

FFWPU UK: Meeting God Through Pain

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Andrew Davies shares his cancer journey since 2020, from a kidney stone that revealed a pancreatic tumor through delayed surgery during COVID lockdown, metastasis to his liver, and the miracles of love, support, and treatment he has found along the way.

Talking about cancer is a real tough thing to make inspirational. But of course, the inspiration is not the cancer itself — it's the reaction you get from the ones you love, and the things that just happen.

I was going to tell you all about a tree. If you're travelling north from here along the Fosse Way, there's a turn-off to an old Roman villa, and there's a special tree there. Because we've been coming to this area — or to Cleeve House — for years, since the kids were very young, we know it well. We still don't know what kind of tree it is, but we always called it the perfect tree, because it has perfect symmetry. Trees usually grow as they will, all over the place — but this tree is really something special.



For years we just called it that. But as the years went by, we looked again and thought: that's not one tree, that's two trees. And then years later, it became clear: from the side or the front, it looks like one tree; from inside, it looks like two. We thought it was two trees growing in perfect symmetry — like two beings come together in marriage, two halves making something much bigger. I went up with Fran on Thursday, the last beautiful day we had, and took photographs. When I took a closer look, I could see it's actually one tree. It starts off as one, then splits and intertwines. I was thinking in Principle terms: origin,

division, union. The beginning is God, who splits into male and female — and they support each other, share the same environment, and create this thing of beauty.

Which brings me to the first miracle I have experienced. It's not just from having cancer; I've known it all our married life. That's that lady sitting over there. Can I give a round of applause? She has kept me going. If it were me on my own, I wouldn't be here. I couldn't be bothered with a pill regime, jabs, all the things she does. She has had to take over more and more, every step of the way. She is my full-time carer. She stopped everything else she was doing. There's a lot you have to do just to get through every day — hundreds of pills and jabs. And when she's not doing that, even in the middle of the night, she's on call 24/7. I couldn't do what she's doing; I don't have the energy or the stamina. Every evening she's on the internet, scouring everywhere for the latest alternative cures. I owe my life to her.



When I was in America, I remember listening to a pastor who gave tips on how to be a good preacher. He spoke about the Three B's: be brief, be bold, and be gone. There's nothing brief about my story — but I'll try.

The whole saga started about two and a half years ago. We were going to Paris to do some filming. In the middle of the night, before we were due to get the Eurostar, I had incredible pain. Oh my goodness, I didn't know where to put myself. So instead of going to Paris, I found myself in A&E. What I had was a kidney stone. If you've ever had one, they say it's the closest men ever come to childbirth. When the paramedics came, they gave me morphine, and it did nothing. They gave me Entonox — the gas mothers use in childbirth. I'd never had a kidney stone before, and I haven't had one since. Why on earth did I get this kidney stone?

Before they let me go, they took a scan to see if I had any friends left behind. I got a call a week later: "Very pleased to say we did not find any more kidney stones, but unfortunately, we did find a tumor on your pancreas." That's one of the worst places to get a tumor, because nobody knows about it until it's too late. You usually don't get symptoms until it's very late. One consultant said it was the luckiest discovery anybody ever had — a blessing in disguise — because the tumor was tiny, and it should have been in and out. That was November 2020. I was scheduled for surgery on January 12, 2021.

Here is the bold part. It's never a good time to get a tumor, but the very worst time was then, because this government decided to cancel basically all surgery. They said they wanted to keep beds free. I was told they couldn't guarantee an ICU bed. For them it was an administrative thing — just delay everything, delay cancer surgery. But cancer is life and death; time is critical. They said: "Well, we know surgery is plan A, the gold star, but we've had good results with chemo." The head of oncology for the Midlands rang me up and said: "Yes, we've had great results." So I had three months of chemo, and by then we should be out of lockdown, and I'd get my operation.

My sister had offered to pay for me to go private. The Priory, which is two miles down the road from Queen Elizabeth Hospital, never shut down. My surgery would have cost 26,000 pounds, and my sister offered to pay — but I thought, that's a lot of money, I didn't want to take it from her. So I took the doctor's advice. I didn't get my operation for six and a half months. I did have chemo, and it did nothing. When they scanned me afterwards, the tumor had not grown, but it had not shrunk either; it was already small. They booked me in, and they even delayed that from the two-week target. I never worried, never lost a night's sleep — because I always thought I was going to get better.

I woke up the next day after a ten-hour operation, and there was the surgeon — a very nice Spanish chap. He looked so worried. I asked: "Am I going to die?" He said: "No, you're not going to die." I asked: "Did you get the cancer?" He said: "Yes, we got the cancer." I remember knowing it was only because of this man that I was still here. That was the first time I realized the enormity of the situation. And then they told me: "Oh, by the way — you're now type 1 diabetic."

Recently I've been in Germany, and I told my story to surgeons there. They were absolutely shocked. Britain stopped major surgery? They didn't. Same in America. Our government made a conscious decision to do this. Professor Vallance said in the beginning that lockdown could result in two hundred thousand excess deaths — nothing to do with COVID. And it did. I'm still here, I'm lucky. There are lots of people who are dead or dying, and their names will never be known, all as a result of government decision. That's the boldness.



Now, miracles. Miracle number one was, I survived the operation. The surgeon said to me: "Normally, for tumors of this kind, we don't operate. They just stitch you up and wish you well. But at Queen Elizabeth, they go further." I recovered pretty quickly. I had a walking regime, and we live in the hills, so plenty of that with the dog. I started doing video work again, mainly for Mark on Rise of Hope. I couldn't film, but I could edit and direct. I directed three Prime Ministers from home, because a lot of people record from studios or laptops now. I also kept writing newspaper articles.

