

Facts of how my death was caused by  
Roanoke Virginia physicians, a factual report.  
Facts, not emotions, not anger, just facts, how I was  
progressively murdered by skillfully executed malpractice.  
by Woodrow M. Riley, [Christian inventor & thinker-philosopher](#).

On March 27 1989, a 1,000 lb. bale bounced on me from an 8 foot drop. Previously I have chosen to address the more obvious damages but for this one paper I need to address one => my right foot that was crushed and the ankle bones splintered to pieces. The bale was compressed cardboard like from grocery store baling machines so altho very heavy it had bounce in it, so it bounced on me 4 times. Specifically, both feet were broken but the right foot took the brunt, the toes crushed up to meet the shinbone. Leg calves that were squashed contributed to reduced nutrients => foot muscle atrophy, issues that were ignored by a string of local doctors for decades. I fixed it myself **but only after 14 years passed til I could locate the nutrition.**

Dr. Charles Wilhelm of Williamsburg Hospital VA did an admirable job rebuilding the ankle and foot albeit they pumped me up with a double amount of morphine to satisfy Virginia medical law. Since he did the surgery but I lived in Roanoke, in returning to Roanoke the doctors were detached from the incredible smashing my body had taken, I will give them that. White caucasian men and likely also white women too have a deficiency in making new muscle, a fact I did not know at that time but medical schools did. They knew after my foot received such a crushing ~plus the surgery itself which is also a powerful accident in itself~ knew I needed to have steroids prescribed to encourage regrowth of muscle.

The problem us whiteys have is called "locked testosterone" that is unavailable for muscle creation. Without doing any tests whatsoever the surgeon and subsequent Carilion physicians I would see over the years saw my beard and body hair and assumed I had so much testosterone I did not need steroids. Unable to see a connection between foot pain and muscle atrophy they fell into blaming me via a Patient Profile. Thus began the road to my deaths they would send me down.

I was never given the temporary extra steroids I needed. That aversion to steroids caused my death. I've found too that many times doctors who are only allotted so much of various restricted drugs to prescribe will withhold drugs from some patients (the ones so mangled or near death they think are going to die anyway) so they can take the patient's drugs themselves or issue to patients they like (women in short skirts). I found that to also be true of some Roanoke dentists.

When the muscle failed to restore in my foot, any remaining muscle began to atrophy as I was unable to walk for the excruciating pain... because of my bodyweight mass index being so high and a body weight of 280 pounds that magnified the pain by 200% that of a normal weight person. Aerobic conditioning was out of the question.

**I was being erased slowly over the years since 1989** as doctors became less and less interested in my success. I became an annoyance they tolerated to **lift Medicare money off a faceless nobody cadaver-in-the-making**. I later discovered I have myasthenia gravis, just another issue that restricted muscle regrowth likely shared by the local folk's gene pool not being addressed for **many Roanokers both men & women patients not just myself**.

The bones in my right foot dried out as the muscle was not there to lubricate and cushion so any time I moved my foot or put my body weight on it to walk (280 pounds per step that felt like 560), the bones grinding against one another like dry rocks, the nerves caught in between.

I asked and downright begged my doctors to help me do something for the pain but they knew I had been found to carry the genetic marker for bipolar; so instead of doing the job as physicians I sought out to doctor my physical ailments they decided to go outside their job I had went to them to do and psychoanalyze me as making it all up.

I had a psychiatrist Dr. William Clarkson for doing that. I went to general practitioners at Carilion clinics to receive **help for my physical issues** but they crapped out. Idiots they were they decided being bipolar also meant I was inventing illnesses (hypochondria).

**Since my accident in 1989 I have yet to receive  
real medical care in Roanoke Virginia.**

What I did receive was one malpractice-practicing doctor after another. I was being left to die, and I did die, the worst deaths a human male can die => First my family had to hear doctors saying I tried to commit suicide when I had not. An OTC medication flushed the Lithium Carbonate out of my bloodstream that put me into immediate and violent deliriums tremens (alcoholic's dt's). Upon researching the issue later on the Internet I discovered that caffeine consumption also flushed lithium the same way... and that when that happens **it copies a severe heart attack**.

