

Teach Me
Health and Homeopathy

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Evie and the
GOLDEN
Homestead



A Read-Aloud Book for Ages 6 to 96

BY PAOLA BROWN

Endorsed by the Academy of Homeopathy Education



Toothless!

Chapter 4**Toothless!**

“OK, Evie, that pie can come out of the oven!” Grandma said as she chopped more strawberries.

When Grandma returned from Great-Grandma Brown’s home, she realized there were oodles of gloriously ripe berries in her strawberry patch. Evie and Grandma made delicious strawberry pies for the family and their neighbors. Evie had so much fun weaving the criss-cross trellis on top of the pies, which turned out beautifully. The delicious smell wafted from the kitchen like an aromatic pied piper. The luscious aroma drew Grandpa Brown, Matt, and Christian—Evie’s brothers—into the kitchen. Grandma was preparing the ingredients to make a batch of vanilla ice cream to go with the pie. She set down the vanilla extract and cream as they walked in.

“Mmmm,” Christian said, taking a giant whiff of the air, “you should make strawberry cheesecake pancakes next.”

Grandma turned to get the eggs from the basket, then looked over her shoulder. With eyebrows raised, she exclaimed, “What in the world? How can you say you want strawberry cheesecake pancakes when we have a kitchen full of strawberry pie and ice cream?”

“Your pie is good,” Christian grinned, “it just reminds me of your delicious strawberry cheesecake pancakes.”

“You’re making my mouth water, but when Christian’s right, he’s right,” Matt grinned. “Don’t worry, Grandma, we’ll be happy to volunteer to make dinner tonight.”

"Let me guess. Are you going to make me strawberry cheesecake pancakes for dinner?" Grandma winked and chuckled.

"Yep!" the boys agreed, laughing.

Grandma poured ingredients into the mixing bowl. "Oh, for heaven's sake!" she exclaimed. Tipping her head to one side, she said, "Oh, I meant to ask, how is Monti doing?"

"Right," Matt answered. "That's what I came here to tell you, but I got distracted by the pies."

Matt stood, facing Grandma, and she now had to look up to talk to him. Both Matt and Christian had shot up in height over the past year. At seventeen, Matt was towering at six foot two inches (1.87 meters) in height, and Christian, who was barely fourteen, was already reaching five foot nine (1.75 meters). Matt slowly moved his hand closer to one of the hot pies that were cooling on the counter.

"Tell me what?" Grandma asked, playfully smacking Matt's hand away from the pie with a wooden spoon.

"Hey," he said, rubbing his hand and grinning, before getting serious. "Monti's castration that Grandpa did isn't looking too good."

"Oh, dear," Grandma answered somberly. "It seems that as soon as we get one animal feeling mostly better, the next one has a problem." Evie knew that Grandma was referring to Daphne the chicken who had been healing from bumblefoot. Now that she was almost better, Monti had gotten sick.

Evie had meticulously⁵⁵ replaced the bandage on Daphne's foot while Grandma was gone, and she continued to do so after Grandma returned. Daphne's foot was doing so well that Grandma decided that her little hen was well enough to be released back into the flock. "You'll see," Grandma had said to Evie. "Soon, Daphne's

55 **meticulously**, adv. Marked by extreme or excessive care in the consideration or treatment of details (Merriam-Webster, 2020).

foot will look good as new, and she won't even have a scar from the bumblefoot." Evie loved seeing the farm animals feel better.

But, now there was Monti to worry about, and he certainly was dealing with an infection of his own, which had developed after being castrated.

Castrating⁵⁶ a bull to a steer means a male cow undergoes a special surgery that makes him gentler and easier to manage. If bulls are allowed to develop their hormones, they can get aggressive and dangerous, but castrating helps them grow up without some of the wild behaviors that can happen with bulls, making them safer for family farms.

Grandma quickly covered her pies with a clean dish towel. Together, the family walked to the pasture to check the steer.

"Oh dear," Grandma said again while studying the surgery site. Monti looked pitiful. He was standing in the corner of his pasture sipping some water, but his eyes and entire demeanor were sad. The area where they had done the surgery was very infected.

Evie grimaced. The area between his hind legs looked swollen—the size of Evie's fist—and red.

"We waited too long to do the surgery. If we had done it when he was younger, I think the cut would have been able to drain properly, and it wouldn't have gotten infected," Grandpa said, shaking his head a bit. "We've just been too busy. With us going back and forth between here and Great-Grandma Brown's home—we haven't had time."

"I know, Don," Grandma answered. "It's OK, it's not your fault. Let's take Monti to the vet and see what he says."

"We have one problem," Christian said, his eyebrows raised.

⁵⁶ *Note to teacher:* You are welcome to provide as many details as you wish on what castrating is: **castrating**, v. To geld; to deprive of the testicles; to emasculate (Webster's Dictionary, 1828).

"What's that?" Grandma asked.

"No truck," he replied.

"Oh no! You're right!" both grandparents exclaimed.

Unfortunately, Grandma and Grandpa's truck was at the auto repair shop for overdue repairs and wouldn't be ready for at least another week. They couldn't wait that long to take Monti to the vet.

