

# Natural Weight-Loss Newsletter

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Presenting a principle that  
enables the overweight to  
reduce quickly, safely,  
naturally and permanently!

## SUCCESS, AT LAST! THE INCREDIBLE STORY OF JAMES TULLIS ...or... IF JAMES COULD DO IT, SO CAN WE!!!



James...“Before” and “After”!

On the 18th of August, 1985, at The California Health Sanctuary in Hollister, California, a special flurry of activity and anticipation filled the air. Notably, one of the student's beds was receiving a bolstering of concrete blocks underneath the frame. For by evening, James Tullis would arrive. And at 6'6" tall, he weighed 523 (yes, 523) pounds.

He drove in late that evening. Arthur Andrews, the Sanctuary's director, invited me in to meet James. “Weight-loss Expert” that I was, I just was not prepared for the sight: James in his shorts, laid out on his bolstered bed. Arthur formally introduced me to our new student, adding that: “James has made

the decision that he *does* want to continue living.”

I was horrified at the incredible belly of fat. He resembled a hideously pitiable, beached walrus. I reached out to touch a swollen red hand. In shock, I mumbled some half-hearted words of assurance that he “had come to the right place.”

Back in my room, alone to recover—dazed—the horror and shock turned to disgust and finally to a low-grade, gnawing fear. Though I was a trim size 10 and an apparently normal weight at that moment, James had arrived to remind me from whence I come and to where I might once again return with just a seemingly few countless, mindless slips of the fork. (“After working so hard to have ribs and hip bones I could feel and legs that were taking shape...how dare this ghastly figure appear on the scene to taunt me?”) These were the late-night imaginings of a madwoman, not yet free of *her* bulimic past. That, however, was some time ago. Today, I am ever so grateful for having been given the opportunity to share with you the incredible story of James Tullis and his “Success...at Last!” with *The Natural Weight-Loss System*. Because his story is so special, it will take this entire newsletter to do it justice!

### A TIME-LINE FOR JAMES TULLIS

Birthdate: 1944...Born into a fine family  
Age 10: 1954...Normal weight and normal eating habits  
Age 17: 1961...Joined The Navy  
Age 24: 1968...Married  
1968-1972...In and out of Veteran's Hospitals  
...5 suicide attempts  
...Developed a serious eating disorder  
...Weight: 380 lbs.  
...Developed alcoholism

- Age 29: 1972...Divorced  
 ...Retired medically from Navy, diagnosed:  
 paranoid-schizophrenic
- Age 32: 1975...Received counselling under Dr. Seth Owens  
 and was VA hospitalized  
 ...Reached weight of 220 lbs.  
 ...Terminated treatment  
 ...Fell in with "low-life companions" and took up  
 nearly every self-destructive compulsion  
 imaginable
- Age 34: 1977..."Tore up a nightclub" and was put on a  
 5-year probation for being "drunk and disorderly"
- Age 37: 1980...Dropped the "low-life group" and some of  
 the self-destructive habits  
 ...Became an Amway Distributor  
 ...Weight: 380 lbs.
- Age 40: 1983...Spent 6 months in Oregon, left at 485 lbs.
- Age 41: 1985...Spent February to August in VA Hospital,  
 took up crutches to walk and bottled air to breathe  
 ...Left with doctor's prognosis of "6 months to live"
- Age 42: 1985...Entered The California Health Sanctuary on  
 August 18, weighing 523 lbs.
- Age 43: 1986...Reached an underweight of 183 lb in  
 November
- Age 44: 1987...Weighs ideal weight of 220 lbs. and is  
 attempting to stabilize this weight naturally, the  
 Live-food way!!!

From February to August of 1985, James stayed in the Pulmonary Ward of yet another VA hospital. James had "gone about as far as you could go" with Standard American Foods. His whole body was in pain. On the threshold of "The 7th Stage of Disease," James' life had become a matter of learning to live with the symptoms of his morbid obesity.

The legs had given out. A bright, reddish purple, they were turning gangrenous and phlebotic. Doctors predicted amputation would be necessary. The 72" gut was so heavy, it pulled him down, causing severe lower back pain and making walking impossible. The 5-pack-a-day cigarette habit made breathing difficult, at best. And the abdominal fat had pushed the stomach up into the chest cavity, further cutting off lung capacity. Indeed, he was at the "end of the line." His whole body was in terrible pain. On crutches to walk and carrying around bottled oxygen to breathe, James was the (barely) living example that overeating is a progressive disease that destroys one's life on all levels: spiritual, emotional, and physical. The medical doctors cursed him as he left, with: "I'll give you just 6 months to live!" The "Smorgie-Bob" restaurants had gotten him...at last.



