

## **ELECTRO MAGNETIC SENSITIVITY**

My name is Alwyn Lewies and I am 41 years old. This is my story of living with an illness called Electro hyper Sensitivity (EHS) which I have been struggling with for the past 14 years of my life. Whenever I am exposed to electromagnetic fields, I am in severe pain.

It started in 2000 when a cell phone tower was erected at my workplace in Wapadrand, Pretoria. A cell phone company was interested in putting up a tower on my premises and we were assured that the tower would have no effect on us.

Unfortunately this was far from the truth, but we didn't know any better at the time. Within a brief period since the erection of the first tower, another one appeared only 80 meters away. Four months after these installations, my first symptoms started to occur.

While being at work, I would experience a 'burning' sensation in my head. The pain far exceeded that of a normal headache. In the beginning my headaches were painful, but bearable. But after some time, the pain became excruciating.

I then started to go from one doctor to the next, underwent several tests and brain scans, but all reflected as normal. I started monitoring my pain and realized that I only experienced pain after making a phone call on my mobile phone, or when being within close proximity of a cell phone tower.

Research confirmed my assumptions that it was in fact the radiation from these devices that caused my headaches. A short time after, all other electronic devices such as TV's, electric motors etc. started to affect me. To an extent, I was able to avoid some of these devices, but the cell phone towers were popping up all over the city and was a constant obstacle.

The radiation started to affect me so badly that I wasn't able to function in any way. I started to experience a new symptom which was the constant ringing in my ears.

As time passed, matters got worse, and I met Dr. Cloete in 2004. For the first time, I was diagnosed with EHS and it was a relief to finally put a name to my illness. Today in 2014 there are more doctors who are aware of this illness.

Studies showed that much research has been done, but a cure has yet to be discovered. The best I could do was to boost my immune system as much as possible.

Research shows that sufferers have high levels of heavy metals in their system. Some people are more sensitive to electromagnetic fields than others, in the same way that some such as my wife are more sensitive to hay fever. Just proves that not one person is the same and therefore our sensitivity to allergies is also different.

In 2004 I was forced to seek employment elsewhere at a construction company as my body couldn't handle the strain of the towers in such close proximity. After two years had passed, I resigned once more after all got worse and I was barely functioning and couldn't keep track of my thoughts.

Due to a lack of income, we had to sell our house and our family moved in with my parents. The only room where I felt the least pain was on the dining room floor. The electricity had to be switched off at the main switch in order for me to sleep.

During the day, I was confined to this small space, because this was the only place in the house with the lowest radiation levels.

After some time had passed, there was still no improvement, an opportunity came along for me to stay on a sheep farm in the Karoo. We decided it was best for my family to stay with the in laws in Cape Town until our son was born. My health improved but the distance between us became a problem. I had to get closer, but I couldn't move back into the radiation.

I travelled to Cape Town to be with them, but I had to sleep in my car every night. I drove to different places to establish where I felt best, but it was very unsafe. This continued for two weeks. After the birth of my son, I was forced to find a place to stay for our family.

In June 2007 we found a small cottage in Gordon's Bay where the radiation was minimal. I was only able to sleep on the kitchen floor where the radiation was lowest. The situation wasn't ideal, but we were together, and this lifted our spirits.

We managed to stay there a little more than a year, but in the beginning of 2009 I felt a new signal in the area which was very strong. The sleeplessness and pain started again and I couldn't be in the house any longer.

Once more the nightmare started, and I didn't know what to do, or where to go. The anxiety and uncertainty I experienced was frightening.

The following thoughts were flashing through my mind. I had to leave my wife and two young kids once more and they were too small to understand why I was abandoning them once more. The idea of me having to sleep in my car again was unthinkable and I didn't know which pain was worse – the burning sensation in my head, or the heartache of leaving my loved ones.

The turmoil continued for two weeks as I slept in my car next to the side of the road where there was no reception. Sleeping in discomfort and fear, the only times I went home was to eat and clean. It was then when I learned about a lady outside a West Coast town called Clanwilliam who suffered from the same illness.

I left for Clanwilliam, but weren't able to afford the accommodation. She informed me about a small town, Wuppertal where I could stay. It was completely secluded from modern society with no reception. Since I had to wait for accommodation to become available, I took a trail into the bush and stayed next to a river for a few days.

I managed to rent a small cottage from the Moravian Church who owns the town. There I found relief from the constant pain.

My wife and kids tried their best to visit me twice a month, but it didn't quite work out the way we planned. The distance and a poorly maintained gravel road made it a dangerous and lengthy journey with two young children.

