I Don’t Care.



Naysayers abound.

I don’t care.

In general, the cynics comprise a small, vocal minority who don’t interact intimately with my life. So, why should their opinions matter to me?

I do what I do, and that’s that.

Of course, there may be times when well-meaning naysayers are closely associated, such as friends or family. For instance, when my boys were young, there was a time when my in-laws were concerned. They asked my parents, “Why don’t

Joette and Perry take their kids to a doctor?”

It scared them. And we understood why they were scared. Visits to the pediatrician for all things child-raising were all they knew.

But my father said to them, “Well, you got to do it the way you wanted to. We got to do it the way we wanted to. Now, they get to raise their kids the way they want to!”

I was appreciative of my father’s saying that. Indeed, even though they may not have agreed with us, we did have the right to do it our way.

By the way, just because someone is well-intended doesn’t mean you listen to them.

I was the one who was up at three in the morning with a child who had an ear infection, and I had to rock him for the next two hours and figure out which homeopathic would rid him of his suffering. I’m the one who practically lost my mind trying to find foods agreeable to my child’s gut because of food intolerances until I figured out how to get rid of this problem with my medicines. It was my job. I was on the front line, so the decisions were mine and my husband’s. The ball was in my court.

However, I certainly didn’t flaunt our medical decisions belligerently. In fact, I tried to be sensitive to their concerns. These were their grandchildren, after all. They had a stake in their well-being.

In this case, I tried to reassure them that I had thoroughly done my homework and had this covered.

Look, I wasn’t perfect. I got some things wrong. My mother-in-law was worried when I was vegan for a time and was raising our first son on those foods. Looking back, I think she had a very solid point. And I did come around. I figured

it out.

Some people don’t feel confident about handling their children’s health care, so it’s understandable that they would depend on a professional. But I didn’t feel that way. My confidence came from my competence. I felt as though I had it covered because it became the focus of my life. It was nearly all I could think of for years.

And that’s still happening!

Back in the 80s, there was no one teaching families how to do this. That’s actually what stimulated my call to what I presently do today.

And by the way, I got the feeling later on that my in-laws were pretty proud of how well the kids were doing.

So, my friends, you’ve got to do your homework. You don’t just gain confidence and become cocksure of yourself without effort.

That’s what allowed me the ability to ignore naysayers. I didn’t care, and neither should you.

Now, in my world, the pushback I sometimes get is from peers.

But I don’t need my peers to think I’m cool. I don’t need accreditation from organizations whose beliefs are not parallel with mine. I don’t care about professional organizations. At best, they’re superfluous; at worst, they’re dictatorial.

I don’t care.

Moms are my focus. *Families* are my focus. You know, *la familia!* I am here to help families take care of their own. I’m working to teach people how to use Practical Homeopathy®. I aim to inspire them to consider and then

commit to a different way.

And it should be that way for you, too.

Again, we have to do what *we* think is right. We are not here to satisfy our peers, friends, relatives, neighbors or acquaintances.

Ask yourself: Are they paying your bills? Are they raising your kids? Are they easing your suffering? Who cares what they think?

I don't care, and neither should you. To drive this home again, let me use one more idea … music

Choose your own melody and sing it with aplomb. Choose your own rhythm and keep it tapping in your head. And if you choose to allow harmony from the outside to accompany you, make darned certain that it's deserving of taking up real estate in your brain.

When you try to fit into somebody else's agenda or allow them into yours, you're missing your own completely.

Meanwhile, just make sure you have done your homework. And that means stepping outside the common, insipid ideas that abound. In case you haven't noticed, if you're using homeopathy, you're already different and, I might add, a cut above. You're on to something most people don't yet know how to pronounce.

Simply keep up your curiosity and studies.

I can assure you that living by this method is a truly effective way to get control of your life ***and*** pass on the good news of homeopathy!

Warmly,



P.S. Speaking of doing your homework, be prepared for any eventuality by developing the confidence and competence to treat your loved ones safely with Practical Homeopathy®.

Imagine knowing precisely how to treat your teen's stomachache, your aunt's eczema, or your toddler's sniffles when a new cat or dog joins the family.

This is one of the greatest gifts the study of homeopathy offers. It squarely places the ability to cure where it belongs … in the hands of mothers and fathers.



Because so many suffer from allergies during this fall season, I am reintroducing my course, "Allergic?! Escape Allergies, Chemical Sensitivities, Food Intolerances, and More with Homeopathy: Practical Protocols to Get Your Life Back."

Take back your God-given right to be the healer in your family.