Secretly, Evie was glad that the truck was being serviced because that meant Grandma and Grandpa could stay a bit longer before returning to help Great-Grandma Brown.

"I guess we'll just have to use the Rav4," Grandma said. "After all, it is an SUV."

"The Rav4?" all three grandchildren gasped in unison. Even Grandpa looked incredulous.

Rav4s are technically SUVs, but referring to them as SUVs is a generous description because they are still quite small. The 5-seater vehicle had a hatchback, and while it could fit a large number of groceries, it certainly did not look like it could fit a six-month-old steer that weighed almost 200 pounds (90 kilos).

"Grandma, I think you need to reconsider," Christian said. "There's no way that big steer will fit!"

"Oh, sure he will!" she answered cheerfully. "He's a mini-Jersey, just like his mom, not a full-sized one. You'll see!"

The grandkids all exchanged looks of surprise and doubt.

Obediently, Matt did as asked and backed the Rav4 toward the pasture gate, keeping the vehicle close to the left half of the gate's opening as Grandma instructed. Once the parking brake was on, Christian opened the car's back door, which opened horizontally, and rested it on the other half of the gate. This meant

the opening was taken up by the vehicle and the door; Monti wouldn't be able to sneak past them and run away, something the little cow loved to do. Monti was an accomplished escape artist.

Grandma had a hilarious sign in her kitchen that read, "Run like someone's left the gate open," and featured a picture of Monti prancing around the neighborhood. They all had become experts at herding the curious steer back into the fenced enclosure.

"We need some sort of a ramp," Grandma said.

Grandpa was well ahead of her, and he was approaching with a large wooden door, a spare that had been sitting in the barn. He laid it on the vehicle's bumper and dropped the other end onto the grass, creating a sturdy slope.

"OK, what's next?" Evie asked.

"Let's see," Christian said, hands on his hips, eyebrows furrowed in concentration. "Let's get two lead ropes and clip them onto Monti's halter. Then lure him toward the SUV with some of that alfalfa he loves. Evie, can you get some? You can drizzle a bit of molasses on top."

"Great idea!" Evie said as she took off running toward the barn.

"Don't forget both lead ropes!" he called after her.

Soon she was back, and Evie took over the job of luring Monti. She held the feed bowl in front of her, tempting Monti with hay drizzled with syrupy molasses. It didn't take long until Monti began to follow her. When Evie reached the ramp, she hesitated and looked over her shoulder before strolling up the ramp backward. She ducked and eased into the Rav4 with Monti's bowl of treats in her arms. This is where Monti stopped. He wasn't taking the bait if it meant walking up the ramp.

Evie coaxed him, "C'mon Monti! You can do it."

But Monti wasn't having it.

Matt said, "Christian, go to the back seat. I'll hand you both the lead ropes through the back of the car. Then I'll meet you in the back seat. We can pull him in together—you on the left and me on the right." Soon, both boys were in their spots in the back seat, kneeling and facing the opened back door where Evie was still holding the bowl of food.

Evie looked over at Grandma and Grandpa. They stood, leaning against the fence, smiling in enjoyment as they watched their problem-solving grandkids.

"That's a good idea," Grandpa encouraged.

"Ok, Christian, let's pull him in," Matt said.

Grandma and Grandpa walked closer to the group, "Ha! Giddy up!" they yelled, clapping their hands from behind Monti. Grandpa gave the steer a firm slap on the rump.

Evie suddenly realized that if she didn't move quickly, she would share the trunk with a stomping Monti! She scrambled back, almost doubled over in the cramped space, and hit the back seat with her legs. Losing her balance, she toppled over; her legs went flying up. Hay and the sticky molasses exploded everywhere, landing on Evie's face, hair, and shirt. "Oooff!" she said as she fell on her back with a thud, legs sticking straight up.

Although she couldn't see much through the debris, she could hear Christian and Matt calling orders to each other.

"Pull harder!"

"OK, I got it, I got it!"

"Shut the door!" was the final order as Grandma and Grandpa pushed against the back door and, with a grunt, clicked it shut.

Evie pulled herself up on her knees and shook her head, hay flying everywhere. Then, she came face-to-face with Monti, who began to lick the molasses off her face and hair, to Evie's delight.

“Stop, Monti! Stop!” Evie giggled at his rough tongue.

“What are you guys doing?” It was Harriet.

Startled, everyone stopped and turned to her with surprise. She must have arrived while loading Monti, but the family was so busy they hadn’t noticed.

“We’re taking Monti to the vet!” Matt answered.

“I didn’t think you guys did vets,” was Harriet’s wide-eyed response.

“What? Take our animals to the vet?” Matt asked.

“Yeah,” Harriet replied, “And if you’re going to take him to the vet, why aren’t you using a truck? You guys do the funniest things!”

Grandma chuckled good-humoredly. “Well, first, we do take our animals to the vet; it just doesn’t happen that often,” Grandma winked at Evie secretly. “And second,” she went on, “our truck is broken, but he fits quite snugly in there. Come see!” She motioned for Harriet to come.

When Harriet peered inside the opened window of the vehicle, she laughed at the sight.