During this period, I did extensive travelling up and down the West Coast and Cederberg and closer to Somerset West in search for a safe place to stay, only to come up empty handed.

At the end of 2009 I left Wuppertal and travelled back to my parents' house in Pretoria. There was a safe spot on the dining room floor where I was able to sleep. I met an engineer who specializes in radiation blockage. He assured me that it was possible to isolate a room from radiation although it would be costly.

I was warned that some people suffering from EHS do experience problems with these rooms, because the material used, reflected the radiation and made matters worse in most cases.

The EMF Forum also advised that it could be a problem for me, but I carried on because of my desperation to be with my loved ones.

During 2010 I did extensive travelling between Pretoria and Cape Town in order to build a safe room, but it was unsuccessful. I had to remain in Pretoria.

In the beginning of 2011 it became clear that my wife was under enormous pressure and I realized that I urgently had to get to them. She struggled to manage with us being apart, the kids and her work.

This forced me to go back and support my family to the best of my ability, whilst facing the daily agony, no matter how bad. After three months, the constant radiation and living in my car had a crippling effect on my body. I was sleeping next to the side of the road between Gordon's Bay and Rooi Els.

I became extremely ill, when exposed to these elements for lengthy periods. Suddenly I was unable to function and my body just gave in by collapsing. I decided that it really was impossible for me to be with my family because the next step could be fatal.

In the beginning of June 2011, I kissed my family goodbye and left for Pretoria. It felt unreal but I had to push forward for the sake of survival.

On arrival at my parents' house I was shocked beyond my wildest belief. Their house was no longer safe for me to stay in. A tower had been erected within very close proximity and although I wasn't sure what type of tower it was, the signal was too strong for me to handle. I thought I had finally run out of options.

This was one of the darkest days of my life. Little did I know that there would be many more to follow.

I just had to keep pushing forward. I am blessed with a wonderful wife and two precious kids, and I had so much to live for.

I didn't know where to go or where I was going to sleep. I drove out to a farm 230 km outside Pretoria, close to Polokwane, where I created a man-made tent in the middle of the bush.

After 9 months on the farm I couldn't stand it any longer. I was spending my days alone with nothing constructive to keep me busy and I was missing my family terribly.

I was cut off from the outside world, friends and family. The only reason I remained there was to survive. During this time my belongings have been flooded with summer rainstorms.

On 24 December 2011, I couldn't stand it any longer, and I went to visit my family. This time, I felt much better on arrival, and thought that my health was improving.

I was surrounded by my wife and kids, and my time at home wasn't that painful. This was during the December holiday.

Then, in early January 2012 things rapidly changed. I was in agony, but remained in Somerset West. It was as if everything flared up again as soon as the December holidays had come to an end.

The excruciating pain was back.

I spoke with an engineer about the strange pain sensation that came and went without warning, and he assured me that it cannot be from cell phone towers, because they weren't designed to be switched on and off on a frequent basis, but that it might be caused by other signal, such as Wi-Fi.

He strongly suggested that it had to come from nearby houses in our neighborhood. After taking measurements in the surrounding area, he assured me that my pain and the signal he was picking up, was indeed from Wi-Fi from surrounding homes.

For the first time, I learned how dangerous it was for EHS sufferers to come into contact with Wi-Fi.

I started to contact my neighbors and enquire about whether they were using Wi-Fi, and the response was astonishing. Most of them were very understanding about my situation, and my next door neighbors agreed to switch off their Wi-Fi when they weren't using it.

We decided to put it to the test. If I did experience the pain, I would inform my neighbor when he switched on the Wi-Fi, and he was astounded at my accuracy. As soon as the pain disappeared, there was this relief. The best I can describe the feeling is as if someone just pulled a knife from my head.

Some days are better than others – depending on the volume of Wi-Fi in the area, and the period it remains on.

In the beginning of August 2012 I slept in a spot between Gordon's Bay and Koggel Bay. After about 3 months I picked up a new signal in that area, and I called in the help of David Miles who took a reading with his meter. He confirmed my suspicions and I had to relocate once more.

For 2 weeks I went without sleep until one day my body just gave in. This put enormous strain on my immune system, and I fell terribly ill. My wife and our helper had to carry me to my car.

Seeing that hospitals in S.A. don't make provision for EHS sufferers, it wouldn't be an option to ever be hospitalized. The only thing I can do is going away from everything and everyone.

We knew I had to get away immediately but I was unable to drive. My wife threw a few essentials in a bag and we left without knowing where we were going or for how long.

