

on account of difficult, whistling breathing with râles, much mucous expectoration; drops off to sleep, is awakened by attack of suffocation, has to get up and breathe open air. During the day patient is free from attacks and can do his singing. *Sulphur* 30c did not help in 20 days when *Hepar sulphur* 30c was given with primary aggravation for 5 days, but cured when herpes appeared again as he had it 3 years ago—*Perussel*.

(To be continued)

—*The Homœopathic Recorder*, Dec., '55

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### CURED OF ASTHMA

DR. VIRGINIA PORTER, NEEDHAM, MASS.

There are many people who suffer from asthma. I was one who had this depressing and debilitating disease. Naturally, I went to a doctor for relief, one who was highly recommended by other asthma patients. I took numerous scratch tests, intracutaneous tests, and it was decided that I was allergic to molds, housedust, feathers and pollen. Because I reacted violently to these, I immediately tracked down all violators and removed them from the house. That is, with the help of my family. I was too ill to do it all by myself.

I liked my M. D. He answered my questions and seemed to take a personal interest in my case. He patiently explained how the shots he was about to prepare for me would gradually, over a period of time, immunize me against those things my body would not tolerate. I had become sensitized and the shots would cure me. Once a week I was to have a shot.

I went regularly. I was doing well, feeling better. Each time the shot was slightly strengthened, but as time went on I

began feeling a little less well, but decided it was probably the weather, or the rainy day, or the dampness, or the pollen or possibly some food. However, I reasoned that after enough shots had been given I would be fine. Time passed and I was faithfully running to the doctor. Three months passed, and if anything, I was worse.

The doctor decided that a hospital would be the answer, to be observed and possibly treated with cortisone and ACTH. I was in an exhausted state and rest was imperative. Like many people, I had read endless articles concerning these miracle drugs, but I had also read that they are not a cure. Now I began to wonder. Three whole months of shots and I was a "hospital case." It didn't make sense.

Then came the day I panted into the doctor's office exhausted from lack of sleep, and breathing with great difficulty. He injected adrenalin in the vein. It wasn't pleasant, but, he said, it would alleviate the condition temporarily. I was to go home, take some pills and go to bed and the adrenalin would at least give me one good night's sleep. It did. That night the sleep was wonderful, but the next day my troubles were back. What could I do? Something was radically wrong.

#### **A New Attempt**

So I turned to my osteopath for an answer. He could immunize me to osteopathic treatments, he assured me. He felt I had been taking too many drugs and suggested a new line of treatment. My nerves were in a tragic state. I had had a major operation earlier in the year and figured the nerves were due to that. I would awaken mornings with the sensation of vibrating. I was weepy, depressed.

He recommended one of the new tranquilizers. They were nothing to fear, he used them for his own family when necessary. I liked this doctor. I had known him for years, but thought asthma was not in his line. Now I was reassured and was sure I was going to get well. I went twice a week, then once a week. I was improving although my nerves were still bad. The back of my head ached a lot but I definitely was better and gradually trying to break with the drugs. As he said,

no one is completely well who relies on medicine. That made sense.

Six months went by and I found that I could give up the treatments entirely, but I was never quite able to give up the medicines completely. Nose drops, tranquillizer pills, nebulizer for spraying my throat, and drops to keep my chest loose. Every day I needed some one of the variety for relief.

#### **A Further Set-back**

Summer came and I went to the beach for a month. My health was restored and I was elated. I came home, and suddenly I was "down again." I was as bad as ever. There were times when the disease had such a grip on me I couldn't get up from the chair to walk across the room without starting a spasm. Sometimes, while miserably sitting quietly in a chair afraid to move, it seemed that just a change of thought started up a spasm; certainly the slightest motion did. A spasm is when the chest constricts and breathing becomes difficult.

Gradually the back muscles between the shoulder blades tighten, neck muscles pulsate, one aches all over and the breathing turns to gasping. The mouth opens to facilitate inhalation. The chest feels like a weight, the back hurts until it seems that both chest and back will burst with the effort of getting air. The heart pounds, panic takes over.

No one dies in an attack, I am told, but that is small comfort. One would just as soon die and get the anguish over with. One gasps for relief, and in my case, I would use the nebulizer and spray my throat with a strong drug. Almost instantly the horror is alleviated. The breathing slows down, the pounding eases, and blessed relaxation comes. But it doesn't last. More pills must be taken.

#### **Finding the Trouble**

In my bleakness I surveyed my drugs and my future. Only forty four years old, supposedly in the prime of life. I had two lovely daughters, a loving and thoughtful husband, a nice home. I loved people, gardening, painting, sculpturing, sewing, and here I sat. Just walking across the room was unthinkable.

Drugs, Osteopathy, seemed not to be the answer. They might alleviate temporarily, but in my case, they did not cure. Did I have another 30 or so years of uselessness ahead of me. Years of drugs and misery?

There had to be an answer. I wept, I prayed, I calmed myself down. I would go all over it again to see where I had failed. I must be logical. Allergic I was, but to what? *What*, specifically? I had done everything the doctors ordered and I was no better. Could it be the month of October with its high pollen rate? Could it be the rainy weather? Certain foods, the dampish basement? Or a combination of these things? I mulled them over. Circumstances pointed to the fact that it possibly wasn't these things. I considered and rejected, in the light of possible offenders, every article in my home. Could it be something in the house . . . the wallpaper, the ceilings, something in the plaster, paint. How was I to find out? Who could tell me?

#### **I Try Homœopathy**

My prayers were answered. A homœopathic doctor was called to my attention and I made an appointment to visit him. He was retired but as a special favour to a friend was seeing me. I arrived at his home in a highly nervous state. Nervous and weepy, I became breathless walking up his driveway and paused to use my faithful nebulizer, which I was never without, to spray my throat before going in.

For two hours he talked to me, delving into my personality and my medical history. Then he began to explain homœopathy. How he used only his own remedies; I was no longer to use my old drugs; they were poisonous to the body. I was panicky, a doctor and no drugs! Not even penicillin or sulfa, the miracle and wonder drugs? Good heavens, the man was eccentric. Was I jumping into the fire from the frying pan? Dare I trust my life with someone so radical!

#### **Careful Explanation**

He must have sensed my apprehension because he was kindly, and quietly and gently began explaining his theories

which I admitted made a great deal of sense. He explained that no two asthma patients were treated alike, just as no two of any other diseased patients were treated by the same medicine unless the totality of the symptoms demanded it.

Just as there are no two personalities and no two people exactly alike, except perhaps twins, there are no diseases to be cured in the same manner. Man must be treated as a whole. His entire body is treated, not just the disease. And in the curing process not only the disabling disease, but all side annoyances are also cured. The man is *well*.

For three months, under his treatment, I had my ups and downs. But then my headaches, my stuffy nose, my depression, my various aches and pains—everything disappeared. No more worrying about allergies. No more considering or discounting the pollen rate, the weather, certain foods. Sensitivity was gone. Drugs were a thing of the past. *I was cured*. I have my doctor and the little anemone plant to thank for this miracle.

—*Homœopathy, May, 1957*

## AMERICAN HOMŒOPATHY

### III. The Golden Age (Contd.)

DR. ELINORE C. PEBBLES, NEWTONVILLE, MASS

(Continued from page 206)

JAMES TYLER KENT

A. H. GRIMMER, M.D.

My first meeting with Dr. Kent was in early September, 1902. I had traveled from California with the sole purpose of availing myself of the great Master's teachings and concepts of homœopathic philosophy and materia medica.

Through the acquaintance and friendship of Dr. J. E.