“See?” Grandma chuckled. “I told you all he’d fit.” And fit, he did!

“You sure do things your own way on your homestead,” Harriet emphasized the word ‘own’, like it wasn’t necessarily a good thing.

“Yes, we do!” Grandma said cheerily.

The next hurdle was getting Monti to the large-animal vet, who specialized in farm animals. The vet could make home visits, but it wasn’t worth the cost, especially if it was to only look at one cow, so Grandma and Grandpa preferred to save money and drive their animals in.

They waved goodbye to Harriet, who said she’d come back to check in on things later.

The thirty-minute drive to the vet's office was an adventure. Grandma drove while Grandpa stayed on the farm to finish some urgent chores. All three children went with Grandma, excited to participate in the unusual situation.

Every time Monti shifted in the back seat, there was a wimpy-sounding squeak, and the SUV rattled. "I feel like I'm driving a squeaky little toy car," Grandma said, laughing.

A man driving a truck passed their car since they were moving slowly. They could see him crane his neck, wearing a look of utter disbelief as he passed.

Later, Christian recounted the story to Grandpa, "You should have seen his face! He was driving past when suddenly he did this shocked double take! He was probably thinking, 'Hey lady! That's a funny-looking dog you have in the back seat!'"

The kids laughed, thinking the situation was hysterical. However, Grandma's face reddened a bit, and she looked slightly mortified.

When they arrived at the vet's office, Grandma directed the kids to stay in the car while she checked in. She climbed out of the SUV, walking in with purpose. She asked the front desk attendant where she should park her vehicle.

"We've been expecting you," came the response, "pull yer' truck 'round back."

"Ah, OK," Grandma said, embarrassed. "I'm not driving a truck," she admitted. Quietly, she whispered, "I'm driving a squeaky toy, especially compared to the large trucks outside."

"What did yuh' say?" The attendant looked up from the paper where she was writing.

"Never mind," Grandma said quickly, "Thank you." Then, before she could further embarrass herself, she hastily returned to the SUV.



Grandma backed up the Rav4 to the proper stall. “It looks like we have an audience,” she said, indicating the vet techs from her rearview mirror.

Evie turned to watch them as Grandma backed up. The small group, who were casually talking with one another, seemed to stop mid-sentence, mouths open. One of them whacked another, who wasn’t paying attention. With an incredulous look, his eyes widened, and he shamelessly pointed out Grandma’s little vehicle. The other man froze and blinked.

“I think he can hardly believe what he’s seeing,” Christian said as he, Matt, and Evie began giggling and whispering to one another.

“Hey now,” Grandma said, chagrined.

By the time Grandma put the parking brake on, three men and the vet were doubled over, laughing uncontrollably, and wiping tears from their eyes.

"In all my years," the veterinarian said, "I've never had a steer arrive in that kind of vehicle. Now I've seen everything," the old man laughed.

Wiping his eyes one last time, he said, "Let's take a look." He examined the infection site. "Yes, you were smart to bring him in; it's infected, alright." He lightly touched the wound site, which had now swollen into a hard mass about the size of a large grapefruit.

Evie noticed that Monti flinched when the vet touched him. It must be a painful infection, she thought.

"What happened? What did we do wrong?" Matt asked, feeling somewhat responsible since he had helped Grandpa castrate Monti.

"I think this dry weather dried up the cut; it didn't stay moist and drain properly," explained the vet. "When you do a castration, the cut needs to stay moist and drain to avoid infection. But if the cut dries up, it seals," he said, pointing to the scab that had formed. "I know you don't like using antibiotics, Mrs. Brown, but I think you should consider it. I'm going to remove the scab," he said, "and I'll apply some cow cream to it; that will keep the wound moist. You don't want it to dry up, but if it doesn't get better in a few days, we must get him on some antibiotics. You can try to spray water from a hose on the area—hydrotherapy—and see if you can get the blood flowing there. But I'm telling you, that is a significant infection, and I think he will need antibiotics."

"Thanks so much for your help, Doctor," Grandma said kindly. She winked at the children, and they smiled, nodding slightly.

Evie knew her grandma would have a remedy that didn't include antibiotics.

Armed with further knowledge, Grandma and her grandkids returned home with Monti. As they drove down the long dirt driveway, they saw Harriet on the porch, knocking on the front door.

Hopping out of the car, Grandma asked, "Matt and Christian, would you please add hydrotherapy to your list of chores?" The vet had explained to Matt that he could simply take a hose and spray the infected area down, encouraging blood flow to the area.

"Sure," they answered as Grandpa walked up, ready to help the boys unload Monti. The boys began excitedly recounting the events and what the vet found.

Grandma entered the house and immediately went to the bookshelf, where she took out books to research remedy solutions.

Harriet and Evie joined Grandma in the kitchen. She was surrounded by a stack of homeopathy books with others spread out over the kitchen table.

"Wow," Evie said. "It sure didn't take you long to get to work," she smiled, glad to learn more from her wise Grandmother.

"What's she doing?" Harriet whispered.

"Why are you whispering?" Evie said, puzzled.

Harriet giggled, "Because there are so many books, I feel like I'm in a library."

