Evie and the SECRET of Small Things

A Read-Aloud Book for Ages 6 to 96

BY PAOLA BROWN

Endorsed by the Academy of Homeopathy Education
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“No legacy is so rich as honesty.”
-Shakespeare

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Dedication

To Jason, Mateus, Cristian, and Eva.  
My anchor, my loves, my greatest joy.

And to my mother, Fatima.  
You always knew this book was in me.  
Thank you for believing in me. I love you!

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“The most inestimable treasures are: impeccable consciousness and good health. Love to God and self-study provide one; homeopathy provides the other”
—Samuel Hahnemann
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UNIT 2
Unlocking Homeopathy
Christmas was over, and the New Year was quickly approaching. Evie Brown—along with her siblings and cousins—were back to playing their games and running laps around the house. Every room was littered with crumbs and puzzle pieces and toys—most of which had been opened on Christmas morning.

Three babies, plump and rosy-cheeked, sat on the floor in the living room. Evie sat down on the couch and watched them play. Baby Boston reached out toward the toys. Her brow furrowed as she taught herself how to pick up the small board book that had captured her attention.

Next to Boston was her younger cousin, Ethan. He too saw the book and tried to yank it from Boston, but his fingers, juicy with spit, gave way. Up went Ethan’s feet and down he rolled onto his back. In the process, he bumped the third baby, his cousin Adalyn. She tipped over and flopped onto her back, only to become mesmerized—like Ethan—by the ceiling fan that spun lazily overhead. Boston resumed coaxing her fingers into handling the board book.

The grownups—those of Grandma Annette and Grandpa Don’s ten children and spouses who were still in town—were leisurely eating breakfast at the table. Everyone was happy to have survived the “Brown Plague” that had struck the family right before Christmas. Regaining their strength and appetite was a welcomed entry into the New Year.

But as Evie’s mom, Christine, and her aunts began walking through the house collecting socks and shoes, they realized what a wreck the house had become. The stomach flu had taken a toll on the house, in addition to the family inside it.
Clap, clap, clap! Evie’s mother was rounding up the kids. The babies all startled, and three little heads looked up at her, eyes blinking at attention.

“It’s time to clean up! Each group of kids is assigned to an area. I’ll turn on the music, but I’ll only play the song four times, and when the song ends the fourth time, the group that has cleaned their area up the best is the first to get some of Grandma Annette’s hot apple cider,” Mom said.

Evie saw the little kids all squeal with excitement, but she, like the older cousins, saw that this was just a sneaky way to get everyone to clean up.

Everyone scattered into the teams that Mom had formed.

“Aww, man!” Evie said, as her brothers—Matt and Christian—rolled their eyes. But, as soon as they heard Louis Armstrong’s “When the Saints Come Marching In” blaring on Mom’s computer speakers, Evie and the other kids found themselves working harder than anyone else to win the competition.

Toys got plunked into the owners’ suitcases, dirty plates were swallowed up by the dishwasher, and dirty clothes and kitchen towels were hurled into the laundry room. After the song ended for the third time, the cleaning went from fast and furious, to a full-blown frenzy! Cousin Marissa yanked the vacuum out from the linen closet, plugged it in, and was running through the house with it.

“Whose brush is this? Whose brush is this?!” Christian shouted with desperation.

“It’s mine!” Marissa called over the growling of the vacuum cleaner. Evie and Marissa were on the same team, and Marissa yelled to her, “Evie! Quick, clear the way!”

One by one, Evie lifted a perplexed baby up off the floor, and the vacuum zoomed underneath each hovering baby. Soon, the babies had been deposited back onto the cleanly combed carpet, slightly stunned yet fascinated. They watched the vacuum gobble crumbs and then travel into the next room.

The grown-ups helped, but watched in amazement at how much a battalion of kids could accomplish when sufficiently motivated. In just over ten minutes, the house looked significantly better. It wasn’t perfect, but it was cleaner and neater!

“Wonderful!” Grandma said as the panting kids gathered around the fireplace to receive warm cider.

121 battalion n. a body of infantry, consisting of from 500 to 800 men; so called from being originally a body of men arrayed for battle (1828)
Mom proudly served the vacuum team the first cup of cider. “Good teamwork!” she said. Soon all were happily sipping their warm drinks.

“Tell us a story, Grandma!” insisted Marissa.

“Yah!” said Christian—his cheeks rosy from the exercise and the warm cider.

“Okay, hmm, let me think for a minute,” Grandma thought aloud as she sat on the floor cross-legged among her grandchildren. “All right. I’m going to tell you a story about something you’re all familiar with . . . the flu!”

“Eeeew!” Matt and his cousins booed, laughing. “We hate the flu!”

“Oh, shush!” Evie began bouncing on her knees. “I’ve learned so much about it from Grandma these last couple of days!”

That got everyone quiet. They all looked at Evie like she was being silly.

“Huh?” Marissa questioned. “Maybe you still have a fever.” She jokingly put a hand on Evie’s forehead.

“You guys will see. Don’t you want to learn about how to get over the flu quicker?” Evie exclaimed.

Now everyone was curious, and Marissa was the first to answer, raising her hand. “I do!”

“Yes! I never want to be that sick ever again!” Christian said, vehemently shaking his head.

Grandma nodded. “That’s right, sweetie. You were so sick!” Grandma laughed at each of their responses.

“Okay, this story is called ‘Franz Voss and the Vicious Flu.’ It is about a different kind of flu than you guys had; this type is called influenza.”

As everyone curled up with their mugs, they got comfortable and settled in for what they knew would be a great story.
The Voss family was just getting over the flu. It had swept through many German cities and towns, and Leipzig—where they lived—was no exception. Every single one of the Voss family members had struggled through it; now they’d finally gotten better... everyone but Franz.

