

NO TIME TO DIE

*“Surviving Cancer & America’s
Failing Justice System”*

Richard Sabb

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Dedication

I would like to dedicate this book to the one person, who stood strong and
silent, promoting my dignity, and nursing me back to life:
My best friend, sweetheart, and soul mate

Cathryn Sabb

In Memory of and Inspired by

“Kenny”

July 9, 1962 to June 15, 1991

The world brings us into contact with many people, but few touch our lives like special friends. I miss “Kenny” and will carry him forever in my heart.

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Acknowledgements

My Parents – Dot and Bob Sabb

How do you thank people who give you life and support you through its triumphs and trials? Although I couldn't possibly understand my parent's turmoil caused by facing the potential death of their child, I do know the appreciation I hold in my heart for their sacrifices to help Cathi and I live. Without their help and support, I would not be able to bring you this story of "*triumph and life.*"

My Doctors

I do not want to ignore any of the fine physicians and interns who, worked with me, but the list is extremely lengthy and I surely would forget someone's name. I would therefore, like to use the three primary doctors in this acknowledgement, and hope that all others know they are included.

Drs. Lambert, Gochfeld, and "Ricky" for me define the term "*respected world renowned research scientist*". They use their medical expertise and ability to evaluate medical information as it pertains to the patient's circumstances and condition, regardless of outcome or payment.

Dr. W. Clark Lambert treated me like a son. I truly felt that we developed more than a patient/doctor relationship; rather it was one of family love. I know that through his daily work, "*he kept me alive.*" Through scientific scrutiny of my case, he discovered that I am the living model of his "*Thymus-Bypass Theory,*" which was accepted by NATO's Advanced Studies Workshop on "*Basic Mechanisms of Physiologic and Aberrant Lymphoproliferation in the Skin*" in 1994.

Dr. Michael Gochfeld didn't look at me as a study participant, but more as an individual, a person whose feelings and need for understanding were of major importance. His research and analysis not only assisted me in my legal battles, but supplied Drs. Lambert and "Ricky" with information to support my "*battle for life.*"

Dr. "Ricky" also viewed me as a person and family. He had the uncanny ability to recognize the emotional and psychological turmoil that both Cathi and I faced. He evaluated the treatments, the alternatives to medications, and the emotional reactions, to be sure that the entire microcosm of my life was treated appropriately. Without his assistance, the psychological stability necessary to survive "*the war*" would not have been possible for Cathi and me.

Together, these fine scientists battled with Cancer and gave me the opportunity to "*Live With Cancer.*"

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Makita Power Tools Of New Jersey

During the long battle for my life, Makita Power Tools, through Karen, compassionately allowed Cathi to provide the emotional and physical support for my healing. They worked with us to allow her to have a flexible schedule to be with me when I needed her. Please understand that the Family Leave Act requires a company to allow families in medical despair time off from work to care for a loved one, however Makita went above and beyond its legal obligation. Very few corporations have this feeling of family, and I truly appreciate Makita's understanding and compassion.

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Foreword

This book is a True Story based on my life as an active Cancer patient. All of the events have been described as I recalled them or interpreted them after they happened. Therefore all the information contained herein is based on my opinion and/or interpretation of what was happening in my life at that time. Any similarities to actual people or places not directly involved are purely coincidental.

Many names have been changed because this is not intended to be vindictive or spiteful, but rather a learning experience.

It is important to understand that my purpose in writing this book is solely intended for the reader's enlightenment as to how complex Legal, Medical, and Family situations can evolve into glory or disaster.

All the Doctors and Medical Facilities referenced herein are depicted as the actual situation presented itself to me. It should be further understood that regardless of their position on this topic, they conducted themselves within the parameters of the law and their individual years of specialized study. The doctors and scientists referenced in the following chapters are actually some of the finest in this country, with most being recognized as leaders in the global medical community, regardless of how they appeared to me or evaluated my life situation.

My legal trials and the manifestations that precluded them have been kept to their simplest form. This is due to the vast amounts of files and rhetoric that is inherent to legal confrontations.

Ironically, I too must state that I was considerably fortunate in that my legal representation was substantially above average. The attorneys and law firms knew that they were getting involved in a precedent setting case that would require the most prudent due-diligence to surpass a seemingly insurmountable challenge.

As with all families, my relationships were filled with emotional charges that led to misunderstandings, misinterpretations, and manipulation. Adding the complexities of continuous participation in legal and medical procedures only caused exaggeration of this form of behavior. Emotional pain was caused with the "best of intentions." I use the

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context of family very broadly here to include relationships with persons whom I have emotionally adopted.

Please do not judge any of the participants harshly, for this is told from my point of view, and their view may be totally opposite of mine.

I found the journey down this memory lane painful and enlightening. I hope that because you chose to share my journey, your path will have considerably less pain and overwhelmingly more joy. Thank you for accompanying me.

Richard Michael Sabb

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1 – The Enemy’s Strike Force

June 18, 1986 - Hayward Pool Products claims that the eyewitness account that I am about to describe, Never Happened and the machine that failed, Never Existed.

I gave a nod to Harold, letting him know it was OK to go. Harold pushed the “start” button and the toggle arm began to push the female portion of the mold toward the male, causing it to close.

I leaned my right arm on the safety door and relaxed against it, as I watched the mechanical action.

Henry and I attempted a conversation over the noise of the hydraulics. “In a few minutes,” I shouted, “we should know if all our work is going to pay off.”

