

layman to another, here are three things I'd do. First, I'd visit the finest heart specialist I could find and accept his diagnosis as final. You've already checked with four doctors, and none of them has found anything peculiar with your heart. Let the fifth doctor be your final check. It may very well be you've got a perfectly sound heart. But if you keep on worrying about it, eventually you may have a very serious heart ailment. Looking and looking and looking for an illness often actually produces illness.

"The second thing I'd recommend is that you read Dr. Schindler's great book, *How to Live 365 Days a Year*. Dr. Schindler shows in this book that three out of every four hospital beds are occupied by people who have EII—Emotionally Induced Illness. Imagine, three out of four people who are sick right now would be well if they had learned how to handle their emotions. Read Dr. Schindler's book and develop your program for 'emotions management.'

"Third, I'd resolve to live until I die." I went on to explain to this troubled fellow some sound advice I received many years ago from a lawyer friend who had an arrested case of tuberculosis. This friend knew he would have to live a regulated life but this hasn't stopped him from practicing law, rearing a fine family, and really enjoying life. My friend, who now is seventy-eight years old, expresses his philosophy in these words: "I'm going to live until I die and I'm not going to get life and death confused. While I'm on this earth I'm going to *live*. Why be only half alive? Every minute a person spends worrying about dying is just one minute that fellow might as well have been dead."

I had to leave at that point, because I had to be on a certain plane for Detroit. On the plane the second but much more pleas-