

Mikhail's Miracle

It was late September (2 months after graduating) and I was attending a seminar in Toronto when I received the call. "Would you be willing to take my son's case? He's been working with another physician who recommended you because of your intuition." After we discussed fees and what was required for the initial consultation, I found out that her 10 year old son had been diagnosed with Juvenile Rheumatoid Arthritis 5 years earlier, and had been crippled ever since. I remember thinking: "Okay Tammie this is it... your first big case. Are you ready?"

Mikhail was the saddest person that I had ever met. He and his mother had entered the clinic while I was still up in my kitchen, but when I came down the energy was heavy and his sadness permeated everything. I asked her if he was always like that. "Yes, he's not a normal little boy." I found out that THAT was what he wanted more than anything else... to be a real, normal little boy. Who knew all those hours of watching Walt Disney's Pinocchio with my kids would one day pay off!

Mikhail had the classic coloring of a Phosphorous constitution and was up to the CM potency with it and his NSOL, but I sensed nothing of the Phos personality. I looked through the file to see if Nat-m had been prescribed but I found no indications of it. It seemed like the best place to begin... along with the usual attempts to assuage his symptoms. Though I wasn't hopeful in that regard, as none of what had been done so far had given him any relief. Frankly I admired his mother's faith in the medicine, even though there hadn't been any significant changes to date, and the timeline was finished. But it was his eyes that made my heart ache... beneath the sadness and the obvious frustration of his mother dragging him to yet another potential miracle worker, I could see a desperate longing for help.

I sent Mikhail into the waiting room and asked his mother who was treating her. She looked a bit taken aback and said that no one was.

I explained how important it was for the parents to be treated (especially the mother) but I really emphasized the point for her son's case. I could sense a connection between the two that transcended this world... Intuitively I knew that the key to HIS healing, was locked up in HERS. She said that she had considered it once but that the practitioner they were working with then, insisted on her completed timeline prior to beginning. This overwhelmed her too much, and so she limited the treatment to Mikhail. Here of course, she gave me a big clue as to her state of mind, so I soothed her concerns and told her just to write out the last 5 years for me... from the time just before his diagnosis to present.

And so we began... Nat-m powders to 50m, a Symptom RX that included Syph, General drainage plus liver (for all the meds), Opium & Stram for his fear of the dark, a "Happiness" dropper, Staph30c for the anger/frustration I sensed was buried, and a 200c of Sepia in his NSOL. I had been unsure why Sepia was "nudging" me during his consultation but felt it important to honour. After he left, I confirmed this diagnosis... not so much as a male displaying Sepia but as a child connected to a mother that was very much afflicted with it... as I was soon to find out.

In her initial consult, Mikhail's mother told me that she was suffering from depression that had begun with a PPD (Post Partum Depression) diagnosis after her 3rd birth. Mikhail was her second child, a toddler at the time of the 3rd child's appearance. "Mikhail could do no right at that time!" Isn't Heilkunst wonderful? We investigate until we have all of the pieces that allow us to solve the case, just like detectives on television!

Up until then, Mikhail and his effervescent Phos personality got along splendidly with Pulsatilla mom, especially since the eldest boy was in school all day. Suddenly Pulsatilla mom morphed into a Sepia state and she couldn't handle his Phos nature any more. She was overwhelmed and stressed, especially once the new baby developed severe allergies and difficulty breathing! Mikhail unintentionally became mom's pressure release valve. Imagine the childlike thinking: "Mom used to love me; now she hates me; she

hates everything that I do; she's so unhappy all the time and it's all because of me, because I'm so bad." But he noticed that the new baby got an awful lot of "good" attention, especially when he had trouble breathing. "She never gets mad at him!"

And then it happened... Mikhail got a bad flu. Suddenly he was very sick with a high fever, red cheeks, glistening eyes (more clues for the discerning Heilkunst physician!). He was sick for a couple of weeks, and miraculously he was mom's golden boy again. She cuddled with him, sang to him, brought him food and drinks. "This feels pretty good" his little intellect must've been thinking.