The basketball mold looked like some kind of Frankenstein experiment. We added heating rods to the mold and there were at least thirty-two wires coming from the heating elements and from all sides of the mold. It was our hope that this additional heat would help the mold stay warm, thus giving us more control of the fiberglass resin mixes. Hydraulic hoses were connected to ball valves, controlling the pressure in and out of the basketball itself. Other pipes with release valves extended from the top of the mold. The toggle arm slowly, with its 200 tons of pressure, clamped the mold into place. Harold waited for a couple of minutes to make sure the temperature reached the 400-degree operating level.

Conversation was almost impossible over the roar of the machine and hydraulics. Harold glanced at his watch and then hit the “run” button. The hopper released the injection mixture into the five to six foot length of the corkscrew shaped lead screw. Heating coils maintained the 400-degree temperature along the way to the mold.

As noisy as the machine was, there was a comfort in the sounds of the pneumatic pumps and the familiar whining as the material progressed through the lead screw. All we could do now was wait until the process was complete. Harold stood about four feet to my right at the control panel, and Henry was still on my left, about six feet away, watching the workings of the machine.

I will never forget that surrealistic moment when I knew something was desperately wrong, and yet my mind could not translate the messages it was receiving, and therefore could not react. The sound of the machine changed from the familiar whine to a harsh grinding and shearing of metal. There was a deafening bang and a cloud of yellowish-brown fumes billowed out of the machine. I was conscious of a swishing sound as the hydraulic clamp released. Even with the safety door closed, the injection mixture, now heated to 400-degrees and the consistency of a thick milk shake, gushed out around the gates, as though the machine was regurgitating it. The mixture spewed out around the door. More was launched into the air and fell in splats. Totally disoriented by the thick toxic fumes, and severely nauseous, I was aware of a burning sensation on my right hip and other parts of my body. I could hear Henry roaring, "What the hell?" as the mixture fell on him. I looked toward Harold, and could see that the man was still coherent enough to hit the emergency shut off. My right hip and thigh continued to burn and was becoming more and more painful. I looked down and it finally registered that I was covered with the heated resins. I started to loosen my blue jeans in an attempt to keep the resin from continuing to burn my skin. Simultaneously, Henry and I stumbled down the long aisle toward the shop door. Harold was close behind us.

Mike, the shop supervisor, alerted by the intense bang, opened the metal doors to the shop as the three of us approached them. "What the hell are you guys screwing up now?" But, it took only an instant for him to realize that something was very wrong. The acrid fumes filled the huge molding room and other operators began to leave the building. Henry and I were cursing as we rushed from the room, loosening our splattered clothing as we went. Mike could see only a few spots of the resin on Harold, although he could tell the fumes had greatly affected him. More of the mixture landed on Henry. Henry was still quite disoriented from the blast of fumes he inhaled. My right side from my hip down was covered with the thick mess and I was sick to my stomach. "Get over to the bathroom," Mike ordered. "Rodwell," he yelled to the man across the room, "get some rags and help these guys get that shit off."

By the time, we reached the bathroom area; we regained more of our senses. We were each trying to wipe the splotches of mixture off our bodies. Rodwell, whose area was close by, handed us dry rags. "Get some

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Triclean,” Harold snapped. “That’s the only thing that’s going to get this stuff off. And, hurry! If it hardens, it will take the skin with it.”

I took off my boots and socks, which were soaked through. I stripped off my jeans. Someone handed me a rag soaked with Triclean, and I began to rub the hardening substance off my body with the strong solvent. Still suffering from the affects of the fumes, the nausea overtook me and I began to vomit. My head ached, I was sick and the burns were becoming extremely painful. Rodwell offered me a 7-Up to help settle my stomach.

“Goddamn it, Harold,” I croaked, “What happened out there?”

“I don’t know. It all just went to hell.” Harold was still wiping his arms with the solvent-soaked rags. It would be days later that we would find out that a metal pin, about two inches thick, on the toggle arm sheared in two. This caused the hydraulic pressure to release, allowing the mold to slightly open and the pressurized, heated resin and fumes to be released in an explosion.

While Henry, Harold and I were cleaning the hardening mixture off our clothing and bodies, Mike went into the molding department and ordered anyone there to evacuate. All the employees in the building were given the remainder of the day off and were allowed to see the nurse or the company doctor if they thought it was necessary. Two of the machine operators fifty feet across from the explosion area were so overcome by the fumes; they became sick while seeking attention from the company nurse.

The three of us surrounding the machine had no idea that this single event would so dramatically change our lives. Henry and Harold would succumb to Death’s Roll Call. Me, a 24 year old, power-lifter, I would live, but would fight a fourteen year War. The first six years, I wouldn’t even know I was battling as the chemicals insinuated themselves into my body and began the undercover operations that resulted in cellular transformation into Cancer.

My battles would include enemies of an insidious disease, corrupt judges, high-priced insurance and corporate law teams, depression, pain, and emotions, mine and others’.

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My troops would include a daredevil spirit, a devoted spouse, a strong family, several caring doctors, hardworking lawyers, and an army of the most renowned and incredible scientists and their teams.

My arsenal would include radiation, chemicals, vitamins, exercise, humor, love, and multiple intelligent minds.

I would have triumphs and defeats in my War for Survival, but I never gave up. Meet me, Richard Sabb, as I share my story of “*SURVIVING CANCER & AMERICA’S FAILING JUSTICE SYSTEM.*”