

THE TIPPING EDGE – NEEDING TO GO HOME.

My name is Alwyn Lewies and I am 38 years old. I am giving a short background of my life with an illness called Electromagnetic Sensitivity (ES), which I have been struggling with for the past 12 years since exposure from a cell mast.

It started in 2000 with a cell phone tower that was erected at my workplace in Wapadrand, Pretoria. We were approached by a cell phone company who was interested in putting up a tower on my premises and we were assured that the tower would have no effect on us at all.

Unfortunately this wasn't the truth, but the exact opposite than what we were told. Within a brief period since the erection of the first tower, another one appeared only 80 meters away. Four months after these installations, my first symptoms started to appear.

While being at work, I experienced a 'burning' sensation in my head. The pain far exceeded that of a normal headache. After going to my doctor, I was prescribed anti-depressants because the doctor said I was experiencing work stress. We thought the stress was the cause for my headaches.

In the beginning my headaches were painful, but bearable. But after some time, the pain became excruciating. I then started to go from one doctor to the next, underwent several tests and brain scans, but all reflected as normal. I started monitoring my pain and realized that I only experienced pain after making a phone call on my mobile phone, and when being close to a cell phone tower.

Research confirmed my assumptions that it was in fact the radiation from these devices that caused my headaches. A short time after, all other electronic devices such as TV's, electric motors etc. started to affect me. To an extent, I was able to avoid some of these devices, but the cell phone towers were popping up all over the city and this was a constant obstacle.

The radiation started to affect me so badly that I wasn't able to function in any way. I started to experience a new symptom which was the constant ringing in my ears.

As time passed, matters got worse, and I met Dr. Cloete in 2004. For the first time, I was diagnosed with EMS and it was a relief to finally put a name to my illness.

Studies showed that much research has been done, but a cure has yet to be discovered. The best I could do was to boost my immune system as much as possible.

EMS entails that the person is allergic to radiation and electronic devices these allergies affect me the same way that someone suffers from constant hay fever and can't stand those allergies. Due to the density of the radiation levels, my pain became unbearable to handle. My body simply couldn't cope with those levels of radiation.

I have met a few people who are also being affected by the radiation.

In 2004 I was forced to seek employment elsewhere at a construction company, as my body couldn't handle the strain of the towers in such close proximity. After two years had passed, I resigned once more after all got worse and I was barely functioning and couldn't keep track of my thoughts.

Due to a lack of income, we had to sell our house and our family moved in with my parents. The only room where I felt the least pain was on the dining room floor. The electricity had to be switched off at the main switch in order for me to sleep. During the day, I was confined to this small space, because this was the only place in the house with the lowest radiation.

With no improvement after some time had passed, an opportunity came along for me to stay on a sheep farm in the Karoo. My family moved to Cape Town to stay with her parents for the birth of our son. My health improved but the distance between us became a problem. I had to get closer, but I couldn't move back into the radiation.

I went back to be with them in Cape Town, but I had to sleep in my car every night. I drove to different places to try out where I felt best, but it was very unsafe. This continued for two weeks. After the birth of my son, I was forced to find a place to stay as a family. In June 2007 we found a small cottage in Gordon's Bay where the radiation was minimal. I was only able to sleep on the kitchen floor where the radiation was lowest. The situation wasn't ideal, but we were together, and this lifted our spirits.

We managed to stay there for almost a year, but in the beginning of 2009 I felt a new signal in the area which was very strong. The sleeplessness and pain started again and I couldn't be in the house any longer.

Once more the nightmare started, and I didn't know what to do, or where to go. The anxiety and uncertainty I experienced was frightening.

The following thoughts were flashing through my mind. I had to leave my wife and two small kids once more and they were too young to understand why I was abandoning them again. The idea of me having to sleep in my car again was unthinkable and I didn't know which pain was worse – the burning sensation in my head, or the heartache.

The turmoil continued for two weeks as I slept in my car next to the side of the road where there was no reception. Sleeping in discomfort and fear, the only times I went home were to eat and clean. It was then when I learned about a lady outside a West Coast town called Clanwilliam, who had also been effected from antennae on her office in Cape Town and now also as a result suffered from the same illness and had to leave her family.

I packed the car and left for Clanwilliam, but was unable to afford the accommodation. After taking a trail into the bush, I stayed next to the river without food for several days. I later ended up in a small town in the Cederberg called Wupperthal. It is very secluded from modern society and has no cell phone reception. I managed to rent a small cottage from the Moravian Church that owns the town. There I found relief from my constant pain.