Grandma smiled. "These are all my farm animal homeopathy books. I'm looking for something to help me select the right homeopathy remedy for Monti," she said.

Evie had picked up one of the books, studied the cover, then looked up in shock. "You don't know what to give him?" she asked. Grandma always knew what remedy to give.

"Not this time, Evie!" Grandma laughed, making a little grimace. "I'm good, but not that good," she winked, "I'm stuck between two remedies."

"Didn't the vet give those biotics?" Harriet asked.

"Antibiotics," Grandma corrected. Harriet seemed very familiar with the word 'antibiotics' and Grandma explained, "Harriet, on our homestead, we save drugs like antibiotics and steroids for heroic, life-saving circumstances. Monti is sick, but we have time to turn the infection around. Hopefully, he won't need them."

"Hmmm," Harriet said, with her usual tone of suspicion. This surprised Evie a little because she thought maybe Harriet would have more faith in the remedies, especially after seeing Bumper, the baby goat, turn around so well. Evie thought

about mentioning this to Harriet but then decided against it. She might need more time to see how everything works, Evie thought.

“How do you pick?” Evie turned her attention to Grandma Annette.

“I usually use Constantine Hering’s three-legged stool method,” Grandma beamed back.

“Oh! Can I learn?” Evie asked, excited.

“Sure! I’ll tell you the story.”

“I’m going to see what the boys are doing,” Harriet said. She didn’t seem too interested in learning homeopathy like Evie was.



Constantine’s Three-Legged Stool

“Well, Mr. Hering,” Constantine listened carefully as his patient sat across from him in his office. “I’m embarrassed to tell you my final symptom.”

Constantine was now quite a bit older. He had moved from South America and was now living in the United States, where he was seeing his last patient of the day, a young man who was quite sick.

“Come now, sir,” Constantine encouraged the young man, who fiddled nervously with his handkerchief. “I cannot help you if you do not share your symptoms.” The man stopped and put a hand on his distended⁵⁷ stomach, which was swollen. “Ugh,” he said sheepishly, trying to minimize the pain and discomfort he felt, “I told you about the vomiting?”

⁵⁷ **distended**, *participle passive*. Spread; expanded; dilated by an inclosed substance or force (Webster’s Dictionary, 1828).

“Yes, yes,” Constantine nodded patiently.

“And the pain?”

“Yes, yes,” he answered again.

“Well, that leaves the last thing,” he sighed and paused. “I have this strange craving,” the man hesitated and whispered, “to eat. . .” he paused again, “charcoal. Oh, it’s terrible!” he said embarrassed.

Constantine looked concerned but sympathetic. “I’ve heard of stranger things, young man; don’t worry.”

The man sighed, greatly relieved. “Thank you. You don’t seem too shocked by my confession.” He paused again. “However, I don’t just want to eat charcoal, I crave it, truly. I would relish eating an entire plate! It’s almost like my senses can’t distinguish between true food and charcoal!”

“Well, goodness,” Constantine flipped through his books and notes, “you have made my job somewhat easier by telling me this strange malady⁵⁸. But, we will see. Give me one moment.” Constantine left the room briefly to study his notes. A few minutes later, he returned with a small vial.

“I have a homeopathic remedy for you. It’s called *Cicuta*. Come back in a week, and we’ll see how you feel.”

The man returned to the office a week later, feeling significantly better. He thanked Constantine for helping him. Constantine was happy he had selected the correct remedy.

Later, Constantine conferred⁵⁹ with his friend, a younger homeopathic doctor, Dr. Trites, who didn’t yet have much experience in homeopathy. Dr. Trites had a difficult time finding the proper remedies for his patients. He was discouraged, and he often came to Constantine for advice.

58 **malady**, n. Any sickness or disease of the human body; any distemper from impaired, defective or morbid organic functions; more particularly, a lingering or deep seated disorder or indisposition. It may be applied to any animal body, but is, I believe, rarely or never applied to plants (Webster’s Dictionary, 1828).

59 **conferred**. participle passive. Given; imparted; bestowed (Webster’s Dictionary, 1828).

Constantine patiently explained, “When selecting a remedy, the best results are achieved by close individualization, not generalization.”

“What do you mean?” Dr. Trites asked.

“Look for combinations in the person’s symptoms and match those to the combinations in the remedy.”

“I’m sorry, I’m still not sure I follow,” Dr. Trites apologized.

Dr. Hering rubbed his beard, sighing thoughtfully. How could he explain what he meant to Dr. Trites? Constantine picked up one of his special remedies, *Lachesis*.

Lachesis was now widely used and had become an essential remedy among homeopaths. He had discovered it over a decade⁶⁰ ago in the Amazon jungle. Still, people were not tired of hearing the incredible story of how he collected the remedy, sword fighting a snake with a basic weapon, a tree branch of all things. This just added to the incredibility⁶¹ of the story.