It was the start of the long weekend and we had no other option than to drop two hysterical children at their grandparents and drive off with no plan whatsoever for the weekend ahead. I was sick and there were no space for them to sleep in the car with us.

My wife and I spent the following 3 days and nights in the car. We found a spot just outside Laingsburg next to the side of the road, where I felt some relief for the first time. We tried different places and spent the entire weekend driving from one place to the other, but to no avail.

We eventually found a farm outside Sutherland, and I stayed there for about 3 weeks to re-cooperate.

I then learned about a Nature Reserve 10 km outside Simon's town, called Smutswinkel, but I couldn't find a place to stay. There was a 'dead zone' (radiation free zone) just around the mountain for a few meters.

I parked my car once again, next to the side of the road and it became my next 'home'. This spot was 70km away from home and I travelled this distance every morning and evening for 7 months.

This was a secluded and unsafe area, where the poachers and game rangers were at war with each other. I was warned by the police and game rangers that it was unsafe, but I had nowhere else to go.

One of the last nights I slept there, I had a close encounter with death once more as the poachers surrounded my car whilst I was asleep.

After 7 months I had my back up against the wall, and didn't know how I was ever going to find another place, a kind doctor in Somerset West came to my rescue and offered his premises close to Hangklip as a safer place to sleep.

I still remain there to this day, but this time it is on a private property where I'm able to open my car windows and breathe fresh air. I was still sleeping in my car, but at least I was safe.

It has now been 2 years since I started sleeping in this spot, and I don't know if this man will ever really know how much it means to me, but he truly saved me when I was out of options.

I spend most of my time there. Waiting in my car until I have worked up the courage to move back into this invisible prison I'm supposed to call my home.

My wife and kids feels blessed to have me closer, but there are no way of telling how long I will remain, before rushing off when the 'airwaves' come to get me.

Lately we have experience a lot of load shedding in our area, and although other people may despise it, it confirmed my findings.

Whenever load shedding takes place, I find that I experience huge relief for that period of time. Cell phone towers don't shut down when power failures takes place. They run on battery power.

At the moment the Wi-Fi signal in our area is still painful, but I'm able to live with it. I have been blessed with very understanding neighbors who are willing to shut off their Wi-Fi whenever they don't make use of it. This makes an enormous difference in my life and the short amounts of time I spend at home become bearable.

Our lives are more complicated than the average family's but if there's one thing it has taught us, that is that life is precious, and you need to take every moment you can get and make the most of it! For you never know what awaits you around the corner.

We can never plan our next move or know what tomorrow would be like, but we've always managed to get through it. Not by our own strength, but by the help of our Creator and a handful of spectacular people who won't quit praying and helping wherever they can.

Up to date, I have spent more than 1300 nights in my car and moved homes 10 times in the past 14 years. I haven't slept next to my wife for the last 8 years. Today, I can't recall what that even felt like.

During these years, I have missed several events and milestones in my families' lives which can't be bought back. Their first teeth, words, bike rides, school and other events such as my mother's 60<sup>th</sup> birthday.

During this period, I have been inspected by the police, harassed and threatened by people. On one occasion a car crashed into mine while I was sleeping.

There are several other places which I tried out and failed, and this letter would be endless if I had to mention them all, but some of them include Natal, Eastern Cape, Free State, Karoo and Northern Transvaal.

I am not alone. Many people are starting to show similar symptoms but our voices aren't being heard.

South Africa doesn't even recognize this illness, nor do we have any legislation in place for this invisible disease. A country such as Sweden even offers compensation for citizens from these health hazards. They have laws in place to protect EHS sufferers.

South African authorities should start looking into this matter because it is becoming a growing concern.

This illness is not recognized in our country (yet). But nothing is keeping us from coming up with a solution for people like myself.

It is unrealistic to expect that radiation and technology would ever come to a grinding halt, or even banished, but we can surely put certain areas aside which would be safe to live in for those who are more sensitive to these elements, like other countries.

We all have Human Rights in S.A. EHS sufferers should form part of this, and have other options, than being forced to live in these man-made radiation areas.

How is it that one is permitted to cut away branches from a neighboring tree when it crosses over to your side, or file a noise complaint in your neighborhood, but you don't have any say when it comes to neighbors Wi-Fi streaming into your property, just because it can't be seen?

People with disabilities are taken into consideration at public places, such as wheelchair users. The expectation is that people struggling with EHS should at least be safe in their own homes, but that is not the case.