As flu's go, Mikhail recovered. His physical health was perfect again for a couple of weeks, and life got back to "normal". Then one evening the symptoms came back: it was sudden, there was lots of heat and redness, but this time something was different... he was in severe pain and his joints were swollen and red. Mom (and dad!) became very concerned so Mikhail was taken to a physician and eventually diagnosed with Juvenile Rheumatoid Arthritis. "A classic onset" the allopaths said. And from then on, caring for and "fixing" Mikhail became his mother's full time job. Make no mistake, Mikhail now had his mother's attention. He had become a well-behaved Nat-m child who was very limited in his mobility (necessary to curtail the natural Phos effervescence!), and she had gone from Puls to Sepia and (now) a bunch of Lach thrown on top.

When mother and son returned for their first follow up (with me), they were different people. Mikhail was laughing and telling jokes, and he was so excited as he shared with me that he had been invited on play dates for the first time! Mom was excited too. She was feeling much more like her old self... though she had "suffered" through an awful healing reaction "thank you very much!" But she shared that she and her husband were very excited by the shift in Mikhail. Suddenly kids were treating him differently and he was (emotionally at least) a normal kid now. I explained how this was the first step to healing because now that the mental/emotional state was on track, the body would soon follow.

Though Mikhail had been sent to me (ostensibly) to begin the first round of miasms, I delayed as I felt there were things from his timeline still left to clear. As such, the next set of powders removed some of the meds that he was no longer taking. After that we got to (what I believed would be) the heart of the matter.

I was certain that Mikhail (like his mother) also had a Lachesis disease state... whether from his connection to mom or for perceiving himself as a “bad boy”, I wasn’t sure. But I felt that it (at least partly) precipitated his diagnosis. For this case I felt it was important to treat the physical and the emotional onset concomitantly, so I separated them and left 5 minutes between in order to be very clear of my intention to his life force. I had him take the Lachesis first, then the powders that contained the tonic remedies for all of his symptoms at the time of diagnosis.

Here it is interesting to note that as Mikhail’s mom described the onset to me, I felt a strong sense of Morbillinum. This was not intellectual but extremely super sensible. I asked for a more detailed description of the rash, and my suspicions were confirmed when she said that it looked like “lace”. Immediately I felt that this was what the allopaths call “Fifth’s disease” but what we in the Heilkunst community have speculated is a mutated version of the Measles. And so my choice of remedies for the physical onset were: Influenzinum/Bell/Morbillinum and ANS.

Here we saw some dramatic changes, as Mikhail revisited some of those initial symptoms. But he and mom (and the rest of the family!) had been fully coached on what to expect, and so it went smoothly. When mom came for the next consult she was in tears for two reasons... she was thrilled with her son’s progress but very sad because a kid at school was now bullying him. “Hasn’t he been through enough?!” she wept. While I did console her, I also told her that we needed to celebrate this turn of events because it meant that he was getting better. “Remember what his goal is... to be a normal kid, just like everyone else he goes to school with. If he’s getting bullied, he’s being perceived as normal!” As understanding dawned the tears dried up and she decided that they needed to go

home and celebrate! (Of course her Pulsatilla dropper was increased here!)

I too, was pleased with Mikhail's progress. He'd gone from being in a wheel chair 90% of the time, to dumping his crutches and shuffling along, dragging his left leg behind him. In fact, he'd even lost his "handicapped" parking pass. But that left ankle was still causing some suffering. It was swollen and painful and it just refused to bend. There was no flexibility in it and Mikhail reported that it felt as though the tendon was too short all the way up his leg. I looked it up in Messages From the Body and there it was: "Over-responsible". There was the Sepia! I got a shiver as I looked up this symptom in Clarke: "Arthritic pains in joints; TENSION IN LIMBS AS IF THEY WERE TOO SHORT; STIFFNESS AND WANT OF FLEXIBILITY IN JOINTS." In his file I wrote: "Here is the Sepia that I think he took on when mom was having a tough time with it during PPD and pregnancy... right before onset of JRA... the dropper has brought it out to be dealt with by powders."

I decided to follow the same treatment model as with the last set of powders so I gave the Sepia powder first, had Mikhail wait 5 minutes and then treated the physical again... only this time taking it one potency higher.

The next contact I had was from Mikhail's mother looking for an acute for herself. "Could you please fit me in as soon as possible? I really need to speak with you!" That afternoon I asked what was wrong? "I really need your help. I don't know how to deal with Mikhail now that he's normal. He's gone skiing twice with his school, he's being defiant, he runs everywhere, I can't keep up with him, and now the school is calling me complaining about him running in the halls!"

By Tammie Quick DMH, DHHP