Franz—the eldest Voss child—was still sick, and he was feeling terrible. It was day five of his fever. He could hardly get out of bed to go to the bathroom because each time he did, he felt dizzy and his headache would pound harder. Actually, Franz didn’t have a toilet and a bathroom like we do today. The year was 1812, and the entire Voss family used a chamber pot for a toilet. The chamber pot—basically a bucket—got dumped outside when it was full. But fevering for five dreary days had been exhausting for Franz.

Part of the problem was that, thanks to the flu, Franz didn’t have much of an appetite, and he’d even started losing weight. Franz’s mother, Martha—a plump, intelligent, and generally cheery woman—worried about how his already boney frame was wearing thinner. The burden of her son’s illness weighed heavily on her mind.

She herself still had dark circles under her eyes, from having just gotten over the flu. Martha, like many mothers all around the world, and across all ages of time, had to nurse her sick family back to health while she was still depleted from her own illness. While she fevered with the rest of her family, she also boiled soups, nursed the baby, stoked the fire, brewed medicinal teas, and tried to catch cat-naps in between. Her husband, Frederick, suffered from only a mild case of the flu, but he had to go back to work where his hours were long.

Martha tried to coax some of her delicious stew into Franz’s mouth, but he had no desire to eat. His desire to drink water was even more meager. He was the only one of her children who was not bouncing back from the illness. The other children were back to normal, and the younger two were helping out, but still Franz’s health didn’t revive. Martha looked around their humble room. Together with Frederik, they decided to send for Dr. Armleuchter.

The doctor arrived; he was a tall, large man, and with him came a gust of cold December air. His shadow filled the doorway, casting darkness into the already
dim family room. Dr. Armleuchter looked around. The main room was in complete disarray. The dirty wooden bowls were in the basin needing to be washed, and the laundry was piled in the corner; their poor home looked even humbler than usual. In normal circumstances, Martha would have been ashamed to receive a guest into such chaotic conditions, but today, she simply didn’t care. Martha was putting all her spare energy into worrying about and tending to her sick son.

Dr. Armleuchter carried a large medicine bag that made all kinds of clatter when he moved it. Curious, the entire family watched as he took a seat next to the sick child. Franz, who usually felt slightly better in the morning, opened his eyes weakly, sensing that someone was looking at him.

It was the doctor. He was asking questions and nodding gravely at each answer.

“How long has he been fevering?”
“Five days,” Martha responded.
“And how is his appetite?”
“Low. He looks much thinner. Actually, when I try to spoon him s—”
“Has there been much mucus?” Dr. Armleuchter interrupted Martha.
“No, not much—mostly fever—and he’s completely exhausted.”
“Ja, ja, frau.” Dr. Armleuchter listened sympathetically. He could see how concerned Martha was, and he wanted to help. The doctor rifled in his bag and began preparing his instruments.

Martha continued. “I am also worried about how hot he—”
“I know, frau, I know,” Dr. Armleuchter interrupted her again. The mother’s explanations weren’t helping the doctor. He could see how sick Franz was, and he needed to get to work.

After a long pause, Martha asked, “Can you help him?” She peeked hopefully at all the bottles and potions she could spy within his bag.

“Frau Voss,” he responded, “I can guarantee it. His humours are imbalanced, and I believe that the mischief is in the blood.”

In those days, many doctors believed that the four humours—black bile, yellow...
bile, phlegm, and blood—were the causes of illness. If someone was sick, then doctors would try and figure out which humour was out of balance.125

“Oh, the humours . . .” Martha nodded cautiously. She knew what the humours were, but she didn’t quite follow what Dr. Armleuchter was saying.

Dr. Armleuchter reached into his bag and pulled out a large glass jar full of water.

“Yes,” Armleuchter announced, “the problem is in his blood.”

Young Franz opened his glassy eyes wide when he saw what was in the jar. He looked at the doctor feebly and asked, “Do I have to eat those?”

Franz saw several little black lumps that were stuck to the side of the jar. They looked like snails, but without a shell.

“Oh, nein, my boy!” Dr. Armleuchter laughed confidently. “You shan’t have to eat them!”

Franz breathed a sigh of relief. Dr. Armleuchter smiled and tapped the glass. “These little soldiers are actually blood-sucking leeches.” The doctor smiled gratefully at the critters. To Franz’s horror, the doctor picked off several leeches and pushed them against Franz’s chest and neck where they latched on. They felt cold against his warm skin, and the feeling of the leeches sucking his blood was dreadful. He had to constantly resist his natural urge to pick off the slimy parasites from his skin and fling them across the room.

After a time, the doctor removed them and said to Martha, “I’ll be back in the morning. Try not to worry. He should turn for the better tonight.”

“Grooooooosss!” Evie exclaimed.

“Leeches?!” Christian yelped, pretending to gag.

“I don’t think I want dinner anymore,” Matt said, eyes wide with disgust.

125 Bendick, Galen and the Gateway to Medicine.
Grandma Annette laughed and explained to her group the history of leeches.

“Yes—during the nineteenth century, the breeding and selling of leeches was a prolific\textsuperscript{126} business. Statistics show that in 1833—around the time that Franz was visited by Dr. Armleuchter—the neighboring country France, which already had its own fertile leech-selling trade, imported more than forty-one million leeches for medical use.\textsuperscript{127} Leeches made doctors and suppliers very wealthy . . . even though they made many people quite a bit sicker.”

“I had no idea,” Marissa said, still grossed out by the thought of a leech market.

Grandma Annette continued her story.

The next morning was overcast with clouds, and despite the doctor’s assurances, Franz was noticeably worse. He was weaker, and his face was redder. Dr. Armleuchter had returned, and he was genuinely concerned over what he saw. He crossed his arms and put a fist to his chin as he thought. “His condition is worse than I first realized.”

“Will he need more treatment from the bloodsuckers—ermmm, leeches?” Martha asked.