“Look at this remedy, *Lachesis*,” Constantine held it up. “It can help treat a wide variety of diseases, like mastitis⁶² or hormonal issues. It can also be used for asthma,⁶³ pharyngitis,⁶⁴ and sleep problems like insomnia⁶⁵. And, that’s not close to the complete list! Every homeopathic remedy can treat a wide variety of diseases, but the disease name does not guide us to the right remedy. Of course, the disease name helps a bit, but it’s not the key. The key is to remember how the illness presents itself *in the person*. The symptoms are what matters, not simply the disease’s name. What are the symptoms of asthma or mastitis infection that

60 **decade**, n. The sum or number of ten; an aggregate consisting of ten; as a *decade* of years; the *decades* of Livy (Webster’s Dictionary, 1828).

61 **incredibility**, n. The quality of surpassing belief, or of being too extraordinary to admit of belief (Webster’s Dictionary, 1828).

62 **mastitis**, n. inflammation of the breast or udder usually caused by infection (Merriam-Webster, 2020).

63 **asthma**, n. a shortness of breath; intermitting difficulty of breathing, with cough, straitness and wheezing (Webster’s Dictionary, 1828).

64 **pharyngitis**, n. of the pharynx (Merriam-Webster, 2020).

65 **insomnia**, n. prolonged and usually abnormal inability to get enough sleep especially due to trouble falling asleep or staying asleep (Merriam-Webster, 2020).

this person is uniquely experiencing? How does it present itself? These are the questions we must ask.”

“Ah, I think I’m beginning to understand,” Dr. Trites nodded.

Constantine remembered the case of the man who had the strange, rare, and peculiar symptom. “Recently,” he recounted, “I had taken a case, a man who had a symptom of craving charcoal. He wanted to eat it!”

“What? That is strange!” Dr. Trites agreed.

“If I chose the remedy based on that symptom alone, I might have been able to select the correct remedy, perhaps.” He paused, smiling thoughtfully, “But, selecting the remedy based on only one symptom is like sitting on a one-legged stool—we must turn ourselves hither and thither, but it will fall to the ground if not sat on by a human who has two of his own legs.⁶⁶ Now, think of this stool here,” Constantine bent down and lifted a short stool from the ground.

He turned it upside down and pointed to the three legs. “When selecting a remedy, we must always try to get at least three legs to the stool, if possible.⁶⁷”

“What does each leg represent, Constantine?”

“Good question! Each leg represents a key symptom that a patient has shared with you. Of course, your patient will give you many symptoms, not just three. Listen to all of them and make a list. Then, if three of their most distressing symptoms correlate—or match up with—three of the important symptoms of a remedy, then you may be close to selecting the right remedy.”

“Hmm,” Dr. Trites nodded thoughtfully.

66 Dr. Chetna N Shukla, Harry van der Zee, and Sigrid Lindemann, “On the Study of Homeopathic Materia Medica,” Hpathy.com, <https://hpathy.com/materia-medica/on-the-study-of-homeopathic-materia-medica/>.

67 Thomas Lindsley Bradford, M.D., *Biographies of Homeopathic Physicians, Volume 16: Hering - Holcombe*, Internet Archive, https://archive.org/stream/bradford016-jpg10-mediumsize/bradford016-jpg10-mediumsize_djvu.txt.

Constantine put his stool on the ground and said, “We must always try to get at least three legs to the stool, if possible, so that we may sit comfortably.” Constantine laughed at his analogy as he sat on the stool and crossed his leg over his knee.

“Over time, the remedies become your friends. You can hear someone’s symptoms, and a brief perusal of your *Materia medica* will be all the confirmation you need to know whether it’s the right remedy.”

Dr. Trites smiled thoughtfully. “While our conversations, Constantine, are fascinating, I’m concerned,” Dr. Trites’s smile faded. “It seems like I’ll never learn enough to get it right. There are many remedies, and people come up with many symptoms. I don’t know how I’ll ever remember it all.”

“Then, I have a clever tip for you, my friend. Instead of worrying about learning the contents of the entire *Materia medica*,” he said, referring to the vast volume every homeopath used, “focus on becoming the master of a few remedies. Then, learn a few more. As you master a few of their keynotes⁶⁸, you will have a good start.”

“Well,” Dr. Trites said hopefully, “I can certainly master a few.”

“It’s like learning one chess move at a time so that you can become a master chess player,” Constantine said, grinning in return. “You would never want to play me in chess if you knew only one move or method. But, little by little, you learn a new move, then another one and another one, and soon, you’ll know a lot of moves, and you might win a game against me. Homeopathy is the same. You master one remedy at a time, and soon, you can put illness into a checkmate.”

“I can do that—one remedy at a time,” Dr. Trites said, nodding in agreement. “I now feel hopeful about becoming a good doctor.”

“I can agree to that, and my friend, it’s the end of the day. Would you like to stay for dinner and play a little chess?”

Dr. Trites laughed and readily agreed.

68 **keynote**, n. A symptom which is so apparent, or striking that it strongly suggests or points to a single remedy (Yasgur, 2004, 131).



“So,” Evie said as Grandma finished her story, “you will pick a remedy for Monti by trying to match three of Monti’s key symptoms with a remedy that shares those three key symptoms?”

“Exactly,” Grandma answered. “There’s more to it, but that’s a great place to start. And for Monti, I’m going to go with this remedy here, it’s—”

Before Grandma could finish her sentence and tell Evie the remedy name, they heard a long yowl coming from outside.

