

# Healing the Enemy

Hypnotic Nights in Baghdad

by

Larry Garrett

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Printed in the United States of America.*

*Power Triangle Publishing  
3020 North Kimball Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois 60618  
[www.healingtheenemy.com](http://www.healingtheenemy.com)  
773-645-9100*

*While this work is a nonfiction autobiographical account of the author's  
experiences, some of the names have been changed.*

ISBN: 978-0-615-19195-9

## “Gratitude”

A story such as this could not be completed if it were not for many contributions of people who believe this story needs to be told. Each person contributed a spark of motivation or hours of reading and correcting. Each person was needed to bring this writing to a conclusion. I am so grateful to all who helped in their own way. Each contributed a piece of love to keep me going. There were times when I was ready to discontinue and then I would be prompted to continue. I thank these special people.

I begin with my mother who always believed in me. My journey of life has been enlightened by her motivation. The many hours I have spent with Joy Parker, my original editor; Patti Vasko, who kept me going in every aspect - her patience and her ability to edit without ever changing my style of writing but made sure it was written well; Lynn Nichols for the title of “Healing the Enemy”; Hope Garrett, my daughter in law, for her skills in the final reading and placement of the photos and the last step of sending it to print.

Can we ever thank all of the special people who contributed in their own way to a story which needed to be told? Of course the list goes on with each person who was there for me including: Gordon Kopolis, Dr. Joe Troiani, Dr. Dwight Damon, Dr. Charlene Terlizzi, Dr. Lawrence Goldberg, Sally Walsh, Mary Rothchild, Vicki Bertucchi, Barb Gironda, Joe Roth, Carm Blacconiere, Tim Mullins, Jake Pasternek, Cheryl Wiesneth, Sandy Congemi, Tom Duffy and Carl Mollison. Each of these people in their own way are responsible for this book being completed. These and many others listened, motivated and encouraged me. This became a work of love because of them.

*This book is for them and all the readers who would like to have a glimpse of who we feel the enemy is.*



# **Table of Contents**

## Chapter 1

An Invitation to Iraq - 1

## Chapter 2

A Six-thousand Mile Journey - 10

## Chapter 3

Arrival in Baghdad - 39

## Chapter 4

First Meeting with Uday Hussein - 50

## Chapter 5

Getting into the Mind of the Man the Whole World Fears - 65

## Chapter 6

Touring the Magical City of Baghdad - 82

## Chapter 7

Miracles at the Sufi Mosque - 91

## Chapter 8

The “Greatest Country in the World” - 111

## Chapter 9

A Tour of Ancient Babylon - 121

## Chapter 10

The Final Night in Baghdad - 140

## Chapter 11

The Journey Home - 150

## Chapter 12

A Call from the FBI - 167

## Chapter 13

Zacharie Phones with an Unusual Request - 175

Chapter 14  
An Invitation to Return - 177

Chapter 15  
First Day in Baghdad: Memories of the Gulf War - 195

Chapter 16  
September 11: Alone in Iraq - 212

Chapter 17  
Uday Hussein: Condolences, Criticisms, and the Gift of a  
Short-wave Radio - 219

Chapter 18  
The Embargo - 239

Chapter 19  
Amariya Bomb Shelter - 256

Chapter 20  
Feeling the Brunt of the Tragedy - 266

Chapter 21  
Illness, a Gift, and the Return to America - 270

Epilogue  
The Second Gulf War - 281

## **Introduction**

As much as most of us attempt to know it all, there is a naïve part in each of us. This trusting naïve part could not be stronger in me as I have often put trust before blame. For most of my life I have had few judgments toward others. I recall the first time I hypnotized a murderer about 1980. It was a well known murder case in Chicago. A man had shot and killed someone in front of 32 witnesses. He did not recall any of it, yet it was him. I was called to Cook County Jail to use hypnosis to help him recall killing the person and I witnessed an extraordinary event. I viewed a man who without any doubt killed someone but in his own way attempted to put it out of his mind. After hearing his story for over 4 hours, I realized that even a murderer has a reason for what they do. It may not be right, but if we study the wrong-doing of any individual we will find they can justify it in their own mind. My mother taught me as a child to not judge others as they may have a reason for what they do that we can't understand. I began a philosophy to not judge others, but to observe and learn.