“Nein. I think we need to change our direction,” the doctor replied. Franz breathed an audible sigh of relief as Dr. Armleuchter set the jar of leeches aside so he could dig through his medical bag more easily. After a moment, he seemed to find what he needed, “Ah! Here it is,” he said, and he pulled out a knife with a curved tip.

“What?!” This time it was Franz’s father, Mr. Frederick Voss, who spoke up. He had watched the events of the day prior, and was unimpressed with the doctor.

“Herr Voss,” said Dr. Armleuchter, “I am only going to make a small incision to bleed out the rest of the infection.” He insisted that if he could drain some more of the infected blood, he could get Franz feeling better.

\textsuperscript{126} prolific adj. with fruitfulness; great productiveness (1828)

\textsuperscript{127} Trevor M. Cook, Samuel Hahnemann: \textit{His Life and Times} (Noida, B. Jain Publishers, 2008), 40.
“Nein,” said Franz’s mother.

“Frau!” Dr. Armleuchter’s voice was emphatic, sincere, and heavy with concern. “Your son’s condition is serious. He could die if we do not treat him again.”

At this, Martha hesitated. She looked at her son, then at the tools the doctor had pulled from his bag. Her heart told her that bleeding him was not a good idea, but the doctor had planted fear in her heart.

Then Martha closed her eyes. She thought carefully to herself. He can also be made worse from this treatment. She took in a full breath of air and looked up at her husband. “Nein,” she said again, her voice rigid with conviction. She did not want Dr. Armleuchter’s methods a second time.

In an instant, Frederick and Martha exchanged knowing looks. Frederick looked at Dr. Armleuchter and told him that he and his wife needed to speak in the other room.

“Do not touch Franz,” he said as they exited to their bedroom and closed the door.

The discussion with Martha was brief. Martha’s eyes were serious as she looked at her husband.

“I have seen that look before,” Frederick said to his wife, “and I know in my heart that you are right, since we did not observe any improvement in Franz. There has to be a better choice.”

The understanding between them was clear, and they discussed what could be done. Martha and Frederick had long ago decided to listen to one another in difficult circumstances. Today their communication skills were put to the test.

Frederick and Martha stepped out of their bedroom, and Frederick addressed Dr. Armleuchter. “He is worse today than yesterday. We will find someone else to give a second opinion.”

Martha nodded swiftly. She could not deny what her instincts were telling her; she knew that they did not have the right doctor under their roof.

“We should have called for Dr. Hahnemann from the start,” Frederick told Martha quietly. “I’ll fetch him.”

But Dr. Armleuchter heard Hahnemann’s name, and he shifted from genuine concern to anger, impatiently shoving his tools into his bag and storming toward the door.
“When your son dies,” Dr. Armleuchter said slowly, trying to control his anger, “you shall not say you were not warned!” As he left, he began shutting the door slowly, but then his temper got the better of him, and he slammed it the rest of the way shut.

Almost at the same moment, as though by divine providence, the clouds in the sky drifted away from the sun, freeing its light. The room brightened.

Frederick had met Dr. Hahnemann last summer when he’d taken his family on a walk in the park. But he hadn’t thought of calling on him to treat Franz until he’d spoken about Franz’s illness with a trusted friend and neighbor. This friend heartily recommended Dr. Hahnemann to him.

“Papa?” Martha recognized Franz’s weak voice immediately. “Will he use leeches?”

“Nein, my boy, he will not,” Frederick said gently. “Dr. Hahnemann practices a different form of medicine called homeopathy.” Frederick took Franz’s weak hand and turned to Martha. “He was once a physician like Armleuchter, but he left the profession because of the sort of barbarism we were about to witness. I believe his medicine is gentler.” Frederick put on his cap and thin coat and headed swiftly out the door.

By evening, Dr. Hahnemann had arrived. He came in so quietly that he didn’t even cast a shadow in the room. His breathing was quick, and he’d clearly taken pains to arrive in haste.

“Frau and Herr Voss,” he huffed, “I am sorry it took me until now to arrive, but I have had many patients due to this influenza. My colleagues and I are collecting details from many victims of influenza to find the genus epidemicus.” With that, Dr. Hahnemann opened his bag.

“We are so happy you are here, doctor,” Martha responded, clasping her hands in gratitude.

“We found the genus epidemicus for scarlet fever a good many years back,” he continued, and he handed Frau Voss a pamphlet titled Cure and Prevention of Scarlet Fever. The doctor turned his attention to Franz.

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128 genus epidemicus n. the combined symptoms of a large group of people afflicted with a disease or epidemic. This combined list is then used to find the remedy best suited to treating those persons so afflicted without having to devote the time necessary to repertorize each and every person (Yasgur, 98).

“How long has he been like this?”

“Six, going on seven days,” Martha responded, once again hopeful.

“Tell me more,” Dr. Hahnemann urged, and Martha began to tell the doctor all her thoughts and concerns. She told him how the whole family had been sick, and that they had all healed well, but Franz was still sick. She told him how he was becoming thin, and that he had low appetite. She told him how Franz liked to solve puzzles and that he was a bright, helpful son. Soon, her eyes were brimming with tears, and Dr. Hahnemann listened carefully, patiently, and thoughtfully. He asked more questions and made sure Martha held nothing back.

Franz looked at him weakly, and Dr. Hahnemann noted the glassy eyes and the slightly dilated pupils. “And his fever, how hot has it been?”

“Franz has been the hottest. None of the other children felt quite so hot when I laid my cheek against their head. Sometimes, Franz would get so hot that his face would redden,” Martha explained.

“Ah.” Dr. Hahnemann nodded. “Tell me how you feel, Franz. Please try to explain it to me as best you can.”

“Are you going to give me leeches?” he asked the doctor weakly.

