The World Needs Mothers Now More Than Ever.



Some 30-plus years ago, I witnessed something that changed the course of my life.

Forever.

It altered the way I think and behave in such a way that it has defined who I am today as a 68-year-old mother.

It occurred in my homeopath’s office.

It wasn’t the fact that my homeopath had adroitly treated me for lifelong allergies and daily sufferings.

It wasn’t that her little pills had finally melted away my migraines.

It wasn’t that the homeopathic medicines she gave me erased my anxiety attacks, sleeplessness, GI issues, and much more.

No. It wasn’t any of that. It was something even bigger.

For goodness sake, what could possibly be bigger than curing me of lifelong conditions that no conventional or non-conventional medical doctor could previously figure out?

I’ll tell you.

Are you ready?

It was her Rockstar behavior.

It was off-handed, yet it smacked in the face. It was a simple act of mothering in a way that I had never witnessed before. It was like a prayer.

Indulge me for a moment so I can give you a little background before I continue my story.

My mother was a unique mother. She was one of the most committed mothers I have ever met.

From the time I was six weeks old (and continuing throughout all of my childhood), I suffered from blanketing eczema. After my mother exhausted every pharmaceutical medicament, every dermatologist in the Buffalo area, every allergy shot, diet restriction, steroid and homemade concoction, she stumbled across a dermatologist who was also grasping at straws.

He told her about a technique of using icepacks laid directly on the site of the oozing, cracking, burning, itching eczematous mess on my skin. (Sorry about the graphic description, but it really was awful.)

The method was to apply the icepacks for 20 minutes every hour around the clock – every 24-hour period – until the

skin was improved.

When my mother set her mind to a motherly pursuit, there was no stopping her! She actually set an alarm clock, woke up, assembled the packs of ice and applied them *every hour*.

That means she slept for only 30 minutes every hour. And she did this for a week.

Yes, a week! Through the night and day.

Sleep-deprived yet elated, she was victorious! It actually worked!

My skin looked great, and the itchiness and burning had pretty much disappeared. The oozing cracks had healed. All that was left was a darkened thickening of the area indicating the site of the war zone.

The only problem was that within a few days of halting the icepack marathon method, it returned.

My father had to be stern with her, insisting she not take up the cause again. She was actually willing to continue, thinking she hadn't done enough.

So, that is the kind of mom I had, and I thought it was important for you to understand that my entire life was based on observing a committed mother.

Now, back to the story of my homeopath. I promise that I'll tie this together.

While I was sitting in her office waiting to learn what my next homeopathic medicine would be, her seven-year-old daughter knocked at the door of the consulting room and peered in. She was pale and perspiring, and in a thready little voice, she breathed, "I'm sick. My stomach hurts."

My homeopath touched her daughter's forehead, went to her

cabinet (that was tucked into the corner of this office and contained a stash of a hundred or so homeopathic remedies), and subsequently dispensed the little pills for her ailing little girl.

She plucked a remedy from the lot, opened the bottle, released the pills into the cap and tossed them into her daughter's opened mouth. She had *complete assurance in her ability* to address her child's needs.

That's what did it for me.

It was a display of pure, elegant mothering.

No freaking out, no frantically calling the doctor, no pediatric office visit, no imploring someone *else* to take care of her needy child. She knew exactly what to do and simply did it herself. I had never seen anything like that.

She planted a kiss on her daughter's head and sent her to the adjoining room into her father's arms.

It was a pivotal moment for me – an epiphany. I was instantly envious, though not with malintent nor jealousy.

It was an "Ah-ha" moment that has motivated my mothering and professional life ever since.

My brain and heart spoke so clearly to me that afternoon in 1986 that I can still hear it today. My inner voice said…

"I want that."

"I want to know exactly which homeopathic remedy to give my son that will cure him of whatever comes our way."

But the story doesn't end there.

What was even more rousing that day was that by the time my consultation was complete, the little girl burst into the room and skipped into her mother's arms, fully recovered.

Her eyes sparkled, and she was laughing.

In less than 50 minutes, this mom had cured her daughter without fuss. Just four tiny pills in the hands of a knowledgeable mother. A mom who wholly depended on homeopathy.

“I want that.”

Within months after witnessing this event, I, too, was capable of the same mothering act.

Not always perfectly. Not even confidently at first, but I was doing what she did.

I did it for my little son’s cough, my husband’s food intolerance, my brother’s knee, my aunt’s chronic urinary tract infections, even a dog’s constipation.

How did I master this different kind of mothering? I learned homeopathy. I studied like it was the most important thing on earth I had to do – because, to me, it *was*. It was a mission that even 32+ years later I can’t shake.

Along the way, I put in my time with classical homeopathy – a LOT of time. It served me in many ways, but it also impeded my trajectory forward. It kept me from knowing how to cure chronic illnesses. It sequestered me for hours alone while I repertorized each and every symptom. It had me going down rabbit holes of theory and conjecture.

It wasn’t until I gathered enough protocols – specific medicines for specific conditions – including not only the medicine, but the potency and frequency. Had I had these protocols earlier on in my studies, I would have been able to cure more quickly (and with better accuracy).

So, I’m speaking to you, dear mothers and grandmothers, as well as those who are motherly toward livestock, pets, neighbors and the world-at-large.

I don’t want you to think for a minute that if you have not done what my homeopath, my mother or I have done that you should be ashamed. No! Instead I want to inspire you!

I want you to take my story and use it as a roadmap for your next adventure. The adventure of unexpected mothering – the kind that our society doesn’t talk much about.

If this is your penchant, if you want this as much I did (and still do), carry on, dear mothers of the world. For I’m here for you, to hold your hand, teach you and inspire you to develop what all of us innately possess – to be able to cure most everything that gets in the way or our family’s well-being. And I want you to do it with knowledge, confidence and pride.

The way I see this is that we need to link arms across the world and display our ability to take care of our families with this amazing medicine that arms us – homeopathy.

If this stirs you to your core, like it did me, then consider this: mothers ARE linking arms across the globe!

They’re starting Study Groups in their homes (when they can), as well as forming them virtually. Using my simple Gateway to Homeopathy: A Guided Study Group Curriculum bolsters these little bands as they organize and meet.

If the cost of this Study Guide is out of reach for you at this time, then no problem. Start a group anyway and study my blog together – for free!

Now more than ever, we need to be armed with knowledge and medicine, and allow the instinct of mothering to come to the fore for all the world to see.

This is how we pass on the good news of homeopathy!

Warmly

