hospital of Los Angeles. He's been specializing in the treatment of this disease for over 30 years, and yes, he would see Bobby, and yes, he would give a second opinion.

So while encountering huge resistance from the doctors in the U.K. and mumblings of "child abuse," Jackie, her friend, and Bobby together with antiinflammatories which totally removed his symptoms flew here to L.A. to see Dr. Seeger.

The outcome was twofold. Dr. Seeger told me in no uncertain terms that I was not to allow an open biopsy of the tumor to be carried out, and he confirmed the diagnosis.

"There's no need for the biopsy," he said

"It's likely to spread the tumor more." He thought that U.S. survival rates are higher than the European, but that it would be outweighed by Bobby not being in his home surroundings.

Secondly, though, it gave me the eight days they were away to research 20 hours a day, and what I found truly shocked me. The U.K. doctors had told me not to search the Internet. It would only confuse me. What I did find, though, was a huge wealth of information. There was, in fact, so very, very much I could do — food, natural treatments that had no side effects.

So my strategy that I came up with was, one, to fight the cancer directly from as many different angles as possible simultaneously, using diet, homeopathy, Ayurvedic medicine, bioresonance, and all the other natural approaches. To make his body as cancer-unfriendly as possible, again, more nutrition, acid-alkaline balance, detoxification, etc.

I had no choice over the chemotherapy. You refuse chemotherapy for a child in the U.K. — they will take the child from you and do it anyway. So I decided if he's having chemo, let's make it as effective as possible.

And I read about antioxidants during chemo. I asked the oncologist about this. They told me not to give him antioxidants during chemo, and I discovered that is based on absolutely no scientific evidence whatsoever.

The evidence is, give the antioxidants

Four, to reduce the side effects of the chemo as much as possible — again, diet, homeopathy, detox, supplementation. And finally, five, to identify the probable causes via testing for nutritional status, heavy metals, parasites, volatile organic compounds in blood, etc.

And so I began to leverage the odds in Bobby's favor, dealing with food issues myself while finding and employing the right health care professionals to organize the testing, supplementation and other approaches

So the first thing I did was water. (Refers to slide) Once I realized what's in tap water I fitted this whole house with a water filter system. I didn't even want my family to wash with it, never mind drink it. Secondly, (Refers to slide) I bought a steam distiller. I didn't feel that the filtered water was even pure enough for Bobby, so the water is filtered and then we distill it. But of course, distilled water, as you probably all know, is dead — has no mineral content.

We used a device called a PiMag Optimizer. The grey ring contains organic minerals, and there's a vortex that's created in it which replaces the magnetic energy. We then bottle it into glass bottles. What I read about plastic, again, made my hair curl, you know? [We decided] there is no storage of food or drink in plastic containers of any kind in my house..

You know, I don't know [if it works]... The theory sounded right. The worst thing that was going to happen is I was going to lose a few pounds, so why not? This is the Norwalk Juicer. (Refers to slide) I decided on the Norwalk Juicer because of all the things that are good about Norwalk. But we use it every single day, two or three times a day, and Bobby drinks only purified water and various different juices from that Norwalk.

(Refers to slide) I then wanted to clean the air up in the home. I knew Bobby was going to be without an immune system, and so I set to make our home into an insular, sterile bubble as much as I could, and this machine is by a company called EcoQuest, and I decided that it contained the best balance of features for what I needed. But we really did notice the difference in the air quality in our home. (Refers to slide) This is a portable version of the same machine. We took this everywhere. This went in the car with us. It went in Bobby's hospital rooms. It was always by his side.

Now, this is Bobby at Day 40 of his chemotherapy. (Refers to slide) The other kids, they were losing lots of weight, some of them vomiting every 90 minutes and going from infection, to infection, to infection. Bobby had lost no weight, he had not been sick once, and he had had no infections.

I knew then that this approach was really working

Bob was eating nothing from a tin, jar, carton, packet or bottle, and of course, no dairy — only local, organic, unpasteurized goat's milk. He was drinking lots of fresh fruit and vegetable juices, eating tons of black grapes along the Brandt protocol, flax seed oil and cottage cheese — again, Johanna Budwig, and basically, all the foods thought to hinder cancer, and no foods that would help the cancer.

I'd also consulted an integrated cancer specialist by the name of Dr. Etienne Callebout in Harley Street in London. He'd ordered lots and lots of blood, stool and urine testing, and they'd been carried out, and so Bob was on a pretty heavy-weight supplement program — over 40 different things a day, but he never complained once.

The hospital rescanned Bobby at Day 40. They did more bone marrow biopsies and [and other procedures.] And guess what? The biopsies and [other tests] were clear of disease, and the tumors on his right thighbone had gone. His primary tumor in his abdomen had shrunk by more than 50% and showed extensive calcification. Bobby is car-mad. I mean, he is absolutely vehicle-mad. I guess it's from my motor trade background. (Refers to slide) And that car belongs to Mr. Uri Geller. Now, he taught us so much about positive thinking, and the main thing, the one thing that I really took away with me was he told us, "Do not think about what you do not want. Don't give it head space." We didn't ever allow ourselves to think, "What if..." And yes, Bobby can bend spoons with his mind.