“No, my boy. Those days for me are past. I used to practice the barbaric medicine, but that was many, many years ago. Now I use something gentle. So, tell me, and try not to leave anything out.”

“My head pounds all the time,” Franz began, touching his forehead. “Right here. And Mother says that I should eat more, but I am not hungry.”

Dr. Hahnemann leaned in, looking him over carefully. “And how is your drinking?”

“Mother forces me to drink water or broth, but I do not thirst.”

After asking a few more questions, Hahnemann opened his medicine bag.

Frederick and Martha curiously peered inside Dr. Hahnemann’s bag, glad to see that there were no jars of water with leeches. But, what they did see surprised them.

130 dilated adj. expanded; distended; enlarge so as to occupy a greater space (1828)
They saw rows and rows of dark bottles filled with medicine. Each medicine was firmly sealed with a cork. Some medicine was in liquid form, and Hahnemann pulled one bottle out labeled ‘Belladonna – 30c.’

“Open up, son,” Dr. Hahnemann said gently, and he dropped a few drops of the Belladonna into Franz’s mouth.

“Sometimes,” the doctor said as he turned toward the curious parents, who looked as if they hadn’t breathed or blinked since the doctor had opened his bag. He smiled to reassure them. “Sometimes when one is very sick, as Franz is, I see them rally more quickly. I’ll return in the morning. I want you to give him one more dose before you retire tonight. If he wakes in the night due to distress, you may dose him once again. Just give him a few drops. Do not dose him a fourth time. Also, if he eats, wait a quarter of an hour before dosing him. A clean palate helps the medicine to take action without hindrance.”

Martha thanked the doctor profusely, but she still wasn’t sure his methods could help her son. It seemed too simple!

“Dr. Hahnemann,” she whispered, her eyes heavy with concern, “will he rally?”

Doctor Hahnemann sighed. “Dr. Armleuchter has not done any good for your son. It is the bad behavior of these doctors that changes a medium illness into a serious one, but I believe you sent him away before he could do too much damage. The lust many doctors have for bloodletting is quenchless.”

“Ja, Dr. Hahnemann,” Frederick said, “I could see with my own eyes the bleeding did not help. Why return and do more?”

“Your good sense might have saved your son,” Dr. Hahnemann answered. “Leopold, emperor of Austria died of this. His physician took his blood four times! I have asked my colleagues according to what scientific principles has anyone the right to order a second bloodletting when the first has failed to bring relief? But even when the second does not help, they return for a third! Heaven help us! And even then, these fools often return for a fourth bloodletting.” Dr. Hahnemann was now quite upset; his eyes were narrowed and eyebrows furrowed.

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131 dose n. the quantity of medicine given or prescribed to be taken at one time (1828)
132 Cook, Samuel Hahnemann: His Life and Times, 30.
133 bloodletting n. the act of letting blood, or bleeding by opening a vein (1828)
134 quenchless adj. that which cannot be quenched or repressed; inextinguishable; as quenchless fire or fury (1828)
Frederick agreed. “It makes no sense at all.”

“To draw blood a fourth time when the three previous attempts failed—to extract the fluid of life four times in twenty-four hours from a man who has loss of flesh from mental overwork combined with continued diarrhea without procuring relief from him. Science pales before this!”

“We did not know all this, but we did know we could not allow our son’s blood to be drained,” Martha said, a worried look on her face.

Dr. Hahnemann sighed. “Ja. I am not only thinking of Franz, but of the thousands who did actually die, and continue to die, from the practice of

135 procure vb. to get; to gain; to obtain; as by request, loan, effort, labor or purchase (1828)
136 Cook, Samuel Hahnemann: His Life and Times, 60.
bloodletting. Even the rich are not spared. Observation. Without it, we fall into making the same mistakes over and over again, like the bloodletting of Dr. Armleuchter.” He fell into deep thought.

Dr. Hahnemann had published a statement not twenty years before regarding the death of Leopold II of Austria, the brother of Marie Antoinette, whom Hahnemann knew had died of bloodletting. But it seemed that often Hahnemann’s pleas and declarations fell on deaf ears, for doctors still insisted on extracting blood in an attempt to cure illness.

While the good doctor was staring off in silence, baby Klara, the youngest of the Voss children who had now fully recovered from the illness, pulled an assortment of spoons off the kitchen table. The utensils clattered, and she laughed, unashamed about breaking the quiet. She reached for her favorite spoon and smiled broadly.

Dr. Hahnemann was startled out of his thoughts and realized where he was—in the Voss home. “Forgive me, I was deep in thought. But as I said, your son, thanks to you, has a very good chance of recovery.”

And so, the concerned parents thanked the doctor and looked at their son hopefully.

Frederick, a religious man who loved reading from their family Bible, had been sitting near his son every evening since he himself had recovered. He opened the book and touched the cover page where each of his children’s names had been inscribed. He ran his fingers over the name Franz.

The letters were written in tidy script, leaning to the right. Frederick remembered how proud he had been to add his firstborn’s name to the book. He sighed, turning to the book of Matthew, and read to his family. He could always tell that Franz was listening because the lad would occasionally open his eyes, making two tiny slits, and stare into the blazing fireplace. But tonight, to Frederick’s astonishment, Franz was not listening. He was fast asleep. Such a deep slumber was a change of pace, and he hoped that what Dr. Hahnemann had given Franz was helping.

After reading the parable of the mustard seed, it was time for bed, and two of the Voss children—two girls, Amelia and Anna—kissed their parents, leaving behind Franz and baby Klara. Franz had still been sleeping, but was awakened by his siblings’ noisy exit as they headed off to bed.
“Franz, here, drink some broth,” Martha coaxed\textsuperscript{137} again, and this time, Franz nodded weakly. To her astonishment, she was able to spoon the entire bowl of broth into his mouth, and then he accepted several sips of water.

