Personal



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My Story

I’ve been where you are.

Within a few short weeks of my birth, I had health challenges: eczema, allergies, strep throat, otitis media, tonsillitis, conjunctivitis – you name it. As a teen, I developed chronic gastrointestinal pain, gut dysbiosis and antibiotic dependency. I fell prey to chronic fatigue and asthma. My allergies, food intolerances, headaches and chemical sensitivities weren’t merely an inconvenience; they disrupted every aspect of my existence for decades.

So, when I say I’ve been where you are, it’s true. Maybe even worse. I understand pain, anxiety and suffering.

My mother searched for answers to my health challenges to no avail. As I became older, I joined her in the search. But unfortunately, whatever the physicians, naturopaths, clinical ecologists, and functional M.D.s gave me made me even sicker. Antibiotics, steroids, hormones, analgesics and inhalers. I was going downhill faster *with* the drugs than without them. I hardly recognized myself. I gained weight, had dark circles under my eyes, and was fatigued, depressed, worn out and almost hopeless.

I learned about herbs, vitamins and essential oils. I bought books—lots of them—and studied. I even tried vegetarianism. However, my health only improved slightly.

Then, I discovered homeopathy.

I attended a lecture offered by a retired homeopathic physician who discussed the curative ability of homeopathy. I was gobsmacked by the possibilities. I found a nearby practicing homeopath who freed me from the oppressive bubble I

had found myself living in. Homeopathy changed me from being a person hampered by severe health conditions to someone who could live a normal life.

However, my transformation was complete when I entered motherhood. I did not want my children to suffer at the hands of conventional medicine as I had. As a mother, I believed—and still do—that it's our responsibility to nurture, feed and heal our families with freedom and autonomy.

As I sat in my homeopath's office, 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, plucked a remedy from her cabinet of homeopathic remedies, 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. I wanted that!

It was a display of pure, elegant mothering. No freaking out, no frantic calls to 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.

I wanted to be able to treat my kids, my husband and myself successfully … just as she had.

So, in 1987, I decided the best way to turn my wish into a reality was to form my own small study group of like-minded women who, like me, were looking for a better way. The time I spent with my friends in this group, learning about the fundamentals of homeopathy, served as my intellectual nourishment while still allowing me to be the best stay-at-home mother I could be to my growing family.

Initially, I had no intention of becoming a professional homeopath. All I wanted to know was how to keep my son out of the pediatrician's office and off antibiotics and analgesics. I accomplished that. Neither he nor his brothers were seen by doctors nor given any drugs of commerce, including aspirin and acetaminophen.

Indeed, I raised my three now-adult children without a single doctor's visit, using only homeopathy, nutrient-dense meals, and "guts, spunk, and moxie."

Throughout this time, I took advanced homeopathy classes, where I met homeopaths from around the world (Ireland, Pakistan, India, Iran, South Africa, Haiti, and Russia) who became my friends. We learned from each other. Each of them had experience with pathologies that most of us in North America have only heard about. So, I compiled, gathered and tossed the protocols into an ever-growing database of information.

Homeopathy became my life's passion, but I couldn't keep this information to myself. I wanted to share it with the world! Indeed, I believed that health care should be focused in the home, with the mother and grandmother at the helm.

I became a full-time homeopathic consultant, author, educator and speaker. I've met with and educated tens of thousands of mothers, grandmothers, M.D.s, chiropractors, nurses, pharmacists and others throughout my practice and teaching career. And my mission continues.

Yes, I've been where you are.

You may feel your issues are more severe or different than anyone else's. But I assure you that between my own extensive illnesses, my sons' typical childhood conditions, the clients in my practice and my work in India, I have seen it all. My opinion remains: Nothing – and I do mean nothing – has come close to the reproducible, safe and effective results that my

clients, students and I have achieved with homeopathy.

My Mission