

The Linen Closet: From Drugs to Homeopathy



We are shaped by our experiences. Mine was painful and arduous but yours needn't be that way.

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Imagine a large linen closet stacked deep with wide shelves. Now envision no linens. Not a pillow, extra blanket or spare sheet. Not even a pillowcase. No room for such necessities ... no room because from floor to ceiling, this linen closet is piled high with meds, drugs, medicaments, pills. Organized

in rows, stacked high on top of each other, towering 10 shelves tall, all ready for the slightest symptom to appear. A sniffle, an eruption, a sleepless night means a visit to the linen closet for a fix.

This was my linen closet in Washington, D.C. in 1976. I was married to a doctor, and the answer to all illness was drugs. No matter the side effects, the synergistic consequences or the depth of the problem, it was a rationale for the use of nostrums! And my husband at the time was a neurosurgeon at a prestigious university who kept the linen closet well-stocked.

I was in my early twenties, and I had full faith in what this man and his colleagues told me. I was impressed with their credentials of neurology and neurosurgery bestowed them by the top medical programs in the country.

I was also smitten by the paid vacations we enjoyed courtesy of the drug companies – Hawaii, St. Croix, London – and also the Mercedes Benz I drove.

I lived the life of a naïve young wife of a doctor who assumed the doctor knew best. By the time I left the marriage, I, too, had been on a multitude of drugs from antibiotics to birth control pills.

I felt like a lab rat.

But I was no different than all the other wives...and the doctors, too. We thought we were among the advantaged few who had access to choice information.

Within this upper crust of the medical world, to refuse pills was blasphemy and implied lack of sophistication.

We were among the elite, educated and prosperous.

And the flippant rhetoric that peppered our conversations, describing them as “double-blind,” “rational” and “scientific,” was one of the badges indicating our arrival.

However, what followed was a complete breakdown of my system. Relentless headaches, asthma, palpitations, chronic fatigue, muscle weakness and pain became my existence for years after leaving the marriage and the house with the linen closet.

After visits to doctor after doctor, the answer was no different in my hometown, to which I returned, than it was in D.C. Each required either further testing, some substantially invasive or more synthetic drugs.

Underlying their inquiries was always the goal of prescribing yet another “med,” the now up-to-the-minute euphemism.

Then one day something shifted in my thinking. I think it was (once again) my parents who prompted my clarity of thinking.

Here's what dawned on me:

The problem was inherent in the drugs themselves and the philosophy behind them!

It became apparent that to visit doctors was akin to soliciting aid from the drug rep himself. It felt like I was being kicked while already down. Not only was I suffering with illness, but now my liver was required to process unnatural synthetics that were foreign to my body.

This is when I found an uncommon way.

My entrée into this disparate realm began with complete abstinence from all drugs, prescribed or over-the-counter, regardless of my symptoms.

I simply lived with the pain, fatigue, breathlessness and myriad other problems.

It was downright liberating.

I don't suggest others necessarily do this, since each case is different, but for me, it was a compelling exercise in learning to live with myself, not a propped-up version.

My clarity and memory returned with corresponding increased vitality, but it wasn't until I landed squarely on my feet in the world of homeopathy about a year later that I established the cadence I so earnestly sought.

Upon finding this medical method and its intelligent principles, I not only began regaining my health in larger leaps but was so intrigued with its doctrine that I studied unceasingly.

What I discovered was stunning. I learned that drugs relieve symptoms but what they're actually doing is not really of value. In fact, the more "effective" and "proven" they are, the more likely they are doing harm.

For example, a drug to abort diarrhea seems appropriate until you consider diarrhea a natural defense required for equilibrium or true health.

Instead in homeopathy, we generally use [Veratrum album](#) 30

every 3 hours. It doesn't suppress the symptoms but has the capacity to uproot the condition.

Nostrums that abort pain may do so in the short haul, but they don't address the underlying maladjustment that caused the problem in the first place.

Drugs that induce sleep may offer it but at the expense of feeling spacy in the following days with the potential for addiction. Instead, a better choice might be [Coffea cruda](#) [200](#) before bed. No side effects. No addictions.

Each of the new symptoms, called side effects, is the rationale for the next drug.

Further, all of these "researched" medicaments are not nor have ever been intended to cure. Instead, they're designed to cover up the symptoms, only to inevitably cause potential advancement of illness in the future.

For crying out loud, had I done what my parents repeatedly communicated and simply read the side effects on the drug inserts, I could have predicted my future sufferings with transparency.

It was the drugs that fed my shabby condition!

However, it wasn't just the purging of the drugs that renewed my health. It was the use of homeopathic remedies that surged my vitality to the level I presently enjoy.

Why? Because the aim of homeopathy is to get to the underlying cause and root it out.

And the homeopathic remedies did just that! The asthma and

joint pains melted away within months. The daily headaches were gone in the first week of the first remedy! (I'll never forget it: [Nux vomica 200](#), once daily for a few weeks.)

OK, I acknowledge that *well-chosen** modern medicine provides benefits. Surgery is a valuable tool *when all else fails*. Emergent care can be lifesaving. And how about organ transplants?

*But be careful here. You must do your homework to determine whether it is truly necessary.

Homeopathy celebrates staying away from the pharmacy. Each illness overcome without the use of drugs of commerce is an opportunity to strengthen the entire system.

Homeopathy is rational and intelligent and allows us to put our house in order ... even the linens can be assigned to their rightful place.

Interested in learning more so that you and your family don't fall into the trap as I did? There's no other way to do this without taking back control of your and your family's health care.

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