(Refers to slide) This is Bobby's Far Infrared Sauna. He goes in it for 30 to 60 minutes every morning after breakfast. (Refers to slide) This is a steam sauna, an ozone generator that I bought that was used in conjunction with a bottle of oxygen to get ozone into him. He didn't like this too much, because the sweat running down his

body tickled him, so we had trouble getting him into it.

But I'm convinced that Bob is really so very reasonable and mild mannered, due to his natural diet. We don't have tantrums. We don't have child screaming. I mean, you can reason with the boy. For a five-year-old that he is now — he is just so reasonable. And I see all these other kids, and it's all about the food.

I asked the oncologist if parasites could have a part in Bobby's neuroblastoma, and I was sneered at. They said, "Mr. Wright, if we lived in the tropics or in Victorian times, maybe.

"But no, not parasites. Not in the United Kingdom in the 21st Century."

One of the tests we had done was a stool test for parasites, and guess what? He had two microscopic parasites and pinworms. So we followed Hulda Clark's protocol with this Zapper, used the wormwood, the cloves, the black walnut hull as she says, and 20 days after starting, Bob's stools were alive with worms. I checked every one of them. Although it is strange how as a parent I now get satisfaction from a well formed stool.

Those of you familiar with the Clark Zapper will know that plate zapping is thought to be most effective, but the possibility of having Bob sit still next to his plate zapper for hours on end was impossible. So what I did — this lid here is a lid for a little plastic top. (Refers to slide) I fitted the plates inside. We put bottles inside and put it all in a rucksack, and he just ran around with his rucksack on, and did his stuff. Problem solved.

I read about the work of Royal Rife, and after much research, I personally chose the resonant light machine from Canada. Now, the first time we used this machine, Bobby had a definite Herxheimer detox reaction. I won't go into what happened, but I can assure you, he did. Now, he loves this machine so much, and he's always asking for it to be on. And when I asked him why he likes it, he said because it made his tummy feel warm, and he put his hand directly on top of his tumor. Now, he was three. He didn't know where it [the tumor] was, and we still use the light for maintenance, and I really do believe in this machine. And I don't sell it. I just really believe in it.

(Refers to slide) This is my check chart — not that I'm a very organized person. It records at the top 20 minutes of trampoline, which he goes on every single day. It records 40 minutes of walking, which he does every single day. We record all his school time because we educate him at home, because it's the only way that I can be fanatical about his diet and ensure that no well-meaning people give him chocolate, candy, soda.

Go down again — glasses of water. He has at least five glasses of water a day. Every time he goes to the toilet, whatever he wees out, we just replace it with a similar amount of water.

Then there's his pH. We record all of his pH's through the course of the day, and we're looking for this — to start at 6.5, somewhere around there, and to increase

during the course of the day. We started this when he was carrying tumor, and for him to test 5.25 was not unusual. But as time went on it got higher, and higher, and higher. And from time to time, we even get an 8.

And finally, at the bottom is the resonant light machine — what banks were run, on what day, at what time.

Next is surgery. Just before he was due in surgery... he hadn't even lost all of his hair totally. It was scheduled for six to eight hours, yet it took less than 2½. A complete resection was achieved with excellent tissue margins. The adrenal was removed with the tumor, but there was no involvement with the kidney. The histology of the tumor reported less than 1% viable neuroblastoma. The rest had calcified. The race was now on to get him fit as possible for the high-dose maximum action treatment. This treatment is life-threatening in itself. The doctors told me that Bob would sustain hearing damage, stunted growth, serious bowel problems, liver and kidney damage, infection, and even possible heart damage.

The treatment started in an isolation room, and guess what? The first week — no sickness, no weight loss. He continued to eat his own food — no nasal gastro tube, which every other child had. Our biggest worry was that he would tangle his lines up doing roly-polys on his bed. And the fresh air machine? It went everywhere with us. (Refers to slide) This is two weeks into the maximum action treatment. At this time he had been sick just five times. He had not eaten for three days, but while other children were skeletal, vomiting constantly, suffering extreme mucositis, and even dying, Bob took it all in his stride. I used a homeopathic remedy called "Traumeel S," which is proven to reduce mucositis significantly in chemotherapy patients — unfortunately, not [used] by U.K. doctors, though.

(Refers to slide) This is Bobby leaving isolation after only 22 days, and it's a record for that hospital and every other National Health Service hospital in the U.K. The average is 45-60 days, so 30 days is considered good, and 22 days is nothing short of extraordinary, and as you can see, he was so pleased to leave the place.

Hip hip, hooray!

Now, it was now time to start repairing damage that the chemo had done, and so that I could get on with the other things that I wanted to do. There was lots of testing and supplementation going on.