Baby Klara hadn’t quite learned how to walk, but she could take a few steps by herself if she cruised from her mother’s chair to Franz’s bed. Martha had asked Franz’s father, Frederick, to bring their son’s bed out near the sitting room fire. Martha wanted Franz warm and near the fire. Klara’s little eyes peeked over the blankets at her older brother, and Franz gave her a soft smile. About fifteen minutes later, Martha brought the Belladonna to Franz and dropped a bit more onto his tongue. She scooped up the baby and took her to Frederick, and by the time she returned, Franz was already asleep.

That night, Martha slept in the chair next to her son. He slept peacefully all night and didn’t even rouse when she took the baby to nurse. By morning, his fever was gone again, as it had been various other mornings, but this time he had broken into a sweat.\textsuperscript{138}

When Martha opened her eyes, she was surprised to see her son looking at her. His eyes seemed bright, and the glassy appearance had all but left.

“I’m all sweaty, Mother, and could I have some more of that broth from last night?” he asked.

Martha remembered that her other children had perspired like this when they had neared the end of their illnesses, and she hoped this was a sign that Franz was finally nearing the end of his.

“Well, that is good news—you could be on the mend,” she said, happy since this was the first sign that Franz had an appetite.

It took more than fifteen minutes to heat the soup, and by then, Franz was able to sip the soup all by himself, without his mother feeding him.

When Dr. Hahnemann arrived later that morning, he was pleased to meet a completely different Franz. “I often see them turn quickly like this. It doesn’t always happen; sometimes it takes longer, but I’m overjoyed to see him rally so nicely.”

\textsuperscript{137} coax vb. to wheedle; to flatter; to soothe, appease or persuade by flattery and foundling (1828)

\textsuperscript{138} Birch and Whatcott, \textit{The Solution: Homeoprophylaxis, the Vaccine Alternative}. 
He instructed Martha to only dose him Belladonna once more that day, and then, if he was even better the following day, to perhaps not dose again. “And remember, take it easy son; even though you may feel greatly improved, you need to ease back into your play and schoolwork.”

Dr. Hahnemann turned to Martha and Frederick. “I’ll return in a few days to collect the medicine and the rest of my payment.”

“Danke, danke, thank you so much,” they both said to the doctor. “He is much, much better.”

Hahnemann smiled and quietly shut the door with a soft click. The windows were opened, and the room felt cheery and bright.

“The end,” Grandma Annette said, concluding the story about Franz and the flu.

Evie’s eyes sparkled as she thought about the story. Everyone was quiet for a moment, thinking about what they had heard.

“I feel bad for Franz,” said Christian. “It’s not fun to have a fever like that for so many days,” he murmured, reflecting on his own recent illness.

“The funny thing is that both you and Franz used the same remedy to get better: Belladonna,” Grandma explained.

“Really?” he replied thoughtfully.

“That Dr. Armleuchter, he’s really dumb,” said Marissa.

“Yeah, who would actually bleed you on purpose? Especially in the middle of a flu? That could kill you, probably,” Matt said in agreement.

“Now hang on,” Grandma interrupted. “Let’s think about this a minute. Back in those days, those doctors believed they were helping people. They felt that draining the blood would help remove the infection.”

Evie thought about this. That makes sense, she thought to herself.
Evie spoke up. “Dr. Armleuchter didn’t want to hurt Franz. He just was making a mess out of helping him.”

“Yeah, but bloodletting, Evie? Draining someone’s blood. Like Dracula. It just sounds so silly,” said Marissa.

“Yes it does,” Grandma said, “but Evie makes a really good point about Dr. Armleuchter. He was trying to help, but he couldn’t see past all his training.”

“Training? What do you mean?” Evie asked.

“Well, in those days, doctors knew so little about the body and how it worked that they thought they were doing good when they did bloodletting; they were just doing what everyone else was doing. To Dr. Armleuchter and doctors like him, it was really hard to think outside of the harmful paradigm to see that what they were doing could actually be killing their patients rather than saving them.”

Evie was listening to every word. She asked, “What’s a para—um, para . . .”

“Paradigm? It’s the way we look at something,” Grandma answered. “If everyone follows the same rules, and believes the same things, and makes the same assumptions and has the same opinions, that’s a paradigm. Some paradigms are not good, like bleeding someone during an infection. If everyone believes that this is good practice, then they’re all following a bad paradigm. And it’s not easy to break free from a paradigm.”

“So, you’re saying that all those doctors who did the leeches and the bleeding, they all believed that it worked because it’s what everyone else believed in those days?” asked Marissa.

“Yes,” Grandma affirmed.

“Okay, I guess you have a point, but they still sound, well, not smart,” Marissa replied.

“I agree with you,” Grandma said, and she looked over her grandchildren.

“That’s why Samuel Hahnemann was so special. He looked outside the paradigm and could see that those treatments were actually hurting people. He realized this before he developed homeopathy.”

139 paradigm n. a philosophical and theoretical framework of a scientific school or discipline within which theories, laws, and generalizations and the experiments performed in support of them are formulated: a philosophical or theoretical framework of any kind (2020)
Evie looked at her grandmother thoughtfully, processing what she had just said.

“Oh, that’s right,” Matt answered. “I remember now that in the story, Dr. Hahnemann had been a normal doctor once, and then he changed to being a homeopathic doctor.”

“Right. But today,” Grandma continued, “I believe that some doctors are still told to do all kinds of silly things to our bodies that really do more harm than good. What if we are stuck in a harmful paradigm right now? What if we are doing things that are dangerous, even today?”

“That’s not possible!” said Christian. “Doctors today have all that technology and computers and x-rays and stuff that make it so they don’t hurt people.”

“Well,” countered Grandma, “‘not possible’ are some pretty strong words.
Maybe you’re right, but what if you’re just stuck in a harmful paradigm, and you’re not thinking outside of the box?”