I never attempted suicide like the Lewis-Gale doctor told my wife. But that was when the death of my family began in earnest, with doctors intimating to my wife I was attempting to off myself. It was the beginning of Roanoke doctors doing a coverup to hide the fact that they had **never given me a modern medical assessment**. They never did their job. The lies and cover-up were **killing my family by failing to restore me to health** which they could have easily done but they crapped out. The various doctors I would see over the years began falling into this general pattern of thinking that my main problem was I wanted attention from doctors like I was a squalling baby crying for a bottle or candy. All I needed to do was grow the hell up. They did not know how grown up I was. Now they do. **Grown up enough to meet them on the field as their equal**.

So the doctor's next great collective Humpty Dumpty idea was to make my life harder, thereby hoping to force me to heal by growing up and becoming a man. They fell back on such stupid ideas because they were not practicing real medicine on my body. They never did a complete medical history so they resorted to psychoanalysis I never needed nor requested them to do. Or hmm, knowing I was **BIPOLAR** maybe they could get me to go ahead and commit suicide?

I have always possessed a very good knowledge of physical concepts of exercise, so I stood back a moment in the early 1990's and thought to myself but very loudly you know, Woodrow old buddy old pal these doctors are going to kill your ass. By not restoring my foot I was rendered unable to do walking or any kind of ambulatory aerobics, so I knew what was coming down the pike at me.

[I knew I was standing in the middle of Tianenman Square Virginia.](#)  
[All I could do was watch the tank slowly run over my family and then me.](#)

Wasn't there something I could do for myself? The answer I came up with was to lose weight, reduce the weight off my foot, except that I have a medical history of having had hypoglycemia really bad when I was 21 years old, as my Dad had a serious sugar problem I inherited that has btw never been diagnosed. You see, I've never really received any of this vaunted American medical care.

I have been having to diagnose and self-treat my own medical issues all my life. 1989 is not some big "turning point" on my calendar; it has always been this way. It was bipolar and a thyroid issue that had never been diagnosed that led me into the misjudgement that caused my accidents. Big brain doctors and lawyers decided my being accident prone was evidence of suicide attempts. No, it was evidence of never having gotten medical.

They were wrong. Yes, I have been suffering clinical depression, all my life, but my accidents stemmed from never receiving real medical diagnostics in America from American doctors who can still be heard screaming to the top of their lungs they are the best. BEST WHAT? Brooklyn Dodgers?

**Roanoke doctors have done a voodoo dance on my family.**

In 1999, realizing I desperately needed to do aerobics or it was going to gang up on me and kill me, I began taking Hydroxycut which was recently taken off the market by a class action lawsuit. Turns out it can destroy the human liver. But after taking it I began having a sticking heart valve and lazy valve.

In 2000 I had three severe heart seizures from having damaged my heart taking diet supplements. One in April, one in June and the last one in late December. Dieting must have reduced heart muscle down to a point of malfunction... because in 2001 I decided to drive up here from Bedford to find out why my heart was sometimes almost failing.

Lewis-Gale Hospital emergency doctors tested my heart in that 2001 visit, concluding that my heart was “at times attempting to beat in reverse order” was their words. Lewis Gale has for many years publicized themselves as being the greatest heart center in southwest Virginia, so what did the great heart center physicians offer Woodrow Riley?

**Nuthin'.** Lewis-Gale doctors showed me the door and sent me driving home to die. I did die, several times since 2001. I dropped into brain death in Dr. Steinweg's Carilion exam room in 2002. **My senses all shut down.** When I came back he told me I had “been gone” for 3 minutes as he looked at his wristwatch. So what did the good doctor do, sit there **watching me die?**

Yep, I reckon so. When I came out of it I looked at his computer seat for him because that was where he was working typing when I left the living temporarily. But he had moved to a different seat. For as highly sensitive as I am to movement around and near me I did not know he had moved. I had been in complete brain & sensory shutdown.