“Yooooowwwwwwwww!”

Harriet was the first to burst into the kitchen. “It’s Christian!” she exclaimed.

Grandma looked across the porch with a worried frown. She knew her grandsons were pretty tough boys with a high pain tolerance, so for Christian to be howling, something had to be wrong.

Christian and Matt ran into the kitchen, ignoring the dirt and debris on their clothing as they stormed in.

“It’s his tooth!” Harriet said, still shouting.

“What happened?” Grandma asked calmly as she rushed over in concern.

Christian had his hand on his mouth, and his eyes were watery. He was clearly in pain and trying not to panic.

“We were just messing around!” Matt explained, “We decided to take a break and jump on the trampoline with Harriet after we moved most of the wood pile. And, while Christian was jumping, he fell into the gap between the springs.”

Grandma insisted, “Let me look at it.” She shifted her head to different angles, trying to peer into Christian’s mouth.

He shook his head vigorously, both hands now covering his mouth.

“What happened next?” Grandma asked Matt.

Evie stood on the chair behind Grandma, trying to see her brother’s mouth from over Grandma’s shoulder.

“Well—” Matt continued, but Harriet interrupted him, saying, “One leg went down into the gap, and he sort of flipped forward off the trampoline with his leg stuck in the hole.”

“Did he fall on the ground and hit his face?” Evie asked.

“Not exactly,” Matt resumed. “He fell forward, and I guess he would have fallen on the ground, but he was right above one of the metal trampoline legs. So, he hit the leg.”

“With his hands?” Grandma asked hopefully, turning to give Evie an alarmed look.

Evie knew that Grandma knew the answer.

“Oh no, Grandma—” Matt said,

“He hit the metal trampoline leg with his mouth!” Harriet interrupted.

That’s when Christian dropped his hands and cried loudly, “I’m toothless!”

Sure enough, a large chunk of Christian’s front tooth was partially broken off.

“Well,” Grandma said calmly, trying to be positive, “It’s not entirely off. It’s still there. Some of it is just cracked off.”

Christian looked in the mirror hanging on the wall and exclaimed, “I look like a jack-o-lantern!”

“Yes, you sure do!” Harriet agreed, nodding her head vigorously.

"Hush, Harriet," Grandma said.

Evie shook her head. Harriet wasn't helping, but there was no polite way to ask her to go home.

"Do you have the tooth?" Evie asked.

"No," Christian said in distress, "it just crumbled into pieces."

"OK, maybe a little more than some cracked off," Grandma conceded⁶⁹.

"You better take him to the doctor!" Harriet yelled.

"Shh, Harriet," Evie hushed her, whispering, "Let's watch Grandma Annette."

Grandma set to work immediately. She quickly opened her homeopathy kit and dug through it, looking for a specific remedy. She took a vial and expertly tapped tiny pellets into the lid she handed to Christian.

"What will that do?" Harriet looked exasperated. "That medicine looks tiny," Harriet was right; the remedy pellets were tiny—the size of poppy seeds.

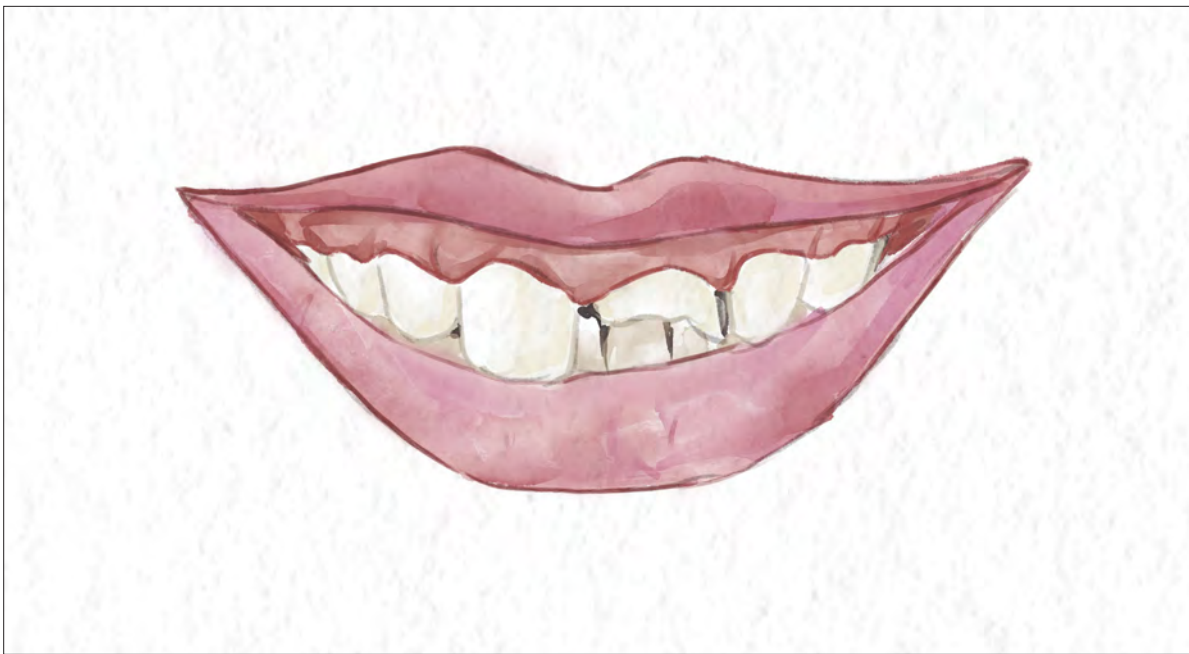
Christian didn't hesitate—he already knew the drill. He dumped the pellets into his mouth, under his tongue, handed the lid back to Grandma and flopped down on the couch.