“Okay, let’s try an experiment,” Grandma said, challenging the kids. By now they had finished their apple cider, and she gestured for them to pass their cups to her so that she could put them in the sink.

“Everyone, put on your thinking cap,” Grandma said, and she pretended to open an imaginary bag and pull out a thinking cap. All the littler cousins pretended to pull out their thinking cap from an imaginary bag too.

Evie thought it was all a little childish, but she couldn’t help reaching into her own imaginary bag and putting on a thinking cap. Maybe it does help, she conceded.

“What kinds of things do we do today that—say, a hundred years from now—your grandchildren will say were not wise practices, the way that you now view the bloodletting practice popular during the nineteenth century?”

“What do you mean?” asked Evie.

“Can you try and break the paradigm? What medical treatments do we use today that maybe, a hundred years from now, will be seen as crazy?”

There was a pause and silence. Grandma let the silence weigh on the kids as they thought.

Evie’s perplexed look perked up as she remembered a secret that she had learned only a few days prior from Grandma Annette about fevering, while they were nursing their sick family members back to health during the Brown Plague.

“Fever drugs!” Evie yelled. “It takes away the fever, and the fever is the helper!”

“That’s right!” Grandma laughed. “That’s a great example. You learned! And salicylates like aspirin can cause a serious illness called Reye’s syndrome. My friend almost died from it once.

Grandma smiled wide. “Okay. What else?”

140 **Reye’s syndrome** n. an often fatal encephalopathy especially of childhood characterized by fever, vomiting, fatty infiltration of the liver, and swelling of the kidneys and brain (2020)
“Well,” Matt started, “in my schoolbook, there’s a picture of an old ad where doctors used to say that smoking cigarettes was good for you. And that wasn’t that long ago!”

Matt dashed out of the room and was back in a flash, showing everyone his book.141

“Look at that,” Grandma tsked. “Good one, Matt!”

“Wow,” said Evie, “that’s really silly. Why did they say that? Everyone knows cigarettes are terrible.”

“Well, cigarettes weren’t even thought of as ‘dangerous’ back then, and the doctors probably got paid lots of money to say smoking was ‘good’ in those advertisements,” Grandma answered. “What else, kids?”

“Breastfeeding!” Aunt Dawnette called out from the kitchen. “A lot of grandmothers at church didn’t breastfeed because the doctors told them it was unsafe and that powdered formula from a can was better for their kids.”

“That’s weird!” Evie said. Coming from a family as large as the Browns, Evie had been around a lot of nursing babies. Nothing seemed more natural.

“Using the powdered stuff when you don’t need to seems ludicrous today, and it also has lots of chemical additives to keep it fresh,” said Aunt Dawnnette.

“That’s right. Everyone today knows that breast milk is the best food for babies. But we had to break out of the paradigm of that time period to get where we are today,” said Grandma.

“I know another one!” It was Evie’s mom, Christine. “In Brazil, where I’m from, more than eighty percent of all hospital births are done by C-section.”142
“What’s a C-section?” asked Matt.

“It’s where they cut your belly and uterus open to get the baby out instead of letting the baby travel through the birth canal, naturally. Sometimes, women have complicated births, and they need it, but not at a rate of eighty percent or more!”

Mom emphasized. “There are many moms who elect to do so only because the doctor tells them to, or because it is convenient for them or the doctor.”

Grandma was astonished! “I had no idea! That is not the norm here,” she said. “Sounds like Brazil is in a harmful paradigm. Do you see that now you’re thinking outside of the box? You are all questioning, and that is wonderful. Asking questions about something is a great way to break a paradigm,” Grandma explained.

Christian was next. “When I was little, my mom took me to the doctor for my checkup, and he said it didn’t matter what I ate as long as I took a multivitamin pill every day. Mom was really annoyed about it and talks about it still.”

Mom added, “That’s when I realized that doctors don’t usually study diet or nutrition in medical school.”

“That’s silly! Everybody knows it matters what you eat!” Marissa exclaimed. “Oh! That reminds me, when Great-Grandpa came back from the Vietnam War, he got cancer from some of the poisons that had been used in the war. He went out of the country to see a doctor who did some kind of special treatment. Hey, Mom, do you remember what it was?”

“Something called chelation,” Dawnette answered. “He had gotten exposed to Agent Orange.”

“Yeah,” Marissa continued, “I remember when he left and they did some other stuff in Mexico at a clinic, and his cancer went away,” she said.

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144 *chelation* n. the process of chelating (combining with a metal to form a chelate ring) (2020) note: used to removed toxic metals from the body

145 *Agent Orange* n. an herbicide widely used as a defoliant in the Vietnam War that is composed of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T and contains dioxin as a contaminant (2020)

146 Monsanto Company, “Agent Orange: Background on Monsanto’s Involvement” (April 7, 2017), [https://monsanto.com/company/media/statements/agent-orange-background/](https://monsanto.com/company/media/statements/agent-orange-background/) (March 1, 2018).
“Oh!” Evie’s mom chimed in again. “You just reminded me. I just heard that there was a medicine for heartburn that causes cancer. A lot of places pulled it off the shelves once that information hit the news.”\(^{147}\)

“Yikes,” Grandma answered. “Well, we’ve had our homeopathic medicine for over two hundred years. No cancer surprises with homeopathy!”

She paused for a moment to reflect. “Interesting. So, this list goes on and on, kids,” Grandma said. “We could ask questions about fluoride in drinking water, and melatonin before bed, and over-the-counter drugs for constipation. There are so many things we could ask questions about and discuss further. I’m not saying all those things are bad, but I’m not saying they’re safe, either.”

“In other words, the goal here is to remember to ask questions and investigate before you just accept something! Or else, we risk being led down the path of the ‘Dr. Armleuchters’ of the modern world,” Grandma summed up.