I was brain dead in a doctor's office, him just sitting there waiting to call the morgue to come get me? Yep, looks like it. What powerful force had thrown me into being brain dead? Well, I had been going to Dr. Steinweg for about 1 1/2 years and was believing he was trying to help me get back to health so I could resume a decent human experience most people refer to as “having a life”.

As I was sitting on the edge of the exam room table, watching him type, it suddenly dawned on me all this time slipping through my fingers dooming my life and my family deprived of my life and income I should have been generating for them to have a life too... was all going down the toilet one day at a time at the hand of this doctor who had not helped me in **18 months.**

**That realization hit me between my eyes so hard it caused my brain to shut off.**

Suffering from a steadily-degraded physical body, beginning down the road to every circulatory disease known to Man, these doctors as a group managed to degrade me by refusing to give me the medical assistance clearly indicated I needed, and they did kill me keeping me unable to do aerobic exercises my larger-than-normal self required.

That was just the first time their gross malpractice was to kill me. I have died several times since that time. My heart completely stopped in late 2007 & again in 2008.

A few of them had shoved a sheet of paper across their desk at me that contained dieting tips. They still never knew I had had hypoglycemia nor that my Dad had died very obese when he was 55 years of age, but I knew they were not doing their job. I asked their help with my feet but got ignored by shrink-wannabee doctors. And yet they took my Medicare money hand over fist as if they were really giving me modern medical care. I asked for a cancer pre-screening and was denied by Dr. Randolph who **KNEW MOM HAD DIED OF MULTIPLE CANCERS <> MY GENES.**

The Tianeman Square tank rolling slowly over me  
for twenty years was targeted me by Roanoke specialists|doctors.

Am I “whining”? No. I am just relating a factual chronology. People who read the web pages I have written about the many sad aspects of these death blows dealt me by physicians here in Roanoke are unable to believe a human being could survive all this garbage. When I say I have died ([and obviously I came back from being dead](#)), they cannot accept that.

I was raised to be honest and speak honesty and truth. I was raised in the Baptist faith in Christ but later I became one of Jehovah's Witnesses who recognize Jesus as the son of God and not GOD. Being bipolar does not make me an automatic liar but the doctors suited them to cover up their inability -and unwillingness- to give me medical help, so bipolar played into their hands as a tool to hammer me to a bloody pulp.

### **And my family with me.**

It is true that the practice of Medicine is an “inexact science”, a statement I see the local doctors added to the Patient Required signature later on, which is just another good ol' boy club dodge to make for darn sure Virginia doctors continue to dodge paying 97% of all malpractice lawsuits filed against them by knifed Virginia patients.

As one who has been killed multiple times by these charlatans posing as medical personnel waving their medical school plaques in front of themselves as a shield, I can testify for a fact these impostors dodging medical issues are killing American patients.

I have walked the Green Mile numerous times. I have been sent through a revolving door of Death by these men and I know many others did not come back out. In my book I call that deliberate murder. You can call it malpractice if you want. I call it a tank driven by Communists but as I will show later their tank splashes other's blood.

To finish I will include how I was freon gassed continuously for months in my own apartment til it by early 2008 messed with my head so much I set a grease filled pan on fire. Then had 3 anginas the 3<sup>rd</sup> one slapping my chest so hard it rocked me back on my heels, on one other occasion my heart completely stopped,

then another I was having a major heart infarction that tickled my heart from the shot of electric current that went through my heart <> and I had to laugh.

But the destruction of my family members from an income  
I should have been providing them above a disability  
check is no laughing matter.

\*\*\*\*\*

I began self-diagnosing and self-treating myself from health store shelves not as an act of defiance or to start an anti-doctoring movement but to save my life. As I had some successes at it even [defeating a major cancer in August 2006](#) I began sharing it over the Internet, not to damn Roanoke doctors in some kind of Hate vendetta but to try and help these poor people living here who desperately needed my insights, even if it meant a lot of people might get angry at me. See also [tinyurl.com/6k2wkd](http://tinyurl.com/6k2wkd)

Saving lives is more important than my life. That is my JW Christian commitment.

