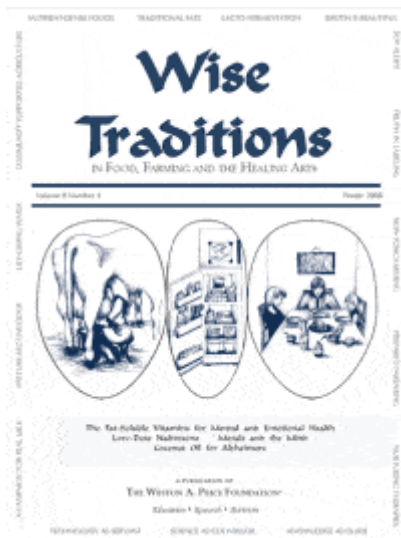


Slightly Spoiled; a Story of Allergies and Homeopathy

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She was one of those women who had everything: a loving husband, beautiful, healthy children, a stylish home and intelligence to boot. She considered her life in order and often pondered it with satisfaction. She was slightly spoiled.

It wasn't always that way, though. Only fifteen years earlier she was single and suffering from debilitating environmental illness; a type of allergy. These were not the sneezy-sniffley-kind of allergies; they were the overwhelming, near-life-threatening sort. Her life was bulging with medical drama and constant searching for answers. "Why", she would whimper, "is this happening to me?" The answers were vague and confusing. From doctor to doctor she traveled, only to find her inescapable illness deepening with each new medication and procedure.

Then one day, purely by accident, a friend mentioned that a relative had visited a homeopath which resulted in a cure of his hay fever. Intriguing, she considered. It was an easy decision. She dragged herself into the initial visit only half believing anything could save her from her life of chronic suffering. Yet, she was struck by the first meeting.

Impressively, the homeopath spent nearly two hours, completely focused on what she had to say. "Everything about you is important" clarified the homeopath, "even the position you sleep in". If nothing else, it was refreshing to have someone listen with genuine interest.

She left the homeopath's office with renewed hope, because it was the first time anyone had explained what was going on with her immune system. The homeopath told her that each medication she had been taking was concealing a symptom that was not only causing more serious ones, but was suppressing her body's ability to adjust to her allergic condition. And these symptoms were not the culprits, but were like gifts since they directed the homeopath to finding the remedy that precisely suited her. Once the correct remedy was determined, her sufferings would no longer be veiled, but slowly melt away one by one. It might take some time, warned the homeopath, but over months, energy would be gained, foggy headedness diminished, obstructed breathing and sleep restored. Most importantly, she would be able to go out in public again; something that was lost over a year ago due to allergens that she had become so sensitive to.

The day after she took the first round of the remedy was remarkable. It so happened that she had hoped she could eek out a day of one simple task. She simply wanted to organize a file she was compiling to build a case for social security benefits since she was no longer capable of work. She had grown accustomed to measuring her time and tasks according to what her symptoms allowed. Most days were relegated to about an hour or two of productive time while the remainder of the day was spent napping, peppered with asthma and anxiety attacks. This day was different. Instead of the expected, she found herself organizing other files too, and even wandering into the kitchen and making soup from scratch. This was a once relished task that was also left behind due to her mounting fatigue. Yet, here she was working and providing herself with

a nourishing meal! When she finished lunch, she noticed the pantry needed tidying. Instead of postponing the task as usual, she took it on with renewed gusto. "Hey" she thought, "I remember this feeling...it's the way I used to feel in college; energetic, capable and motivated." It was then that she realized she hadn't felt well for probably a decade.

After the last jar of beans was wiped and returned to the shelf, she scanned the room for another undertaking. Maybe I'll just start a load of laundry, she considered. And so the day went: task after task accomplished with ease, unlike any other day for what seemed a life time. That night, as she laid her head on the pillow she took pleasure in reflecting on the accomplishments of the day and only hoped this had something to do with the homeopathic remedy. "Nah, just a fluke" and fell deeply asleep. Yet, upon awakening the next morning, despite the cold, damp weather, a factor that had always worsened her asthma, she prepared herself for another productive day. This happened day after day for nearly a fortnight, when finally she experienced an asthma attack. She wept a little, too; more out of grief that her new well being might be coming to an end. Then something uncommon happened. Just when the asthma was coming to the usual breathless pitch, it abruptly stopped. And instead of the telltale exhaustion and residual burning in her lungs, there was a sense of calm. If it hadn't been for the fact that it was nearly midnight, she would have phoned her homeopath. Instead, she jotted down her experiences of the last two weeks to report at their next meeting.

And so it went. Day after day, week after week, her asthma appeared only occasionally, but now shorter, now less dramatic. Her bowel movements comfortably softened, became painless and more regular. The prescription medications she had depended on had now been eliminated; so had the over-the-counter ones. She began experiencing the life she had always envisioned. After a few more visits to the homeopath, her

menses, that had been irregular and debilitating, was also brought to normalcy and she stopped taking naps altogether. This was about the time she met her future husband. They were introduced at a mutual friend's house; the one who had earlier shared the homeopath's name.

Innocently, the friend wore perfume, a previous trigger to her asthma, yet none of this made our heroine ill. Instead, she was particularly clever and charming that night, which caught his attention. No more fogginess and anxiety. Her intelligence sparkled.

Their marriage has been blessed with four children; each of whom was taken to her now beloved homeopath for any ills. Conventional medications are not considered in her or her family's lives. It's homeopathy for all of them. Asthma is a thing of the past. So are the fatigue, constipation, anxiety, foggy thinking and menstrual disorders. She has a good life, rich with the blessings of a family and vigorous health. It only looks from the outside like a privileged life was bestowed upon her. Perhaps she has higher than average expectations, hence, the ability to bring them to fruition. There is an assumed excellence that comes from abundant health that she and her family have come to enjoy. Indeed, homeopathy has spoiled her.