"Did you give him *Aconite*, Grandma?" Evie asked, curiously.

"Yep, and then I'm going to give him *Arnica* and *Hypericum*," she answered. "I am worried about him losing the entire tooth," she said.

"What do you mean? Lose the entire tooth?" Christian looked alarmed as he sat up, his face beginning to swell.

69 **conceded**, *participle passive*. Yielded; admitted; granted; as, a question, proposition, fact or statement is *conceded* (Webster's Dictionary, 1828).



“Yeah,” Evie agreed, “most of it is already gone. Will he lose more?”

“Ugg,” Christian moaned, flopping back on the couch.

“My mom and dad give me a little pink medicine when I hurt myself. Don’t you have some of that?”

“Like ibuprofen?” Grandma asked.

“Yes! That one!” Harriet answered.

“Well—” Evie said gently, “That is an option, Harriet. But, we do things a little differently here.”

Grandma smiled at Evie’s response and gave her a secret wink.

“But, why?” Harriet asked.

Evie could tell Harriet couldn’t understand why they did things opposite of Harriet’s family. Harriet believed an easy solution would be to use the over-the-counter medicines she was accustomed to.

“Because homeopathy is non-toxic and safe,” Evie said before turning her attention

to her brother, "It'll be OK, Christian," she encouraged.

"Yes, Evie's right," Grandma said kindly. "Don't be too discouraged, Christian. We'll set it straight. Look," Grandma pulled Christian up to the mirror hanging on the wall. "The tooth's root is still there, and I'd say about one-third of the exterior tooth is still there, see? Christian, open up wider, let me see."

Christian huffed, shoulders drooping as he reluctantly opened his mouth wider so his grandmother could take a closer look.

"Right there, see? Look, it'll be OK," she consoled Christian in a valiant attempt to assure him. "The dentist can attach a special little piece to match the color of your teeth, completing the remaining part of your tooth. It'll be made from a dental material that hardens and will look just like a tooth. You'll be good as new," Grandma hugged Christian, reassuring him.

Then, Grandma walked over to her bookshelf and selected her human anatomy⁷⁰ book. She turned to the page that had a picture of a tooth. Matt handed Christian a bag of frozen peas to put on his face, and together, all three kids looked at Grandma's book.

Grandma pointed out the tooth's anatomy and explained that some areas of the teeth are alive. "We need to give Christian *Arnica* and also *Hypericum*," Grandma explained, "because the trauma to the tooth could cause the tooth to die."

"Oh, great," Christian moaned again. "This would all be very interesting if it wasn't about my face," his voice a little muffled as he adjusted the peas.

"I know. I'm so sorry, honey," Grandma said, patting his knee.

Christian flopped onto the couch again, saying, "Matt, go ahead and finish moving that wood pile." It wasn't a question.

Matt lightly smacked Christian's shoe with his hand, "Yeah, sure, little bro. No problem," he said, "and don't worry, I'll make the strawberry cheesecake pancakes for dinner."

⁷⁰ **anatomy**, n. 1. The art of dissecting, or artificially separating the different parts of an animal body, to discover their situation, structure and economy. 2. The doctrine of the structure of the body, learned by dissection; as, a physician understands *anatomy* (Webster's Dictionary, 1828).

"You're still on that kick?" Grandma asked, laughing.

"You never said no!" Matt answered, and he rushed out the door before she could say anything else or disagree.

With Christian somewhat stable, Grandma chuckled at Matt's retreating form as she returned to her books on the kitchen table.

"I didn't even think of homeopathy for teeth, Grandma," Evie said, "and I didn't know that teeth had nerves or were alive. That's why you picked the *Hypericum*, right? I saw nerves on the anatomy picture."

"What does non-toxic mean?" Harriet said, interrupting the discussion.

"One moment, dear," Grandma said. "I need to ensure we don't need to give Christian anything else. And, Evie, you're right. I used *Hypericum*, the same remedy that I used first for my tailbone when I fell and bruised the bone. For any nerve-rich area that is injured—like fingers, your tailbone, and your teeth—*Hypericum* is a great help. There are tons of homeopathic remedies that are great for teeth; want to learn a few?"

"Sure!" Evie said.

"OK, *Chamomilla* is another commonly used homeopathic remedy for this situation, next to *Arnica*."

"Like the herbal tea?" Harriet asked.

"Yes, but homeopathically prepared, of course."

"Huh?" Harriet asked.