James recalls: "I was afraid of living...period! Anytime anyone would look at me, I thought he was trying to kill me, or that he wanted something from me. So I was on the defensive all the time. If someone treated me nice, I would think 'Oh, they're trying to get something out of me.' That's why I ate...so people would stay away from me. Then I became lonesome. That felt bad, too. So I ate to cover up the loneliness. I must admit, I derived a lot of pleasure from food. Food was delicious. Food was satisfying. Food was escape. Food was soothing, comforting, nurturing, tranquilizing. And food was friendship, love, sex, and company. Still, food did not keep me from feeling lonely."

James continues: "At about 29, I realized I was being self-destructive, but I didn't know what to do about it. Eventually, I knew I had a 'Death Wish.' I actually wanted to die. I didn't want to kill myself...but I kept on eating. I WANTED TO DIE! BUT I WANTED TO DIE HAPPY...EATING, OF COURSE!!!"

I recall a picture James shared with me: he was a slim, young man of 24 in a sailor suit...smiling and apparently happy. But he admitted to his immature attitude toward life—even then. A sour marriage and the stress of climbing "The Navy Ladder" turned him into a "basket case," until the Navy finally gave up on him. After five suicide attempts and five years in and out of VA hospitals, James was pronounced "paranoid-schizophrenic" and given an early medical retirement.

This opened the door to years of "easy money," free military flights, and binges in cheap motels. Both an alcoholic and a food-aholic, James lived as though every day was a "weekend party"—and he hovered around 380 pounds, with a 54" waist.

Real help appeared for four short months in the form of a loving, caring Dr. Seth Owens, while James pulled another stint in a VA hospital. Within 4 months of counselling, delving into the reasons for his self-destructiveness, James plummeted from 380 to 220 pounds. James started feeling really good about himself and began to understand why he had turned to food so passionately. The help was cut off too soon to take root, however. The VA hospital arbitrarily decided that retirees could not receive in-patient care. James was left to fend for himself.

And fend he did! This time, he found a sick "support system" of low-life companions—weirdos and "sickos," schizophrenics and manic-depressives, and SSI bums who didn't want to work. Now the weight went progressively back up to his "setpoint" of 380. Carousing with these "crazies" for 3 years, James picked up nearly every compulsion imaginable—adding gambling and cocaine to the smoking, drinking and eating. In fact, in a moment of spiritual confusion, he almost joined the Jim Jones group for what later became their mass suicide in Guyana.

In 1977, a turning point from all this excitement occurred. Being arrested as "drunk and disorderly" knocked some sense into him. As James put it, "One night I tore up a club. That is, I redesigned it...kicked in walls, busted up tables, smashed every bottle in sight." The judge put him on a 3-year probation. Shortly thereafter, James stopped the drugs and booze, as a real fear of jail and the life he would have to adapt to there woke him up. So James became a respectable Amway distributor for a short time. Then he ended up in Oregon with a severely depressed friend. His friend did drugs. And James ate. Especially, he "discovered" dairy products. Six months later, James weighed an all-time high of 485 pounds.

James vaguely recalls that in 1984 he could still “get around.” Living (conveniently) behind a supermarket, he could drive his van right up to the “Handicapped Parking” and roll out his daily supply of groceries. He was eating about 45,000 calories a day in SAD food. For James, the whole day was...FOOD!

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### BREAKFAST

10 large pancakes with the trimmings  
1 or 2 dozen eggs  
A pan of cornbread  
A gallon of milk  
1-2 pounds of bacon, real crisp

### THE AFTERNOON:

3 gallons of ice cream  
A jar of hot fudge  
A gallon of root beer  
2-3 dozen filled donuts

### THE EVENING:

A 10-lb. bag of potatoes, fried  
2-3 lbs. of steak with gravy  
A huge bowl of salad  
A full quart of salad dressing

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James reminisces: “I could polish off a 3-gallon bucket of ice cream at a single sitting. I scoffed 10 pounds of potatoes a day, cooked in heavy grease. I could put away a gallon of milk and a whole panful of cornbread, along with 2 dozen eggs daily. I would mix a gallon of spinach with mayonnaise and just ‘pig out.’ I could eat 5 gallons of cottage cheese in no time at all. Or I could go out to eat and spend \$100 a night on myself for steak and spaghetti dinners, one after another. One of my favorites was ‘eat-all-you-want’ smorgasbords. I could really shovel it down then, guilt-free.”