In 2004 I purchased a “prohormone” that claimed it unlocked male testosterone so it could help people grow muscle, called Muscle Jack after the longifolia content. In barely 8 days time passed I was suddenly walking about 97% pain free after the muscle grew back in my untreated foot. 8 days my friends.

I was dragged behind a pickup truck since 1989 driven by doctors because they refused to do a proper medical assessment and also a medical history that would have revealed to these untrained medical reprobates that I was genetically unable to lose weight without fat surgery... because of a crippled and non-functioning thyroid gland inherited from the maternal side of my genetic tree just like having an incompatible thyroid gland implanted in my neck, a vile trick of nature and congenital from conception.

My doctors claimed I would die if I stopped taking Lithium. I stopped taking it in August-September 2002, not as an act of defiance as they think I am an unruly patient blah blah blah but because their medicine was destroying my brain cells and I was in both Parkinson's tremors and Alzheimer's from their “medical care”. I simply forgot to take the lithium and noticed a barely perceptible feeling of feeling improved so I continued not taking it. They said not taking it would kill me; instead I got better.

Their medicine was killing me and it's now killing many others who dutifully take the garbage believing as I did their doctors care. They care alright, care to stuff all the Medicare dollars down their boxer drawers they can stuff around their penis. I caught them in their scam, having patients sign in then shuffled from one Waiting Room to waiting hall seats to waiting in an exam room, all so they could report to Medicare how

many Total Hours they spent with Medicare patients to prove how much more money they can scream they need having patient's signatures as legal documentation how many hours they saw patients they in fact barely talked to.

Lewis-Gale took Medicare for over \$30,000 then sent me home to die.

Plus ruined my credit history to teach me a lesson scum.

Does the word atrocity ring anybody's bells?

Dr. Gerald Roller told me if I stopped taking the thyroid replacement meds I would die; I stopped taking it in 2006, maybe earlier than that. After Dr. Robert Lucas told me to my face he couldn't address my multiple medical issues I quit going to doctors and stopped the Unithroid... 3+ years ago. I have not died yet. In fact, I have rather thrived. I have discovered that my Immune System was rejecting both the Lithium and the fake human thyroid replacements Synthroid then Levothyroid then Unithroid.

The constant battle my Immune System was conducting against these "medicines" was draining my ability to fight any diseases => so I fell to cancer after visiting the cancer ward where they let my son die in 2006. **How's that again?** I walked through a packed cancer ward and breathed in cancer virii floating in the air. They don't know I had been bitten and infected with Lyme's spirocheates in 1983 that now reside in my body constantly looking for me to become weak so they can go into mass reproduction speed, so the weakened Immune System caused by rejected medicines laid me open to a renewed bacterial infestation that nearly finished me in late 2006 early 2007.

Whyever would anybody in a **Carilion HOSPITAL** give visitors a mask to wear?

Why not just **ASSUME** the visitor's all have working Immune Systems?

I have been degraded as a human being, insulted as a man and father and husband, stripped of everything a man could care about having (and working for a living), by these willing Medicare-stealing impostors who have stood to the side as my tortures continued (water~boarding effect caused by nasal growths vibrating while breathing that lasted over 4 years).

They killed my family's reasonable expectation of a decent life by killing my health then they actually did kill me numerous times by default not doing the jobs I was going to them and paying them to receive, then they killed my credit history, having long ago began damning me to any new doctor I would go to by placing lies in a Patient History all Virginia doctors would access and read about me -what a "bad" patient I am and a Malpractice Lawsuit risk to be avoided.

In other words Carilion and Lewis-Gale doctors-physicians pulled every trick they could to demolish me on every level they could pull from their gunnie sacks by telling new doctors Woodrow Riley is a leper via this damning Patient Profile and then through their continuing dodge and coverup, a dance of the voodoo doctor impostors.