The oncologist wanted to give local radiotherapy to his primary tumor site "just in case," but I wasn't having it. The surgeon wrote his notes immediately after the operation, and there was no way that he had missed any tumor, so there was absolutely no way that I was going to subject Bobby to that radiation and a general anesthetic every day for three weeks, and the resultant damage that the radiation would undoubtedly do to him. I stuck to my guns. It was hard, but I got my way — no radiation.

Just twelve weeks later, (Refers to slide) Bobby was taking his Roaccutane and the side effects are usually severe cracking of the skin around the nose, mouth, chin, cheeks and elevated liver enzymes. I'd seen other kids whose side effects were so

bad that the treatment had to be stopped. But guess what? Bob only ever had a very small amount of dry skin in the corner of his mouth, and his liver function tests were always within the normal range. But there — see the red grapes?

Next, I took him to the Hufeland Clinic in Germany, Bad Mergentheim, for ultraviolet blood irradiation, (Slide) blood ozonation, hyperbaric oxygen therapy, and all of those other things — intravenous, Vitamin C, homeopathics, biological immunotherapy, thymus extract... you name it. There's no evidence to suggest it does any harm. Why not? So...

And it went very, very well. We were there for three weeks, and we rented an apartment and carried on with the diet and all the other things that we had done at home, and as you can see, (Refers to slides) he was really starting to get better.

By this time my five strategies had really paid off

Bobby's allopathic treatment lasted just five months and one week. The side effects were minimal — just a little sickness and loss of his hair. The testing had revealed possible causes, and we could see these things leaving his body — the mercury, the halogenated benzene, the strontium, the parasites, the huge selenium deficiency, the gut bacterial dysbiosis, and the other probable causative, contributory, and treated factors that the tests had not identified. Many children are treated for over two years, and are still lost.

The combined effects of the supplementation, the diet, the clean water, the resonant light, the Zapper, cranial sacral osteopathy, Reiki, massive amounts of positive thinking and visualization, Vega testing, Curlean photography, Far infrared sauna, ozone sauna, Hufeland Clinic, lots of sunshine, daily body brushing, no sunblock (or indeed, any kind of personal care products, not even toothpaste), natural non-toxic cleaning products, removal of his bedroom carpet, a wooden instead of metal bed, a no-spring mattress, as much sleep as he wanted made the crucial difference.

Of the dozen or so children who were diagnosed with neuroblastoma in our hospital while we were in and out, only one other than Bobby survived, but with severe hearing damage, massive weight loss, and untold pain and suffering that Bobby just did not have.

This picture was taken when we were on Grand Bahama Island. (Refers to slide) We went to see Dr. Kevin Bethel for a gene therapy called gendocine that had been used by the Chinese for some time now, but you have to dig to find this stuff. The treatment is designed to stimulate P-53 expression, a major housekeeping gene, and we were there for six weeks. We took everything with us and continued with the diet, the juicing, the saunas, etc., etc., etc. It was no different there than what it was at home. But the testing showed when we got home that his P-53 expression, where before was poor, was now normal.

Now, during all this time I saw many children who suffered so much that I felt guilty that my son came through it so easily. I had, by this time, spent well over £100,000, and I could not stop thinking that all other children should have this. So I started fund raising so other kids could have the no-stone-untuned approach that

Bobby had had.

I set up a telephone call center to market raffle tickets, and with the help of over 100 staff, raised over £1 million in 12 months. Bobby's Fund is currently supporting over 30 U.K. children with all of the same equipment I have, and all of the testing, supplementation, integrated cancer specialist consultations, trips to Germany... and guess what? We have kids whose parents have been told by oncologists that there is nothing more that can be done, yet their tumors are regressing, calcifying, and even disappearing.

Now, I came here because if any of you know of any kids who have a malignancy now or in the future, I know that we can make a difference. Our website is www.bobbysfund.org.

Now, on there I have written a number of reports about what I've discovered. I really feel that I must share this with people. The subjects covered are water, refined sugar, milk, factory-made bread, convenience food, microwave ovens, sodas, still drinks, label lies — what they don't tell us on the packets — fats and oils, night lights and melatonin, artificial sweeteners, non-stick coatings, candida overgrowth, and lots and lots of other subjects. So go on the website, and they're free. If you'd like to make a donation, that'd be cool. But please, take this information.

And finally, that's Bobby this week before I left. (Refers to slide) He's in our vegetable garden at home, picking his dinner. [APPLAUSE] Thank you. He's there picking his own dinner. Now, he has perfect hearing. His growth is normal. His kidneys and liver have sustained no damage, and there were never any bowel disturbances — all due, I know, to this integrated holistic approach.

**And it could save so many other children,
if only the allopaths would listen!**

Thank you very much. [APPLAUSE]
END OF SPEECH

P.S. Here's a re-cap of the previous Special Reports in case you've missed them:

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