Angels and Devils

May 31, 2017 By Greg Jefferys

It is early morning right now. Each morning my life follows a certain ritual. I wake up, walk past the computer that sits quietly waiting for my attention and go into our kitchen where I drink two glasses of water or a glass of fresh orange juice. Usually I sit and look out of the window while I drink my water. I look across the garden, where there are always some flowers blooming; I look across the garden to the shimmering water of the D'Entrecasteaux Channel to the horizon of Bruny Island.

Sometimes the view is a shining blue sky, sometimes clouds... always it is beautiful.

Then I make my breakfast which is always three pieces of toast made from the bakery next to my house. Two pieces of toast have banana and the other piece has berry jam. Then, with freshly brewed coffee, I read the morning newspaper.

But even as I read the newspaper I can hear the computer calling "Emails waiting."

Then I begin work. Each day I receive 50 or 60 emails from all around the world. Some people asking for help, some people thanking me for the little bit of help I was able to give.

Sometimes I get stories that are very uplifting and sometimes I receive stories that break my heart.

Today I received an email from a dear friend (who I have never met face to face). This friend has a job that takes her across borders and she helps me to get generic Hepatitis C medicines to people in countries where the import of these medicines is blocked by corrupt governments, governments who are influenced (bribed) by Big Pharma to block access to treatment for people with Hep C.

As people who regularly read my blog would know the countries of the former Yugoslavia, Croatia, Serbia, Bosnia, Macedonia fall into this category.

In these countries wages are low, with the average wage being about US$300 per month. These countries have impoverished Health Services and even if a citizen can gain access to treatment in the health service they are offered Interferon + Ribavirin. Why? Because it is cheap. Big Pharma is using these impoverished nations as a dumping ground for excess stocks of these redundant drugs.

So this week my good friend travelled through a couple of these countries. Knowing that she was travelling I was able to arrange with her to carry medicines and she was able to meet people from Croatia and Serbia.

Below is the report I received this morning from her. I thought it worth sharing.

Hi Greg,

I didn’t send any FB message, because I understood that you received my earlier email.

I finished giving the treatment parcels to X####, Y#### and Z####

This very early morning, at 6 o’clock I made my last delivery and had a cup of coffee with Z#### in a small bus station coffee bar.

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They are all three people very, very happy.

Unlike X####, Z#### is a person who had a hard and sad experiences in his life; as a soldier during the civil war a mine exploded and injured him. He was given “hot blood” transfusion and contracted Hep C from that transfusion, as did so many thousands and thousands of people.

This was just one of many terrible experiences he had in that war. Fortunately, the explosion didn’t cause permanent serious physical damage, but I think it marked him psychologically for the whole life. I felt him to be very shy, but also very grateful. He gave me a box of chocolates and a bottle of wine.

He told me his opinion about Dragisa’s lies and that Serbian woman Kristina, both selling treatments for a very high price, and that both are unreliable.

But he has a happy future and is going to get married later this year with a beautiful lady from *******, and he (as did X####) asked me when he may have children. I explained to both of them all about, therapy schedules, diet, side effects, sexual intercourse, children, etc. Hahahahaha, I did my job as a doctor.

Yesterday afternoon I did a long walk along the sea with Y####. When I come back to home, I send the photos.

I stay in Croatia a few days more, please tell me if there is anyone else for the treatment that I still have.

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