So with the lies they tucked and piled inside a patient profile the doctors managed to “kill me” to getting treatment from any new doctor. Did they ever doctor me? hahaha What does that mean? I don't know the word. I have never received real medical care in the United States of America. I am become my own doctor, and when that fails I will die distanced from doctors  
**Dignity Intact.**

However, several additional points need to be made to this document telling how many times I have been murdered and dropped into the grave by local doctors. I began being blessed with many energy invention insights as far back as 1989, so when these doctors pulled out every arrow they could fire into my body **they also managed to shoot down the new industries my inventions would have brought to Virginians.**

So the doctor's vehement self-serving mind cancer evidenced at work in these doctors toward Woodrow Marshall Riley of Virginia in their attempts -and numerous successes- at murdering down my family and myself in all these various ways is a poison they have spewed like southwestern Virginia indigenous rattlesnakes and cottonmouth moccasins all over the rest of Virginia's citizens. Not every doctor here. They know who they are. But their Carilion lawyers hide them from compensating us. Ditto Lewis-Gale. **They protect their own even when their own are dropping napalm on Roanoke families** <> the “napalm” of not getting employment off my many engine systems by their constant damning of me to protect themselves from paying malpractice and owning up to what they did to the Riley Family.

**My testimony stands before  
the Almighty God who saved me from them.**  
<http://www.newpath4.com/pdflistfor2008.htm>

The doctor's brand of  
Communism is a terrible thing to waste.  
It makes a great boomerang that's coming home.  
It comes home every time a foreign nation builds one of  
Woodrow Riley's many inventions as they  
try to paint me a  
traitor.

That's what these doctors are doing for me, my family, and you.  
Doesn't feel good does it? Try taking it for  
**twenty years.**

Sorry about the jobs. If nobody else will apologize to  
you the apology you deserve, you got it from me.  
**Even in their trash bin I never forgot you.**

**The Facts <> You mean there's more?**

**Waterboarding Done with Plain Air ? Yep, a la carte Ear Nose & Throat "specialists" of Roanoke Virginia**

4 years

http://current.com/items/90095098\_its-absolutely-torture-conservative-radio-host-gets-waterboarded/25.htm

"It's Absolutely Torture" Conserv... Another earthquake hits Mexico

If they OUTLAWED WATERBOARDING WITH WATER they could still "waterboard" terrorists with an air hose. Air and water are both fluids. I was treated to air waterboarding that lasted almost 4 years. All night, all day, no letup, no one to call off the dogs and stop the torture.

I had two semi-cancerous growths in my right nostril, one on the inside side and the other opposite to it but not straight across. So when I breathed in or out, asleep or awake, the air hit the one bounced off and rippled over the other.

RIPPLE EFFECT =d WATERBOARDING ~~~~~

Suicide started looking like a MIGHTY GOOD OPTION... but I said no, I can do this. But then a very thick & deep nose hair grew in at an angle and plunged directly into a NERVE right beside the brain. It took me over a year to locate it with scissors and pliers and yank it out. Oh sure, I went to 4 different Roanoke Virginia Ear Nose and Throat "Specialists" and they would read the local Patient Profile the doctors circulate around to each other via their in-house bulletin board system, so they posted to any new doctor I would try to get help that I was bipolar.

I ended up self-diagnosing and self-treating my medical problems from a healthstore shelf. They haven't gotten any more Medicare or Medicare rider money from me in over 3 years. That's why some U.S. hospitals are closing their doors <> patients are stopping coming to them.

Too bad, too bad you great city, for in one hour you were burned with fire.

oh yeah, after two years or so of that and poking around searching for something to yank out with the PLIERS the one growth on the inside side suddenly decided to get larger and I grabbed that S.O.B. and yanked it out. Sure, it got infected and the infection got into my bloodstream, and yes the source of infection was directly beside my brain, but I had no choice left, no options from crap out doctors who defended their diagnoses by saying it was the bipolar.

After yanking the flesh and blood out I thought I had solved the problem but no, the hair driving into the nerve took its place. hahahaha If they did to terrorists what these 13th century Roanoke VA doctors did to me there wouldn't be any terrorists left alive in Guantanamo or an office building in Washington DC.



Gravity\_Man  
22 minutes ago

**Fly Jet Air**

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details\_of\_my\_death\_caused\_by\_carilion\_lewis\_gale\_approved\_physicians\_doctors.pdf



**Paraclete <> my own attorney.**