When I was asked to go to Iraq to hypnotize a businessman who had been injured I had no idea who this businessman was, but I have often wondered if I did, would I have still gone? I was open to going because I was naïve enough and trusting enough to think I could possibly mend a separation of two countries which had continued for the past ten years because of the first Gulf War. I recall reading on the Internet about travel to Iraq in 2001, "Do not travel to Iraq as it is dangerous. If you are there leave immediately!" My first thought was not how dangerous it may be, but who was the person to write such a statement. What was this statement based on and what kinds of fears do they have. This is how my mind thinks. I remove from my mind the fears of others and trust the feeling which is deep within all of us. It is a feeling of trust or fear from our inner self, not from others. We seem to be a world of trusting others more than we trust ourselves. Many especially trust the media. How often have you heard a statement similar to, "I know it is true, I read it in the newspaper, I heard it on the news, and the leader said so!" So we move along in life believing what others have told us and never finding out information on our own.

For some reason, which I cannot explain, the thought of traveling to another land feared by most felt good to me. I am not sure what God may mean to you, but in some way within all of us I feel there is a higher power guiding us. If we quiet our mind we will hear the truth for us. It may not always be the truth of the media or the masses or our leaders, but it will be our truth. I have learned to trust this inner truth and I have not had any negative experiences because of this trust. I thought of this invitation from another country with such a terrible reputation. Most likely from what the media said, it was one of the ten most dangerous places in the world. I wondered why I was asked to go and because of such a profound invitation, how could I possibly turn it down! Why else would I have been selected to go to Iraq? Is there anyone else who would not have feared going to this country? I began to ask and found there were few who would have gone. My assumption, at that time, was that there must be a reason for me to go to this special place and meet with some of the most feared people in the world. In my naïve mind it must be to help bring some love and peace to our two countries.

I have waited until I felt the time was right to tell this story. I finished writing this story about a year after I returned from Baghdad. By the time I found an agent to handle such a story and then had it re-edited to meet the needs of publishers the journey began. During the next two years there were 8 publishers and even three movie houses very interested in pursuing the story, but one by one they returned the manuscript with a similar note saying, “At this time we cannot publish this story!” I was never told why. Of course the war began in 2003 and as each day went on, the media promoted how bad it was in Iraq and how bad many of the people in Iraq were. Of course my story does not have one bad interpretation of the city or the people. Even the feared people I lived with for 20 days were not as bad as we have read. At least to me they were not and this is all I can write of, what I experienced. Maybe this was the reason that the publishers said, “At this time we cannot publish this story.” There were many stories of Iraq and the people which were published, but none with a positive description of how generous the people were or how beautiful the country was. Only how bad things were.

This is a story with many interpretations. It is a story of people living in a far away place who most of us never think of as having

jobs to go to each day, schools to get up for each morning and sitting down at the table for dinner with their family each evening. I often use an example, "Most of us cannot imagine what others are going through each day unless they tell us." Can you imagine the horror of getting up every day in Baghdad and heading off to work? I wonder what you would feel if your son or daughter were to head off to school each day with tanks, soldiers, shooting in the streets, and bombs going off. Would you let them go to school? And sitting down to dinner would be an interesting experience. When would you go shopping for groceries to eat for dinner? Would you go shopping for necessities when the insurgents are resting or the guns aren't firing? Yes, this is land which few Westerners can imagine living in. I lived in Baghdad for almost 20 days with some of the most feared people in the world. I met many of the residents of Baghdad who may no longer be alive. I interviewed many; video taped and recorded their stories. Because of the embargo and bombs occasionally falling since 1990 they have had a difficult time. Of course, with the war of 2003 it only became worse.

I sat with a young 7 year old girl named Christina and heard her tell me about school and the fear of walking to school each day for fear of a bomb falling from the sky. I met fathers who made \$30.00 a month to support their families and many families living in one apartment bringing their monies together to make life work the best they could. In 1990 one Iraqi Dinar was the equivalent of three American dollars. In 2001 one American dollar was the equivalent of 250 Dinars.

Of course we could blame the prior Iraqi government for such devastation, but also the embargo I would imagine had much to do with the difficulties in the living conditions of the people of Baghdad. With much resistance from many sources I have decided to bring my story to the public to share life in Baghdad and personalities of many feared leaders including Uday Hussein. I hope you enjoy reading this as much as I enjoyed writing this story.