Then last June, we had a routine CT scan, and it revealed the cancer had metastasized to my liver. We didn't tell anybody. I asked the oncologist: "How long have I got?" He said: "Do you really want to know?" I said: "Not really, because we always get it wrong anyway." We didn't tell any of you, because we hadn't told our children — and they'd already been through enough.

As a writer, I've been very inspired by a chap called Sam White. He was a brave doctor at the very beginning of COVID. He spoke out against the jab, and made a video saying: "In all conscience, I cannot support this jab, because it has not been tested enough. If adults want to take it, that's their choice — but what I cannot condone is giving children a jab which may affect the rest of their lives." He got suspended as a doctor by the General Medical Council, and they took him to court. I was writing about him a lot in America. He's a really righteous, brave young doctor who lost his job. He appealed and eventually won, but he didn't go back into the NHS. He started his own holistic medicine. Now they have come back at him and annulled the appeal. They say it never happened; it's not on the legal record. That's our legal system.

He's been a good friend, and he introduced me to lots of other people. He introduced me to somebody who has given me a ton of video work. He also introduced me to all kinds of alternative treatments, because the NHS basically gave up on me. They said: "It's an inoperable area of your liver, we can't touch it." Dr Sam said: "I know a guy in Germany. There is someone in England doing the same thing on Harley Street, but he's very expensive. It would be cheaper to go to Bavaria." So we went to a beautiful lake in Bavaria over Valentine's Day. We had a free day to ourselves, took a cable car up to the top of the mountain, and had a lovely lunch.

But that day was as good as it got. I started developing symptoms. I hadn't even properly started on the professor's treatment, called Goldyn — where they mix your blood with gold. Gold has been used for

healing for 200 years. The problem was, sometimes the body would reject it as a foreign body, so this professor breaks the gold into nanoparticles. He took my blood, and then I developed internal bleeding. It got so bad that the professor said: "You need to go to hospital immediately, or you will die." The local hospital surgeon did an endoscopy to find the leak. He told me: "I have to tell you — there's a good chance you may not come through the operation." I was in hospital for three days, none of which were insured. The bill for the hospital alone was five thousand pounds. I just wanted to get home to see the kids. We had to stop the treatment we'd paid for, and we flew home the next day.

Have any of you heard of the Korean Pearl Providence? They developed pills they say can cure cancer. You don't need chemo. They're selling huge quantities in the Philippines and Mongolia. I don't know why he's not more widely known in our movement. A friend said: "I've got the pills." So when we stopped the German treatment, I asked Mark: "Can I take some of these pills? They're excellent." January 4th was the first time I felt cancer symptoms and pain. After two days it got so intense I could hardly sit up. After about three weeks of taking the pills, the pain on that side had almost disappeared. I couldn't lie on my side before. Then I got this terrible rash, because once the liver starts to pack up, it can't deal with toxins — so they come out elsewhere, like a kind of shingles. That was an immediate improvement. Unfortunately, since I don't have a pancreas, I don't produce enzymes, so oral pills take longer to kick in.

We've gone back to the doctor in Germany too. I told you how expensive the Harley Street treatment was. Here's another miracle: it says on his website the treatment costs about 17,000 pounds. I rang him up, and he said: "I'll treat you for free." How many people get free treatment at Harley Street? Dr Carter is a wonderful man. So we are doing that, but they're in London, and we have to drive down three times a week. Ingrid is driving 600 miles a week for me. She has made a little bed and mattress in the back of the car, so I can try to get some sleep.

A miracle of miracles: Mark said: "I can set up a GoFundMe page to help pay for this." I'm getting a discount price, but it's still outrageously expensive. The pills are 14 pounds each, and I was taking six a day. Some of my old buddies from UTS got together and created a GoFundMe page. Just after this near-death experience, I had raised over twelve thousand pounds. When they said they were going to do it, I thought I might get 50 quid if I was lucky. It doesn't matter what size the donations were; it's the fact — knowing money is so tight at the moment — that flow of love. I'm so grateful. How many miracles have I told you about today? And not just that — every email, every visit. My goodness, I have never had so many visitors in my life. It's good for your waistline, but I don't recommend it.

I'm not over cancer, far from it. Every day is a challenge. But I figure I've got too much to live for. People have invested so much in me, I can't just pack up now. Behind everything, of course, is the spirit world. Can you explain how I got that kidney stone? To this day, I think it was a warning. Had we not had this lockdown madness, I wouldn't be in this situation. It would have been done and dusted two years ago. However, here we are. I'm very grateful for the family and the friends I have. Next month, Ash is getting blessed. My nephew Ian — Diane's son — lives in Prague, and I told him: "I'll come to Prague, but it will be for your wedding." He's getting married this summer, so I made a promise.

With your help, your prayers, your support, I'll keep going. Literally 100 people donated — prayers from all over the place. Ashley's mother-in-law to be has got her church and choir praying for me, and they gave a donation. I saw a donation come in for a huge sum of money, anonymous, and I found out it was their whole congregation. They raised a thousand pounds. God is everywhere. God is there for all of us.

I don't know if Ruby is watching, but I'm sorry to hear about your situation, Ruby. I hope you can find some inspiration in this. I hope this never happens to any of you. But if it does — cancer is not a one-way street. I get annoyed when I see those Macmillan adverts on TV, where people are given the news, their head goes down, little tears. This is the beginning, not the end. You have plenty of reason to feel sorry for yourself — but if you go down that route, that's where it leaves you. Never feel sorry for yourself. Always look forward, always have plans, always be grateful — and you never know.