

CURED OF ASTHMA

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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, house-dust, 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 better, 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 be treated with cortisone and ACTH. I was in an exhausted state and rest was imperative. Like many people, I have 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.

So I turned to my osteopath for an answer. He could immunize me by 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 altho 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, tranquilizer pills, nebulizer for spraying my throat, and drops to keep my chest loose. Every day I needed some one of the variety for relief.

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 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.

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 and my medical history. Then he began to explain Homœo-plaster, paint. How was I to find out? Who could tell me?

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 favor to a friend was seeing me. I arrived at his home in a highly nervous state. Nervous

For two hours he talked to me, delving into my personality 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.

pathy. 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 ! He must have sensed my apprehensions 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.

This wonderfully curative medicine known to so few, but needed by so many—why is it withheld from the public ? If it is accepted in Europe and is used throughout Germany, used by the Royal Family of England, and if Pope Pius' personal physician is homœopathic, and it is compulsory in Mexico, why can't those in the U.S. who choose this branch of medicine be allowed to get it ?

Is the American drug trust so powerful and so greedy that it deliberately holds back inexpensive *curative* medicine that it can further its own ends ? What else can one think ? Is it not time for the American people to be aware of these things before we become a nation of chronically ill people ?

Homœopathy is a medicine that laymen also can understand, and one is truly unwise who does not take advantage of at least inquiring into its study.

—*The Layman Speaks, March '57*

INDIVIDUALISATION IS THE ART OF THE THERAPEUTIST

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Hahnemann in his Organon (Section 118, 9th American edition, Page 118), mentions, "Every medicine exhibits peculiar actions on the human frame, which are not produced in exactly the same manner by any other medicinal substance of a different kind."

Then the question arises : what makes a medicine "peculiar" ?

The answer is quite easy and difficult at the same time. Every person has individual peculiarities. He is different in stature, in nature. That is why we say "there are men and men." Similarly there are men of different temperaments, different professions, different proclivities. Every person has different emotions, lives in different, economical, social as well as domestic affairs. Some persons are easily moved to tears when some tragedy is narrated before them, whatsoever trivial its nature may be. Others are not affected in the least, even if dozens of persons are done away with. Some persons are easily affected by the least draft of air, others may not be affected even in a cold thunderstorm, even if they are naked. Some persons grow corpulent, despite the best precautions in their diet to avoid fat etc.; but others get lean and lanky even if they take the best possible diet.