Aspartame Galore

It frustrates me to no end when I bring up the subject of that deadly aspartame, only to be brushed off with a casual dismissal—something along the lines of “Oh, I gave up diet soda ages ago!” As a nutritionist, I hear about many symptoms from the local nurse practitioners and so on; I always attempt to investigate their diets and find where their aspartame ailments are coming from.

I ask questions of my own. “Do you eat out at restaurants?”

“Only rarely,” comes the sheepish response.

“How about microwaveable foods?”

“Only when I don’t have time to cook.” Often they reveal the brand.

Sometimes I dig further as I note them chewing. “Do you chew gum?”

“When I’m nervous,” they say—either that or vague replies while they complain of their multiple symptoms.

Naturally the biggest response is “You don’t understand.” They claim hereditary symptoms; their fathers and grandfathers have all suffered similar effects. I wish this was as simple as it sounds. It’s hereditary only in a certain sense. Let me explain.

I’ve an acquaintance. Let’s call her Sally. Even though she likes to eat organic everything, her baby was born early with multiple birth defects. It affects every part of her life as well as her partner’s. They are living with his parents and spending almost everything they have to keep this little one-year-old alive. Her speech and mobility have been delayed terribly and she’s begun to have seizures and respiratory ailments. She visits the ER far more often than anyone her age should—in a series of endless referrals to many different specialists, all stumped trying to figure out what’s going on with little Sissy.

Every penny the parents can scrape together is put aside for this child’s recovery. I asked what she was being fed. Sally’s answer was organic everything, including chicken. I told them it might be a tad early to be feeding her chicken, especially given her fragile state. Sally admitted that her partner and his parents have gotten worried. This fellow intakes about 25 Mountain Dews a week and gets upset when either she or his parents criticize him about it. She has no idea what to do should they have another child. Unfortunately I’m fairly certain it’s all but inevitable.

Her partner is unquestionably an aspartame addict. Sally expresses relief that he’s not an alcohol addict, at least until I gently remind her that aspartame contains methyl wood alcohol. Like it or not, he’s a pretty solid drinker. Despite her observant attitude otherwise, she seems oblivious to the writing on the wall. When Sissy takes foreign-made vitamins and medicines, Sally seems shocked when she only gets worse. Much of the production of medication, especially for children and animals, has been shifted to other countries. This doesn’t feel like it’s shaping up to anything resembling a positive outcome.

According to Dr. B, it takes three years for the birth toxins to clear from a child—all the bad stuff that the father and the mother imbibe goes to the child, including all the ridiculous amounts of aspartame in the father. If Dr. Bieler were alive today, he’d agree wholeheartedly that these pre-delivery problems, such as hyaline membrane, begin at conception and starts especially with malformed lungs, especially with male children. Even if the mother is totally pure, the father’s donation can shape the child for good or ill, and vice-versa. When the parents are joined, the toxicity of aspartame and MSG penetrate the placenta and begin destroying the lungs—never mind any of the others.

It would take a book in itself to discuss the full extent of potential birth defects and delivery complications created by aspartame, MSG, and the like. The majority of aspartame addiction, however, is on a personal basis, defined by food and drink intake. This widespread excitotoxin, and its partner MSG, are found in so many, many things—never mind Mountain Dew.

The sad part of this story is that, aside from the manufacturers, there’s only one portion of the population that benefits from these toxins all over the place—certain portions of the AMA and the medical industry, especially where the ER is concerned. If people could just pull back and not panic over every symptom that occurs; if they could hold back and not rush to the ER every time they metaphorically sneeze, they could avoid spending all of the money the ER demands.

Mind you, I’m not talking about trauma—bleeding, broken bones, and the like. Those are emergencies; please don’t think I’m badmouthing the ER outright. Let me explain.

I know a very nice out of state family that I’ve followed for years, both in friendship and in sympathy. Not a week passes by that one of the four members of the Edwards isn’t in the ER. They don’t even take holidays! One of the more recent stories from this family is sad enough to almost be funny.

Two of the four became ill with food poisoning from artichokes. They were bewildered by the fact that the other two didn’t get sick. Because of the vitamins and drugs prescribed during their last visit to the ER, I’m frankly surprised all four weren’t in due to drug poisoning instead. 24 hours later those two were back to normal and they were saved again—by the ER, of course, who reminded them not to forget the bill on the way out.

I asked the Edwards what they would do if their insurance ever stopped covering these visits. They admitted they’d be quite panicked. They’ve visited the hospital more times over the last fifteen years than anyone could dare to count. If I mention things like Moringa, or suggesting things like getting more rest, or even just waiting the disease out, they nervously decline. I can almost feel a smile on the doctor’s face every time he sees an Edwards come through the door.

As a nutritionist, my biggest bit of advice is to always give the body a chance to heal on its own. Regardless of what the Edwards believe, the body’s incredibly hearty and each part of it plays a role in restoring homeostasis. As much as I hate aspartame, there’s no need to panic every time a reaction occurs; that said, the safest thing is to simply stop taking it, lest you end up in a position like Sally or maybe the Edwards.

Not unlike the MDs there are three things I hear as unsolvable problems from clients: sexual dysfunction, constipation, and fatigue. I wish these three things were the only three aspartame effects! The full list is available [here.](http://www.mpwhi.com/92_aspartame_symptoms.pdf) With all 92 of these symptoms as spelled out by the FDA, know that there is almost nothing that can be done about it—not through medication, not through surgery, not through vaccines. There is only one solution—one extremely simple solution, in theory if not in practice. Determine and follow through on this plan.

Go ninety days with no aspartame intake whatsoever. No matter what—even if you’re traveling or visiting. Eat none. Be aspartame-free for ninety days. See if these mystery symptoms don’t disappear, if it isn’t too late. It takes tremendous amounts of willpower, but it can be done—and it’ll probably save you money too. It’s exciting to watch the day-by-day improvement. One might even try keeping a journal. Pray for strength to follow through, and remember, no aspartame—no cheating. Read those labels, as always. I’d like people to let me know about their own success stories. Send me a message at [joymoments4@gmail.com](mailto:joymoments4@gmail.com). To further your journey, I encourage you to visit Dr. Betty Martini’s website ([www.mpwhi.com](http://www.mpwhi.com)) for stories from others, so you don’t feel like you’re alone as the toxins exit from your system. Know that others have walked where you have walked.

If you haven’t become an aspartame addict yet, then well done! I commend your strength of will and I encourage you to stay that course. You will truly experience a better lifestyle.

Now enough is enough. Let’s move onto some simple thoughts for the day.

Your diet is a bank account. Good food choices are good investments. – Bethanny Frankel

Wherever you go, go with all your heart. – Confucius

My favorite things in life don't cost any money. It's really clear that the most precious resource we all have is time. – Steve Jobs

Keep your face always toward the sunshine - and shadows will fall behind you. – Walt Whitman

Thanks for your time.  
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