



Glenn Swain

## The Blessed Miracle of the 2-year-old Big Mac

Tim Hawkins is more than happy to flash his Big Mac to anyone who wants to see it.

In fact, the owner of Windhawk, a health center in Mesa, takes the boxed hamburger to parties and shows it around like a new father shows off photos of his baby. Tim's the proud papa of a 2-year-old, rock hard McDonald's Big Mac. Tim and his Big Mac first met on April 8, 2004; at least that's the date stamped on the box. When not on Tim's fast food tour, the Big Mac sits on a television in his office. The burger looks like it did the day it was made and set under a red heat lamp. It rests in peace unspoiled; fast food frozen in time. If a priest were to examine the uncorrupted burger, he may very well deem it a miracle and sanctify the Big Mac on site.

Saint Big Mac of the Holy Church of the High Fat Patty!

Tim uses the fast food sandwich as a prop to show how food that is cooked at more than 118 degrees has nearly all of its natural enzymes cooked out of it. In essence, food cooked above this temperature has great difficulty breaking itself down. That's when our body's enzymes have to pull double duty to digest any cooked food. Of course, raw foods have natural enzymes. Like most who see it for the first time, the uncorrupted Big Mac is a shock. "These are the oldest buns I've seen since I drove through Sun City four years ago," I said, as Tim held the box lid open.

I was first exposed to the sanctified sandwich while visiting Tim to see if he could correct my posture and alleviate my chronic tired legs. In one visit he pointed out some stretches and exercises that have helped me. The theory is that my stronger quads are in a tussle with my weaker hamstrings. The quads are pulling my body forward. And due to a weak external hip rotator, I'm also walking slightly twisted. (This certainly explains why I tend to walk in circles a lot).

During the process of Tim stretching my legs into a pretzel, I picked his brain about the benefits of eating raw foods over cooked food. Tim knows more about enzymes and the benefits of eating raw foods than I ever cared to know. Eating cooked food can put an enormous strain on our bodies. It lowers our energy and lengthens our recovery time when we're injured. Tim broke it down for me in a metaphor. Imagine you have worker enzymes—wearing tiny hard hats, I suppose—working to heal an ankle you twisted during your last run. That night for din-

ner you go to a restaurant. You pull your chair up to the buffet bar and gorge on red meat, mashed potatoes, macaroni and cheese, then finish it off with a chocolate-dripping dessert. Now your little worker enzymes have to leave their original job site and head to the stomach to break down the artery-clogging meal you just paid \$5.99 for. Your twisted ankle is left to suffer separation anxiety and heals slower. Also, as we get older, our enzyme bank account gets depleted. In essence, we become enzyme impoverished.

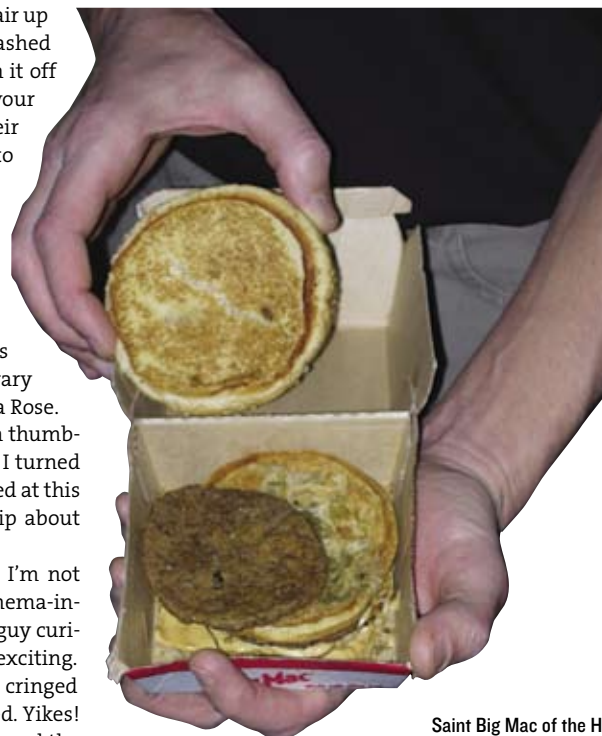
With my interest piqued about enzymes and raw food, I picked up a book at the library titled "The Raw Food Detox Diet" by Natalia Rose. Standing in the non-fiction section, I began thumbing through the book. Oddly, the first page I turned to was a chapter on colonics. My jaw dropped at this line: Gently insert the lubricated plastic tip about one inch into your rectum.

Hey, now wait a damn minute, here! I'm not ready for the how-to-self-administer-an-enema-in-your-own-home section. I'm just a regular guy curious about how I can make raw vegetables exciting. I didn't expect *that* kind of cleansing. I also cringed a bit when I noticed the page was dog-eared. Yikes!

I snapped on some rubber gloves, reopened the book and learned more. When we have a backlog of poorly digested meals, the food in the digestive system putrefies and ferments. Bacteria thrive on putrefactive matter, causing the channels to slow down, leading to all sorts of nasty ailments. If the body's energy is being wasted on digestion, then its efforts in fighting illness, building immunity and maintaining healthy cells, tissues and organs is compromised. Fascinating stuff.

My discussions with Tim are always—well—interesting and thought provoking. When I told him of my discovery in Natalia Rose's book, it sparked a dialogue on colonics. Tim said at many clinics you can—okay, brace yourself here—actually see what is being expelled from your body through clear tubing during the procedure. I have no desire to do that. Besides, I watch too much cable television as it is.

Pork was a conversation topic. I won't even gross you out on what could be in pork. I'll just say that pigs are scavengers who live their lives in mud and dirt. The Encarta® World English Dictionary's definition of a scavenger is: An animal, bird, or other organism that feeds on dead and rotting flesh



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or discarded food scraps.

Ready to fry up that pork chop now?

Tim says he plans to buy a slice of pizza, a taco and other fast food items as companion pieces for his unbreakable Big Mac. It would be a mini museum of gastrointestinal hell under gallery lighting. Can a stage play called "The Colon Chronicles" be far behind?

I don't ever see myself going totally raw food. I like chicken and turkey way too much to start limiting my diet to sprouts, Miso soup and Baba Ghanouj. An occasional detox to clear out toxins and debris would be fine, thank you. And the jury is still out on that colonic thing. I'd have to throw back a few margaritas and the colonic assistant would have to take me to a movie before laying on my side for that.

Since being exposed to Tim's Big Mac I've sworn off all fast food. The thought of eating pork makes me run to the fridge for a salad. At restaurants I now order more raw veggies, and for dessert, fruit.

And no, I don't want fries with that.

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