



My Life Living 6 Feet Under Cell Phone Towers



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By Veronica Ciandre
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If you told me three months ago not to hold a cell phone to my head or body, and that if I did, to at least have the battery pack facing outwards, I would have listened but it would not have changed my mind.

If you told me to exchange my cordless phones for good old-fashioned corded phones, I would have listened, but it would not have changed my mind, I liked my cordless phones thank you very much.

If you told me three months ago to use an Ethernet cable with my laptop and keep Airport mode turned off, or to move the WiFi antennae from my bedroom and to turn it off at night or when not in use, or to get rid of all WiFi all together, I would have listened, while thinking to myself “that’s a lot of work, why would I want to do all of that?”

If you told me three months ago that baby monitors should not be placed near babies or to ask my 14yr. old daughter to text more than talk, and not sleep with her phone or computer on the pillow beside her, I would have listened but still it might not have changed a thing.

If you told me three months ago that the microwave radiation emitted by cell phones, cordless phones, WiFi antennas, cell towers and masts, WLAN and other wireless technology was an invisible culprit causing thousands of people to experience all manner of symptoms from insomnia to high blood pressure, and should be avoided completely or at least whenever possible, I would have listened, but still I might not have changed a thing. After all, the government was there to protect our health and they were approving these things, and the mass media told all of us these devices are safe to our health.

But before three months ago I hadn't spent more than a month living 6 feet under as well as in front of cell towers that were placed on my balcony roof. Before three months ago I was healthy, vital and slept like a baby. I didn't wake up with numb hands and feet, my body feeling prickly all night and tingling or vibrating almost all day. I didn't spend night after night in a hyper active state, as though electricity was running through me.

Before three months ago I lived in a beautiful home that I loved, it was my sanctuary. I didn't have a hissing or buzzing or high-pitched ring in my ear, known as tinnitus or microwave hearing, mostly when in that home. I didn't get tension headaches ever, or feel like there is an invisible band around my head creating pressure. I didn't feel bouts of nausea on a regular basis, sometimes accompanied by a metallic taste in my mouth, and I didn't get dizzy spells.

I wasn't afraid I might have a heart attack as I slept on a makeshift floor mattress in my apt and felt my heart race all night while my body from top to toe became increasingly numb and tingly. I wasn't without focus and direction and unable to concentrate. I'd never gotten shocks touching my bed mattress, home light switches, pots on my stove, and with every stroke of my cats.

Before three months ago my daughter didn't have more than one unexplainable rash that hurt 'in' the skin as she described it, she didn't have headaches or feel nauseous and dizzy in our home, or experience the blood in her hand going cold. She never had sleepless nights.

Before three months ago I hadn't abandoned my home at the advice of someone who could have sold me thousands of dollars worth of products and equipment by convincing me they would alleviate this situation. Instead I was told, "you have to get out of there, if you care about you and your daughters health you're going to have to move". I had never couch surfed with my 14yr old in tow while trying to maintain some semblance of a normal life or schedule for her.

Before three months ago I hadn't researched everything I could find to educate myself about the real dangers of exposure to microwave radiation, or electromagnetic frequencies. I wasn't fully aware of cell towers and this invisible Wireless web that continues to be woven above all of our heads. I couldn't tell the difference between a Bell cell tower, a Rogers cell tower, a Globealive or Wind cell tower or a Telus cell tower. I'd never heard of Industry Canada or Spectrum, Canada Safety Code 6, or the Bioinitiative report.

I hadn't spoken to Health Canada, Industry Canada, Canadian Environmental Legal Association, Environmental Health Clinic, Environmental Health Association, The Environmental Protection Office, The Toronto Environmental Alliance, Public Health office, Canadian Association of Physicians for the Environment, my City Counselors office, trying to find some-any answers as to how safe it is to live in such close proximity to a cell tower. So far none of them have told me it's not safe, but thankfully I have better judgment, a body that is telling me the truth, and Liala, Kevin and Magda to confirm what I already knew.

Before three months ago I hadn't spent 15 days getting 2 hours sleep a night because my body was still vibrating all the time, and the rest of the night in tears while feeling like I was losing my mind from sleep deprivation combined with the physical stress of feeling fight or flight 24 hours a day.

I didn't have a clear and unpleasant physical reactions to my cell phone, the usage of cell phones by people in close proximity to me, the touch of my computer keyboard, or the experience of sitting close to the monitor for too long. I didn't feel my legs tingling-and going cold and slightly numb if I spent too much time in the same room as a WiFi station. I didn't feel nauseous and have sharp pains go through my hand and up my arm if I held a cordless phone or a cell phone while in use. I didn't feel nauseous if I sat for too long or too close to a television. I do now.

Before three months ago I couldn't tell you when I was standing within two to four blocks from a cell tower installation. I never thought twice about leaning on walls or in close proximity to the electrical wiring in a building, or lying on the floor above a basement for the same reasons. I never had to consider the effects of my neighbors WiFi antennas and cordless phone base station broadcasting through any wall that stood between us.

Before three months ago I hadn't heard the words Electro Sensitive or Electro Hypersensitive. I hadn't spent hours and hours on the phone trying to find a good doctor, preferably one who knew what a cell tower was and the possible effects of living 6 feet under or in front of one, only to find that it is nearly impossible to find any doctor at all taking new patients. Unfortunately for me, the ones that were, who offered the kinds of analysis or treatment I needed, cost an arm and or a leg or a plane ticket which I didn't have to spare at that time.

Before three months ago I hadn't slept in six locations over a period of nine days in the middle of a three week period, while trying to find a place where I could get a good nights sleep because even after friends and family pulled the plug on the WiFi, cordless phones, and everything but the fridge, my body was reacting to the wireless technology from the neighbors, emitting through the walls to where I slept.

Before three months ago I hadn't heard of EMF Solutions, Earthcalm, Magda Havas, Jim Vella, the Weep Initiative, the Electro-sensitive Society, a Qlink, a gauss meter or an Electro smog meter. I hadn't read stories from hundreds of people around the world whose lives have been profoundly impacted by something we can't see or hear (for the most part) but can most definitely feel... by microwave radiation, and electromagnetic frequencies emitting at levels not meant for human consumption, by something we are led to believe is harmless and benefits us in more ways than it bombards us, in favor of convenience and especially someone's bottom line, over our continued health and longevity.

Three months ago my life got turned upside down by exposure to microwave radiation while living 6 feet under and in front of 10 Cell towers. I am now preparing to move to a home yet to be found, and challenged by the fact that I have to consider my recently acquired sensitivities more than the location, size, and cost.

There is no doubt in my mind or my body as to when and where this all began. There is no doubt in me at all, that human beings are affected on a biological level by exposure to microwave radiation well below the levels considered safe by Health Canada's Safety Code 6.

A lot can happen in three months, and like anyone else, I don't like being blindsided. I share this with you not because I expect you to listen, but because I do want you to pay attention. Pay attention to the choices that are yours to make, and especially to the ones that are made for you. Because even if I had listened to every piece of advice in terms of precaution, I still would have had no choice about whether or not I wanted to live in a neighborhood rife with cell towers... or should I say live and sleep 6 feet under and in front of 10 of them.

Pay attention now, before you have to pay dearly.

Sincerely

Veronica C.