Most of these places I have been to barely have livable conditions. I am tired of being on the run and my body is exhausted. I have led a nomadic life and been deprived of my rights of being a husband, father and having friends.

Meanwhile my children are growing up without their father and I'm unable to lead a fulfilling life. I need to be part of my family's lives, but instead we're being ripped apart continuously. This is the worse punishment that anyone can endure.

I vowed to fight until the very end. I owe it to myself and my family to seek a way to find a normal life. This letter is a desperate attempt to convince the authorities that EHS is very real and a life threatening disease. I just want my life back!

I put my trust in God. He has provided for me to this day, and will continue doing so. I am confident that He will put the right people on my path who are able to assist in ending this horrible nightmare.

With plenty of research and consideration, I have come up with the only sure way to be with my family. Plenty of research has been done around this issue to ensure that this will be the solution to my dilemma. We have to build an underground bunker.

On the 28<sup>th</sup> of November, the final drawings for the bunker have been approved. After a long period of time, investing plenty of money and research; things were looking up for us.

Finally things were starting to come together until a transmitter was put up only 150m away from my home on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of December 2014. I drove past that spot and 40 minutes later, the transmitter was standing.

It felt like all the progress we had made was in vain, because the bunker still has to be built, and the moment that this transmitter get switched on, I would have to leave town. This transmitter would put a stop to our plans of building the bunker and my recovery.

Even if I could manage getting the bunker built, I would have to stay underground the entire day, because the transmitter is just too close to my home.

It hasn't been activated yet, so I have limited time to do my utmost best to convince the company to move this tower.

We decided to keep it quiet and not tell the kids about this, seeing that they knew what this would mean for us as a family and for their daddy.

Upon our return from school the kids instantly saw this transmitter and were hysterical. We knew that we had to do everything in our power to stop this transmitter from being activated.

The four of us immediately sat down around the table and prayed for a solution to this dire situation. Our children pleaded for their daddy to be spared from pain and being separated again.

They were broken but I could see their faith was strong. If only the key persons could see what this was doing to our children, it would be enough to make them reconsider. It is the Festive Season and a time for families to be together, but instead we are facing the possibility that we might be separated.

We get asked why we don't just move away to a farm in a secluded area, but this isn't an option because my wife has to work for a living and these days even a farm isn't a safe bet from technology. Transmitters, Wi-Fi and other towers are erected everywhere and even on farms nowadays.

I know that I had to take immediate action before this tower was activated, for then it would be too late for taking action.

After completion, there is no doubt in my mind that such a bunker will be that new beginning many other sufferers deserve.

But I know that should this transmitter be activated, this bunker will just remain a dream and never become a reality. I have to be here to oversee the whole process but if I have to go away our lives will just be stuck in the same cycle.

This is the closest that I have come to finding the solution for this dire situation, and I refuse to think that I have come this close just to be stopped by one transmitter being put up.

During this season of my life, I have discovered what really matters in life. No man is an island. We all need people around us. We need to draw hope, inspiration and positive energy from one other.

14 Years ago, I was just another average man until I fell ill and my life came to a grinding halt. Many years later, I realize that my circumstances can be used to make a difference in other's lives.

Whether it is to testify that even though things might be tough, we can still prevail by having faith and staying positive. Or maybe this underground bunker will be the first to prove that EHS sufferers can survive in this technological age without being thrown to the wolves.

This letter is a cry for help to the key people out there who make crucial decisions which affects EHS sufferers and their families severely. In most cases, it is because of a lack of knowledge that people such as myself exist.

In order to confirm my story, I am willing to undertake certain tests to prove that I do experience pain whenever I'm exposed to these elements. It's possible for me to tell exactly when a transmitter is on or off solely by the pain I experience from that signal.

It is my responsibility to inform the public and plead with them to start taking us into consideration when planning to put up towers which has a life changing effect on us.

We don't expect all transmitters to be removed and going back to the dark ages. There are ways in which we can accommodate one another by choosing certain locations for towers more carefully. This will allow certain spots as safe areas where EHS sufferers can live in peace instead of being banished from society.

I'm doing this on behalf of everyone suffering from this disease, and for those who were not as blessed as myself to live to tell the tale.

I thank you for the opportunity to put my story in writing and sharing it with you.

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15 December 2014 – last update.

Other material available on Alwyn Lewies:

YouTube footage: 'eNuus-berig' on YouTube:SLUG-SUFFER\_15\_PM'  
Sunday Times, May 26th 2013, page 20  
You Magazine October 3<sup>rd</sup> 2013, edition 851, page 22