Evie thought about this for a moment, and as she was silent in thought, she felt something change inside of her.

“So, we shouldn’t let doctors do things to us just because ‘that’s what has always been done,’ or because ‘that’s what everyone else is doing.’ Instead, we should do our own research and think about what’s best for us, before making a decision,” Marissa commented thoughtfully.

“That’s right,” Grandma answered, with a glow of adoration.

Grandma Annette couldn’t have been prouder of her grandchildren. They were learning something wonderful about health, and with that, she was well-pleased. She looked around at each one of them, smiling with approval, and finally, her eyes fell on her curious granddaughter, Evie. Grandma could tell that Evie was deep in thought and allowed her continue thinking, without interrupting her to find out what was on her mind suddenly.

Just then, Grandpa Brown broke the silence. “Who wants some doughnuts?” He cheerfully inquired as he appeared through the door, carrying a big box of the very unhealthy, sugary treats.


The kids—Evie included—all shrieked with delight and ran to him happily. Grandpa Brown agreed with most everything Grandma Annette said, but he still liked his treats.

Grandma Annette rolled her eyes and laughed.

So that Grandpa would surely hear her, she announced prophetically, “Well, at least this discussion is off to a good start for these grandkids of mine!”

As Evie sat with her doughnut, she quietly reminisced about all that had occurred at the Brown house that Christmas, she felt lucky to have such a wise grandmother. She’d learned so many things from Grandma Annette, and as always, she cherished her grandmother’s wisdom. But, the small things Evie had learned from her grandmother that week would turn out to be much bigger than Evie knew. There was something special about the little secrets her grandmother had shared. They seemed like little buried treasures to Evie—and she buried the secret treasures in her heart.

Evie was young, but she was wise enough to know that it was important that she keep listening and learning. After all, she aspired to be as wise as Grandma Annette when she grew up.

Note to Teachers & Parents:
Complete Lessons 14, 15 and 16 in the Teacher’s Manual
I have had many questions about the information in the stories I have written. How much of it is factual? How much came from my imagination?

These stories are based on real events that have happened in my family. Sometimes, I combined two or three stories to create one. For example, the tale entitled ‘Poison’ is the merging of two separate tales. It is true that my family in Brazil enjoys a codfish bake just about every time I visit them. And the urban legend about Gringo the cat is indeed a fable we like to tell around the dinner table, and so I combined the two narratives to compose one story.

What about the use of homeopathy? Were those stories true? And the accidents? How much of those details are true?

Unfortunately, my family was not as well versed in homeopathy as I would have hoped. It is true that my grandmother was trained as a nurse, and that she was familiar with homeopathic medicine, and it is also true that my father and his family grew up being treated by a homeopathic M.D. while having no idea that their physician was a homeopath. (He was just their family doctor!) Stumbling upon my remedy Phosphorous is what helped my father realize the truth about his childhood physician, just as it was described in the story. But, alas, my father and his family did not own a family homeopathy kit, and neither did they have the in-depth homeopathic knowledge that I have today. I will say, however, that all the events in these stories were based on true incidents, and even the homeopathic administrations have been based on real situations where I, or someone very close to me, has personally addressed that ailment using homeopathy.

For example, the story about the flood in front of my dad’s house was real. It is also true that my uncle went careening down a river of death to save a bushel of kittens. They didn’t use the medicine Carbo veg to revive the near-drowned kittens, however, the details about using Carbo veg to revive a near-dead animal are just as real. It happened to me as I helped my friend’s newborn goat, who had been breech before being born. When my friend finally got the breech kid out of the mama goat, it was listless, almost lifeless, and near death. Just as I described with the kitten, its gums were blue. I explained to her the symptoms associated with Carbo veg (as well as a few other remedies pertaining to the case), she applied the knowledge and dosed accordingly and the newborn goat came back to life, exactly as I described with the kitten.

Similarly, the story about Uncle Antonio getting stung by bees was also all true. Even the special prayer and the miraculous arrival of Uncle Nuno are true, lending a special testimony to the power of prayer. But once again, they didn’t dose Antonio with Apis mellifica since they didn’t actually own homeopathic medicines. However, the homeopathic accounts in the story are still based on real incidents that I have been privy to. For example, the son of my close friend—who was highly allergic to bees—got stung just once by a honeybee and developed a reaction similar to Antonio’s. On their way to the hospital they dosed him with Apis mellifica, which uprooted his serious reaction without any other medical intervention.

And so, for this book, I wanted to focus on the subject of accidents, and I specifically wanted to use my family’s stories to deliver the message. Quite frankly, I write better when the stories I compose have a personal quality to them. With this in mind, I wove my family history and my homeopathic experiences together—all in an effort to help readers better absorb this transformative information.

The purpose of these stories is to build a memorable narrative around a set of symptoms, to help families relate to and engage with homeopathic medicine. I hope I have accomplished that for you.
**Finally, another question I often get asked about is my story. What brought me to homeopathy?**

Imagine being a young mother who suffered from unrelenting itching that covered her body from head to toe. She felt her skin burn and sting as if hundreds of fire ants were crawling all over her. For months, the only relief she could find was to lay completely still in bed, as even the slightest movement would reignite the agony. But a busy young family needed a functioning mother, so efforts were made to keep family activities on track. The electric piano was moved into her room so that she could observe piano practice for her eldest son. Craft bins were set at the foot of her bed so that she could sew and color with her two younger children. Early reading books were moved onto her nightstand so that she could teach her kids to read without leaving her bed. But all these tasks had to be done with slow, deliberate, and careful movements, otherwise, the intense itching would ensue, and she would experience yet another fit of burning, itching, and pain.

Her doctors were unable to diagnose a specific illness as the root of her problem, but could only pinpoint it as a new autoimmune disease that had been triggered by the recent round of antibiotics they had prescribed for a bladder infection. The intense itching had been plaguing her for over three months, and showed no signs of going away. And yet the only option her doctors offered was more medication, which would no doubt continue to exacerbate the incessant and painful autoimmune response she was currently battling.

