

FATHER HOMOEOPATHY'S VISIT TO THE PRISON HOSPITAL OF THE ENEMY*

DR. F. E. GLADWIN, M.D.

The rays of the setting sun fell upon the white tents which constituted the prison hospital of the enemy. Outside, in the fresh air, the enemy's surgeons were resting for a brief space ere the call to dinner sounded. They had worked hard all day and though not satisfied with the results of their labour, they reassured themselves with the fact that they had done their best, whatever the results.

Within the prison hospital, suffering men tossed and moaned and longed for home and friends. Among the tired surgeons, appeared a white haired stranger and asked permission to visit his friends in the prison hospital. One glance at the quiet, benevolent face convinced them that no wrong was intended, so when he showed them a case full of bottles containing sugar and asked if he might give some to his friends, they laughingly answered, "Give them all the candy from home that you please, we've no objections." Thus it came about that Father Homoeopathy visited his friends in the prison hospital of the enemy.

As he stood at the entrance of the surgical ward, his heart ached with pity for the unnecessary suffering that he saw. On a cot almost at his feet lay a great big robust looking fellow who, you would think, could stand almost anything in the line of pain, without a murmur. He had been operated upon a short time before and a rapid inflammation of the wound had followed with a high fever. He was intensely nervous, was sure he couldn't stand that dreadful pain, was sure he would die, kept glancing at the clock to see if the pointers had reached a certain hour as he was sure he would not last beyond that hour. He tossed and moaned, fretted and fumed and was full of excitement and fear. He could think of nothing but his great distress and death. He wasn't even glad to see Father Homoeopathy, his sufferings were so great and he was so sure he would die. Probably he would have died if Father Homoeopathy had not recognized *Aconite*, placed a little sugar upon the tongue and thus conquered the fever, the inflammation and the anxiety.

On the next cot lay a man who would have been disgusted with the fuss *Aconite* was making if he hadn't been so sluggish that he was indifferent to everything. Nothing disturbed him, he didn't care to take the trouble to think about the things he heard and saw. This man didn't seem to have any recuperating powers. His wound didn't seem much in the first place, but the surgeons had great difficulty in stopping the bleeding; there was no active hemorrhage, but a constant oozing of dark blood. In spite of everything the surgeons could do, the wound, instead of healing, turned black and sloughed.

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The surgeons operated only to go through the same thing over again. His face was pale, cold, deathlike, he looked as though he were dead when he was asleep and he lay there too sluggish to care, whether he died or not. Father Homoeopathy called *Carbo vegetabilis* and the man began to improve at once.

On the next two cots, lay twins. Even Father Homoeopathy had difficulty in discovering which was *Hypericum* and which was *Ledum*. Each was in danger of lock-jaw if something wasn't done for them immediately. Examination showed that *Ledum* had stepped upon a thorn which had punctured his foot—pierced to the bone, the surgeons said. The wound was cold to touch and he felt bruised and sore all over. *Hypericum* had also stepped upon a thorn, but in *Hypericum's* case, the thorn had punctured a nerve and the pain was almost unbearable. The pain extended up the leg through spine to head and face.

Across the aisle from *Carbo vegetabilis*, lay his cousin, *Strontium carb.* He had such an extensive wound in the first place that it required much cutting to save his life at all. Father Homoeopathy found him much prostrated and cold, he wanted more covers; the blood was oozing through the bandage just as his cousin *Carbo vegetabilis* did and his breath was almost as cold as *Carbo vegetabilis*.

A little farther down was a man with his eye tied up. Father Homoeopathy wasn't quite sure whether he was *Staphisagria* or *Symphytum*, but examination showed that the cornea had been lacerated by a blow, nor was this all the trouble that the examination revealed. For some reason, the surgeons had opened *Staphisagria's* abdomen and the walls of the abdomen had taken on an unhealthy look and there were stinging pains. As soon as Father Homoeopathy discovered this, he knew that a few pellets would start up the process of granulation for *Staphisagria* immediately and he gave them.

Phosphorus also was in the surgical ward. Father Homoeopathy was sorry to find him there. He was such a hemorrhagic fellow that even his small wounds bled much and after his wounds had once healed they were quite likely to break out again, and bleed. Here he was in the surgical ward and just off from the operating table. The chloroform had nauseated him exceedingly. He had a great craving for cold water but he vomited it as soon as it was warm in the stomach. The nurses were afraid to let him vomit lest he start a hemorrhage, but didn't know what to do to stop it. They were surprised and delighted to see the nausea disappear when Father Homoeopathy put a little sugar upon *Phosphorus's* tongue.

A little farther on was a man with a broken leg. The bones would not unite and the surgeons had concluded to suture them as soon as they could find time for the operation. *Symphytum* didn't make much fuss about the fracture, but he complained bitterly of the pain caused by the pressure of the bandage upon the seat of an old wound upon the knee. He also complained of severe pain in the eye. There was no visible injury upon the eyeball

but the nurse had accidentally dropped a knife, *the handle* of which had *struck him full in the eye*, hence the pain. A powder from Father Homoeopathy quieted the pain and before the surgeons had found time to operate, the bone had united!

Down in the other end of the tent was a man that should not have been in the surgical ward, though he belonged there originally. He had been *badly wounded* and the surgeons could not find the ball, though they had hunted faithfully for it, cutting, probing, etc. A few days after the operation, he was taken with a *violent chill mingled with heat and sweat*. His *temperature went up, but his pulse went up much faster* in proportion. He was *sore all over*, ached all over, he felt *better upon moving*, therefore he kept moving and he *talked faster than he moved*. His *face was pale and sunken though his cheeks were red and hot*. His *mouth was foul, breath offensive, tongue coated and brown*; he had a *rapid, irregular fluttering pulse*, and was threatened with heart failure. He *thought he was one person when he lay on one side and another when he turned over onto the other side*. Father Homoeopathy thought he might be Arnica, Baptisia and Rhus tox, all in one but knew he was *Pyrogen*.

Near Pyrogen was another fellow suffering from fever. Arnica was just as *sore all over* as Pyrogen and he had just as many *aching pains*. He was *restless also, kept moving because the bed was too hard*, but he was *worse from motion, worse from talking and even worse from sound*. He *couldn't bear to have anyone come near him* for fear they might hurt him. He *wanted to be let alone*. He was *stupid*; would speak and then drop off into a stupid sleep.

The sun had disappeared behind the distant hills and the moon and the stars had full possession of the heavens when Father Homoeopathy completed his visit to the surgical ward. The surgeons returning from dinner soon after, noticed the quiet of the place and wondered if the old man had murdered all the inmates, but when they entered the tent and saw all the patients resting quietly, they said, "That proves the effect of the mind upon the body! Just one visit of someone from home has quietened all those homesick fellows. Wonder what the old man said to them." A nurse who had watched the old man's progress through the ward said it was the homoeopathic sugar and just as the surgeon was about to scoff at the idea, an owl in the tree nearby said, "true, true."

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