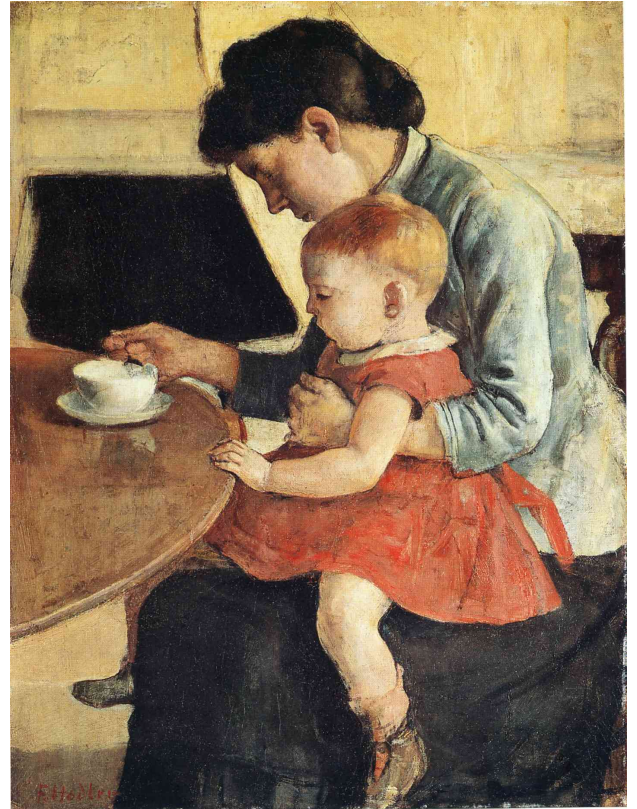


I Want That: Confident Mothering

I don't consider myself a jealous person. I usually find inspiration in those who have achieved or have more than I, but with that said, allow me to confess a moment of desire that altered my life.



About 27 years ago, having recently discovered homeopathy, I sat engaged in an appointment with my homeopath.

Her seven-year-old daughter knocked at the door of the consulting room and peeped in. She was pale and perspiring, and in a feeble little voice, she breathed, "I'm sick. My stomach hurts."

My homeopath went to her cabinet, tucked into the corner of this office, where she had a stash of a hundred homeopathic remedies from which she dispensed the little pills. 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 confidence in her ability to address her child's needs.

It was a display of pure, elegant mothering. No freaking out, no calling the doctor, no imploring someone else to help her to take care of it.

I, too, had benefited from the contents of that cabinet.

The first remedy she had given me – only a few months earlier – was *Nux vomica* 200. What a revelation that was! It relieved about 50% of my years of suffering within a few short weeks. No more migraines, fully restored sleep and nearly resolved asthma had been the gifts born of that cabinet.

The shift this remedy made in my health was significant, so I was awed by my homeopath.

She knew what to do and she did it.

She planted a kiss on her daughter's head and sent her to the adjoining room into her father's arms. She did the same for me, except that she didn't kiss me ... she sowed instead a seed of inspiration. If that isn't as good as a mother's love, it's nearly so!

It was a pivotal moment ... an epiphany. I was instantly envious, not with mal intent, not with jealousy.

It was an "Ah-ha" moment that has motivated my mothering and professional life 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 what was even more rousing that day was that by the time our 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 mom. 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 always as adroitly in the beginning, but here I stand today with three adult sons to trumpet to the world that I have depended entirely on homeopathy, nutrient-dense foods ... and not a single drug.

This is the cornerstone of my mothering.

Not acetaminophen, aspirin, nor antibiotic have I plunked into their mouths.

We have skirted steroids, analgesics, antidepressants, ointments, inhalers, Benadryl, Accutane, Darvocet, Albuterol, Lortab, Ritalin, EpiPens and the like.

My medicine cabinet has none of these products in

it, which makes my medical budget healthy too.

Only our family's beloved little white homeopathy pills from my closet, with a sprinkling of herbal tinctures that I make, do we take judiciously.

Lest you think we are of perfect inherited stock or that my sons lived in a bubble and never experienced an injury, let me assure you that we've had plenty of trials. Yet, I've addressed every one of them. With homeopathy.

I was so stirred by that moment in my homeopath's office that I fashioned my life to do the same for other mothers, too ... to inspire them as my homeopath inspired me.

I would like others, who know the feeling of healthy envy, to know that it is possible ... this drugless, medical-procedure-less life.

And that this style of living is within reach, in fact only an arm's length away.

If this tugs at you as it does me, let me take your hand and guide you so you can march into this world of self-empowerment and mothering the way it was intended.

I wanted that. And I got it!

A Remedy Everyone Needs to Own

The reason *Nux vomica* worked so well for me back in 1986 is that I had made a habit at that time to use a lot of conventional drugs, and *Nux vomica* is the premier remedy for that stupid lifestyle.

Stupid? Yes. Because not only was it without

forethought, intelligence or research, but it was as though I was in a stupor. I simply did as I was told. I heard, "Here, take this stuff." And I did!

Nux vomica is also a grand remedy for someone who is caught up in a whirlwind of business associated with a Type A personality.

But it is useful for many gut problems: overuse of prescription drugs, as in my case, but also overindulgence in any substance.

I consider candy and junk food to be substances of sorts as well, given the chemicals usually found in today's pre-prepared, prettily packaged foods. *Nux vomica* is my go-to remedy for post-Halloween nausea, stomach issues, sleep problems and irritability.

In other words: Halloween, birthday parties, sleepovers, Easter candy overdose... even irritability from any of these indulgences.

Remember it for someone who has a hangover, whether from alcohol overuse, bad food or meds. [Nux Vomica 30C](#), every four hours for a day or so has a reputation for smoothing out the prickly results of an ill-conceived extravagance.

So, whether you get yourself a [homeopathy kit](#), (a bit of an investment but a considerable savings in the long run) or purchase the remedy individually, be sure to have this remedy in your home because it's a cinch in a pinch.