Meanwhile, my family tried their best to visit, but I ended up seeing them only two weekends a month. The distance of 400 km and a very bad gravel road made it a time consuming trip with two young children.

During this period, I did extensive travelling up and down the West Coast and Cederberg and closer to Somerset West in search for a save place to stay, only to come up empty handed. At that stage I spent every second weekend in my car.

In 2009 I had to leave Wupperthal because I wasn't allowed to rent accommodation for a long period

of time seeing that I wasn't a member of the Moravian church. My only option was to move back to Pretoria. One day I met an engineer who specializes in radiation blockage. He assured me that it was possible to isolate a room from radiation although it would be costly.

During 2010 I did extensive travelling between Pretoria and Cape Town in order to build a safe room, but due to a lack of finances and proper materials it was unsuccessful. I had to remain in Pretoria. In the beginning of 2011 it became clear that my wife was under enormous pressure and I realized that I urgently had to try and get back to them. She struggled to manage with us being apart, the kids and a demanding work.

This forced me to go back and support my family to the best of my ability, while facing the daily agony, no matter how bad. After three months, my body started falling apart from the constant radiation and living in my car. The spot where I spent most of my time was 30 km away from my home.

During this period, I have been inspected by the police, harassed and threatened by people under the influence. On one occasion I was nearly killed when a drunken person crashed his vehicle a few meters from mine. Throughout 2011 I stayed with my family for a period of only 3 months while I spent over 90 nights in my car, thereafter I spent the rest of the year in isolation. It is only by the grace of God that I have managed to stay alive through these past years.

I suffered several attacks, similar to epileptic attacks whenever I was exposed to the elements for too long. My wife and I decided that it really was impossible for me to be with them because the next step could be fatal. In the beginning of June 2011 I kissed my family goodbye and left for Pretoria. It felt unreal but I had to push forward for survival.

On arrival at my parents' house I was shocked beyond my wildest belief. Their house was no longer safe for me to stay at. I started feeling the agonizing symptoms where I had previously coped before. A tower had been erected within very close proximity and although I wasn't sure what type of tower it was, the signal was too strong for me to handle. I thought I had finally run out of options.

I didn't know where to go or where I was going to sleep. I drove out to a farm 230 km outside Pretoria, close to Polokwane, where I created a man-made tent in the middle of the bush. I have been here since then and haven't seen my family in the last six months while being thousands of kilometers away.

At this moment I am lonely and cut off from the outside world, friends and family. The only reason I remain here is to sleep and survive. There's no tower in close proximity of the farm. During the past month my tent, mattress and belongings have been flooded during summer rainstorms.

During the past few years, I have missed several events in my families' life that can't be bought. My daughters' first tooth pulled, her first bicycle ride, her first school concert, and my son's first pictures he drew and the first time he slept without his diaper. I miss the love and support of my wife.

Many other people are starting to show similar symptoms, but it's being swept under the carpet because the radiation is a multi million rand industry.

In countries such as Sweden, Canada, France, Switzerland and Japan there are certain laws in place to protect citizens from these health hazards. The South African authorities should start looking into

this matter because it is becoming a growing concern.

Should the cell phone industry be willing to look into adjusting the cell phone transmissions close to my home in Somerset West, I may have a chance at living a reasonably normal life with my family. I haven't lived in my home, nor have I slept next to my wife on the same bed in the last 6 years. During the past 6 years I have moved more than 10 times. At this stage I have spent more than 300 nights in my car.

Most of these places are barely livable conditions to stay in. I am tired of being on the run and my body is exhausted. I have led a nomadic life and been deprived of my rights being a husband, father and friend. Meanwhile my children are growing up without their father and I'm not leading a fulfilling life. I have a need to be part of my family's lives, but instead we're being pulled apart. This is the worst punishment that anyone can endure.

I will continue to fight until the end. I owe it to myself and my family to seek a way to find a normal life. This letter is my last attempt to try and convince the authorities that ES is very real and a life threatening disease. I just want my life back and it really just depends on the cell phone towers closest to my home. I put my trust in God, that He will put the right people on my path that could assist me in ending this terrible nightmare.

At some point in time, the cell phone industry would have to acknowledge that we are facing a major catastrophe which can't be reversed. I am pleading with them to see the life through my eyes, put them in my position and see things from my perspective. I am pleading for these cell phone towers to be adjusted and that will give me my life back.

I can assure you that it would be the miracle that our family had been praying for the past 11 years. Not just one, but four people's future could be changed for the better. I implore you to make some small changes that would have enormous positive repercussions in many people's lives.

I thank you for this opportunity to put my story in writing and share it with you. I put all my trust in our system and believe that it won't be in vain.

Regards
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