To make a much longer SAD, sickening, sordid story short, one record-hot day in August, James —“sweating like a pig”—passed out in Dr. Philip Raschid’s office. Awakening to smelling salts, James recalls Dr. Raschid commanding him: “Call Arthur Andrews...Here’s the number.” Eight days later, James was down in Hollister.

James did not describe the first few weeks at The California Health Sanctuary as being “easy” for him. Looking back, James states: “Arthur really put me to the test. I’m sure I put him to the test, too.” Coming “cold turkey” off 5 packs of cigarettes a day and mountains of food, James fasted the first 9 days—successfully. Then he sneaked some bananas from the kitchen. The next several days, James continued to “fast-and-cheat.” The next six to eight weeks, James was fed the raw food diet...but he “fought the system” the whole time. He remembers smarting off to Candice Chambers, the kitchen director: “I wouldn’t feed this \*hit to my dogs!” Laughing as he fondly recalls, he says: “She’ll never forget that!”

Twice, James drove off in the van for his food “fixes.” The first time, “Brother Dan”—a smallish, young Christian man—followed James into town and caught him with a grocery cart full of his SAD favorites, about to go through the check-out counter. Right there—in front of God and everybody—Dan made a scene. When James tried to hush Dan, begging him to

“be a friend,” Dan sternly responded: “AND WHAT KIND OF A FRIEND WOULD I BE IF I LET YOU DO THIS?”

Another time, James sped out of the driveway throwing gravel, then saw Arthur Andrews behind him in hot pursuit. At the risk of a real, live car crash, Andrews turned his Mercedes directly into the path of the “whiskey-bent-and-hell-bound” blue van. Tires screeched, and dust flew. James got out and threatened to “bust up” Andrews. And then came the crisis and the climax—the true turning point—of the incredible story of James Tullis. Andrews reportedly retorted: “AND HOW MUCH WOULD THAT GET YOU?” James—who had come to love Arthur—broke into humble tears. He started loving at that moment...with a love that would one day get him well.

“People started loving me.” James had discovered the simple formula of *The Natural Weight-Loss System* all on his own: *Love + The Ideal Diet + Exercise!*

James’ formal introduction to *The Natural Weight-Loss System*, however, came after about 2 months into his detoxification process at The Sanctuary. James was going through so much, I decided to wait awhile before I went through the course with him. We sat together one afternoon, pondering the newsletters and lessons, after which James received his copy. Little did he know then that he would become...our Star Pupil!!!

In James’ words: “That course helped save my life. It gave me so much inspiration. From reading your story, Victoria, I knew where you had come from...I understood your background. It made me think, ‘Well, she’s been there. If she can do it, why can’t I?’ So I read the lessons. I’m not a stupid person. I realized all the logic in it. The first night I got the course, I was up nearly all night, absorbing all this logic and love through the writings. I was excited. I saw that if I did such-and-such, then I’d lose weight. And I did!!! James talked the course up so much, fellow students were begging for orders. All-in-all, we watched James—in awe—as he progressed.

“I was raised Southern Baptist,” he said, “and religion amounted to going to the ‘church socials’ after the service. And God—how we would eat! Everything was ‘southern fried’ and fattening. But at The Sanctuary, I was introduced to a 12-step spiritual program for overeaters...and I found a living God. I am a Christian now. And I am spending at least an hour a day in The Bible. The Lord is revealing to me how to have my strength in Him...and how to stop lusting and start loving. Today, nearly all the people I spend time with are Christians. I have a *real* support system. I’m still going through a lot. I still have a lot to learn.”

For a period, James went under his ideal weight. This helped get rid of all the fat that was the unhealthy “seedbed” for future weight gain. James actually looked like a skinny, gaunt, emaciated person at 6’6” and 183 pounds. He had lost 340 pounds! After that, James began putting on muscle and gaining a little “healthy fat.” At this writing, he weighs his ideal 220 pounds. He isn’t in *perfect* health, but considering where he came from, he has gotten quite well! His skin shows the wear and tear of incredible weight gain and loss, and some internal structures didn’t hold up too well under the stress of his previously self-destructive lifestyle. Still, staying on the “straight and narrow” has rewarded James beyond his wildest dreams. His diet now? “95% raw food.” When I exclaimed, “That’s great,” James answered, “Well, no—100% is better!”

**WORDS FROM THE WISE JAMES TULLIS**

Read *The Natural Weight-Loss System*...study it, over and over. Get educated!

Get a support system of friends, a church group, or an overeaters' support group.

- ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **Eat Raw!!!** ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
- ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **Eat Right!!!** ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
- ★ ★ ★ **Don't Overeat!!!** ★ ★ ★
- ★ **Stop lusting for food...and start loving people!!!** ★

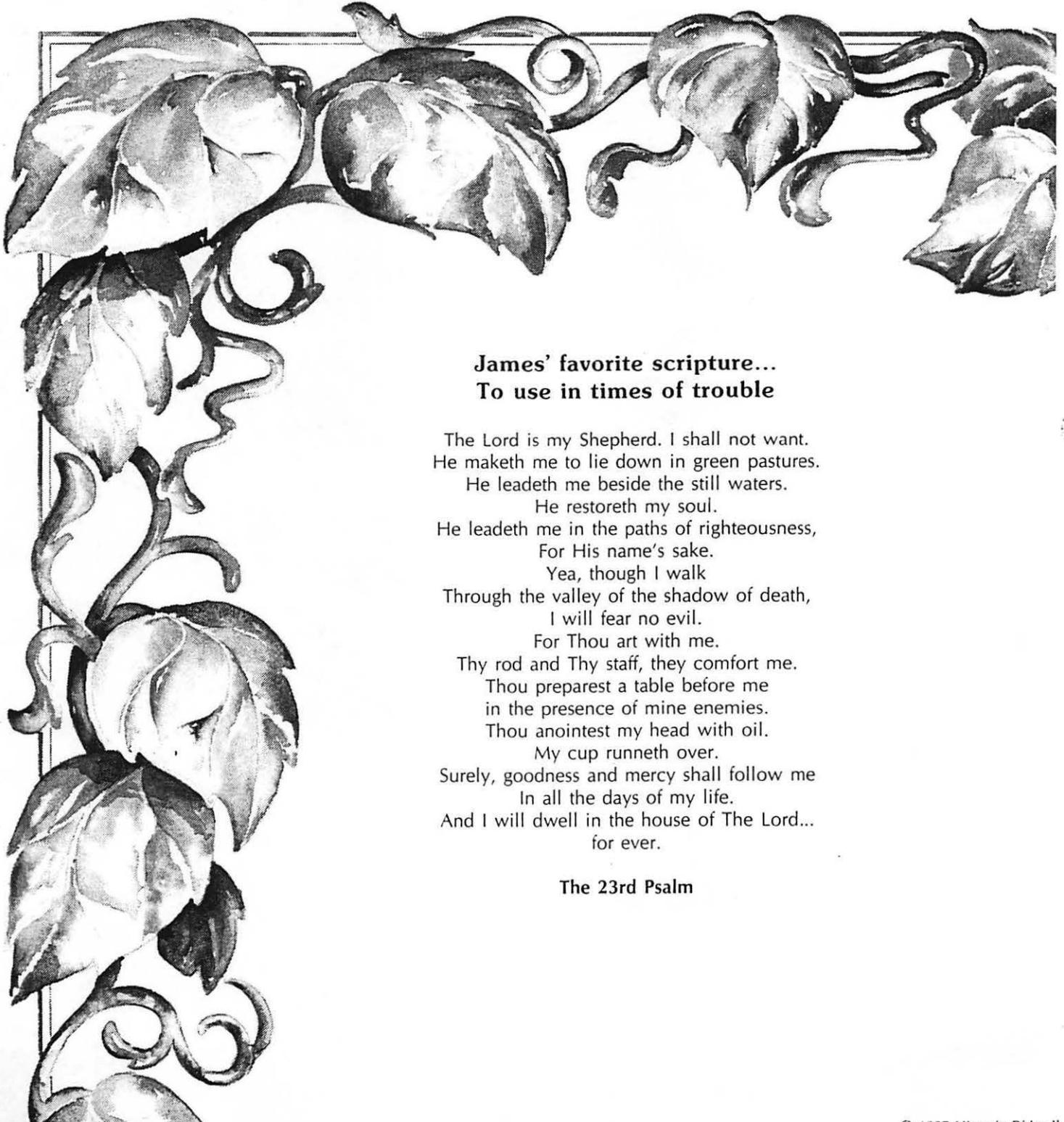
Think about what you're doing...instead of eating first.

Take a walk...instead of eating.

Call somebody...instead of eating.

Spend time in The Bible.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **Find God** ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



**James' favorite scripture...  
To use in times of trouble**

The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.  
He leadeth me beside the still waters.  
He restoreth my soul.  
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness,  
For His name's sake.  
Yea, though I walk  
Through the valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil.  
For Thou art with me.  
Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.  
Thou preparest a table before me  
in the presence of mine enemies.  
Thou anointest my head with oil.  
My cup runneth over.  
Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me  
In all the days of my life.  
And I will dwell in the house of The Lord...  
for ever.

**The 23rd Psalm**