Refusing to perpetuate the continued use of drugs that caused her so much harm, she knelt down in agony and mouthed yet another prayer to God, asking for guidance and wisdom. After the hundredth “please,” she got up, sat on her bed and opened her laptop. She typed “homeopathy for gut problems” into the search engine. It was the beginning of an incredible life of healing with homeopathy.

That is my story, and today I’m a new woman. Homeopathy got me through the health challenges described above and has uprooted many other illnesses, and although my health isn’t perfect, it is enough to let me live a robust and active life.

As a mother of three young kiddos, understanding human health from a mother’s perspective has been a monumental task. When I first gave birth, I thought that if I did everything the doctor told me to do, it would provide my kids’ with health and wellbeing. But it didn’t work out that way. Watching my middle child suffer from several ear infections led me to late-night trips to the doctor’s office, where I gave my child more rounds of antibiotics than I’d like to admit. For myself, a series of bladder infections led me down a road riddled with antibiotics that I deeply regret.

If I could change one thing about my early parenting, I would change my automatic acceptance of the medical establishment and, instead, question and find alternatives to some of their recommendations. Today, I know that while medical treatments are necessary and important, and have their place, it is also true that there is great inherent risk in them, and that there are often better options.

It is my belief that decisions made by most of my hospitals and doctors come from three main schools of thought. Prescribing this drug or procedure is:

1) what they’ve always done in that situation;
2) what will protect the doctor from potential litigation; and/or
3) what the pharmaceutical representatives taught them—either when they were in medical school or possibly at a luncheon the pharmaceutical company recently hosted.
Homeopathy changed my understanding of human health.

Before homeopathy, I felt that at any moment, I could fall victim to random viruses, incognito bacteria, or to the game of genetic roulette. The latter isn’t a fun game—living life holding your breath and crossing your fingers, hoping that an autoimmune illness will not appear. I have lived the majority of my life playing this game, and I have lost to it—twice. But homeopathy opened the floodgates of both knowledge and hope. I now know that if I improve my terrain—my physical body’s ability to fight illness—I will not easily fall victim to incidental viruses and masquerading bacteria. I also know that if I am touched by such indisposition, I have the right homeopathic tools to influence my body’s healing. And, in lifesaving circumstances, I am absolutely grateful for heroic conventional treatments. What a feeling of peace this brings me!

Finally, speaking about the game of genetic roulette, I now realize that it isn’t a random game of chance at all! Thanks to the understanding that came via homeopathy, I now know that it is the weakening of my body’s natural defense mechanism that opens the door for the least desirables in my genetics to emerge and take a front seat in my life. Such weakening takes place via antibiotic usage and using other suppressive medications such as steroids, NSAIDS, and other drugs. Homeopathy taught me to understand all these relationships and live a life where daily decisions about my body have purpose and foresight for future health. Rather than living life as a victim, homeopathy allows me to commune peacefully with the unpredictable world around me.

This is a generational endeavor for me. My parents, grandparents, and extended family are from Brazil, where people are generally comfortable with using natural and non-conventional medicine. I have educated many family members on cystitis infections, strep throat, bronchitis, headaches, joint pain, acne, menstrual problems, muscle pain, anxiety, shattered bones, grief, and so much more. It has connected us together in a way we had not previously explored, and the joy that healing my family brings is real. It has strengthened our ties, which is often a hard thing to do, especially when family members are speckled across the United States and Latin America. I cherish being needed by the people I love most.

As far as the younger generation goes—my children, nieces, and nephews have all been drastically impacted by my understanding and application of homeopathy. For example, some no longer suffer from the chronic conditions that once plagued them, and to my great delight, many family members have ceased using conventional drugs for these conditions, as homeopathy has uprooted the issue altogether. It’s almost as though curing their symptoms with an appropriate homeopathic remedy has rendered their body immune to the condition.

My entire family tree is flourishing with health and wellness in a way I never thought possible. So much for genetic roulette!

But what about my grandchildren? Today my eldest child is only twelve years old, but I’m already thinking about my grandbabies. How can I encourage my children to value the wisdom and foresight I have acquired? How can I be sure to pass along the benefit of knowing how to care well for one’s family? How can I gift them the perspective I have developed from suffering with the medical maladies that I have, when they haven’t had the same experience? How can I teach them to think outside of the current paradigms and see beyond conventional medical care as their only option?

How can I teach them to do things a little differently?

The answer once again lies within the gifts I received from learning about homeopathy: knowledge and hope. I need to teach my children—as young as possible—about the depth and breadth of homeopathy, so that they can pass this knowledge on to their spouses and my grandchildren. Storytelling is a powerful way of communicating that depth, and that is why I have worked each unit to resonate with a quality of storytelling. I hope that my kids will take this information and continue to perpetuate it through our family tree.

And, I hope that it will do the same for your family!
About the Author

Usually based in Texas, Paola Brown is a wife, homesteading mama of three, and experienced homeopathy educator whose workshops, classes, and interactive online courses empower other moms and families to incorporate homeopathic principles into their lives.

An engaging speaker and established author, she earned a BA in English education and an MA in curriculum and instruction from Arizona State University, graduating summa cum laude, before spending more than a decade teaching English at the high school and college levels.

Fluent in Portuguese and Spanish, Paola was also a health instructor and translator with Care for Life, a nonprofit organization working to develop sustainable communities in Mozambique. As president and founder of Americans for Homeopathy Choice, Paola advocates for the growing number of mothers and other homeopathy users who want to protect their right to choose homeopathy.

Learn more about her current projects by visiting her website, PaolaBrown.com.

Illustrations

Special thanks to Karina Soboleva for her wonderful illustrations.

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