"Homeopathy is a medicine that's diluted," Evie explained. "Remember when you and I made lemonade last week, but we thought it tasted too strong? Remember how we added extra water to the juice? That's called diluting. Homeopathy is really diluted medicine, but it's done in a special way. It's called—umm—it's called—"

“Serial dilution,” Grandma supplied the word for Evie.

“That’s what makes homeopathy non-toxic,” Evie added. “I’ll tell you what that means in a second, but Grandma, what does homeopathic *Chamomilla* help with?”

“Well,” Grandma explained, “when babies are born and getting older, their teeth start coming in, and when those teeth come up through the gums, it’s quite painful; babies begin to develop the classic *Chamomilla* symptoms. And, let me tell you, they are lovely symptoms,” Grandma said with heavy sarcasm.

“What are they like?” Evie asked.

“Oh, I know all about teething babies!” Harriet said, emphasizing the words. “My little brother is teething, and he’s gruummmpy!”

“Yep. Picture this little tyke,” Grandma began describing a toddler, “she’s sitting in her highchair with a pouty little face. Her bottom lip is popped out, and her brow is furrowed. She is quietly eating her breakfast. She has a plastic spoon and a little wooden bowl of yogurt topped with chopped bananas and honey. Then, as you walk by, you notice that the baby isn’t happy. You gently and ever so lightly touch a wisp of her hair and say, ‘Oh, poor baby.’ She suddenly screams, ‘Bah!’ rather loudly and you immediately regret touching her. She has made it perfectly clear that she does not want to be touched.” She flings her spoon across the room with shocking accuracy and hits the cat. Then, she whacks her cup of yogurt onto the floor.”

“Oh, wow. That’s a grumpy baby,” Evie said, eyes wide with horror.

“That’s exactly what John is like,” Harriet said, referring to her little brother.

“Girls, we call that a fractious,⁷¹ teething baby. A fractious baby or person gets easily irritated or angered. They are peevish. It doesn’t take much to get them going.”

“Yikes,” Evie said. “Good thing I wasn’t like that!”

71 **fractious**, adj. Apt to break out into a passion; apt to quarrel; cross; snappish; as a *fractious* man (Webster’s Dictionary, 1828).

“Ha!” Grandma said with a huff. “Little do you know! The baby I described was you, little miss.”

Harriet burst into giggles and tried muffling them by covering her mouth with her hands.

“Me?” Evie asked incredulously, innocently batting her eyelashes, also laughing.

“Yup!” Grandma laughed with her. “Once when I came to visit, I remember you had a bad case of teething when you were little. But the *Chamomilla* helped you so much, and other than the teething, you were truly the sweetest little thing. Here’s another example. A baby who needs *Chamomilla* may ask for water and cry out for it multiple times, then the moment you give her water, she’ll throw it back at you.”

“Oh gosh, did I do that as a baby?” Evie asked, shocked.

“No, not you. That was your father,” Grandma chuckled.

“Oh, boy,” Evie laughed.

“But you know what, Evie, come to think of it, you used *Chamomilla* a lot throughout your growing-up years. Every time I visited, I would find myself giving it to you. Once, when you were five, you got a nasty tummy bug. You puked just a bit, but puking wasn’t the bad part. The main symptom you had was intense stomach pain. You would writhe in pain. The moment I gave you the remedy, you fell right asleep, and the pain passed. Another time, this remedy worked well when you had a painful ear infection. Being oversensitive to pain is another keynote of *Chamomilla*.”

“I remember that time. It was awful,” Evie said.

“Yes, so *Chamomilla* can help with teething, tummy bugs, fevers, ear infections, all kinds of illnesses. And ah—Evie, *Chamomilla* isn’t just for teething babies or little kids. I remember when you were a big girl—nine years old—and you needed it then, too! You had grown a bit grumpy. And you were complaining about your tooth a lot. You may not remember this, but when your mom and I looked in your mouth, we saw that you had an abscess on both sides of your bottom back teeth, where you had a molar coming in. The dentist said you needed antibiotics, but

we gave you *Chamomilla*. Suddenly, like magic, you became your delightful self again!”

“Oh! I do remember that!” Evie blushed, remembering one of her teething tirades.

“Oh, honey! Don’t be embarrassed. Sooner or later, we all deal with something,” Grandma smiled.

“Maybe John needs *Chamomilla* for his teething,” Harriet said softly.

Evie looked at Grandma hopefully. Her eyes seemed to say, *Maybe Harriet’s family will finally try some homeopathy!* Grandma returned Evie’s glance with a look of understanding. Then she turned to Harriet.

“Yes, Harriet, maybe. Have your mom call if she’s interested. I can send some over.” Evie could tell Grandma was trying to be respectful. She had once told Evie that she liked to make people aware that homeopathy was there as an option, but she didn’t want to be too pushy.

“Oh!” Evie said, remembering something. She got up and ran to get her homeopathy journal,⁷² which she found, having left it in the living room.

“So, write this down in your notes, Evie,” Grandma continued. “Whenever someone is in a lot of pain, and it’s not a nerve-like *Hypericum* pain, they may need *Chamomilla*. Lots of pain is one of my *Chamomilla* signs. I use this indicator to look into the possibility of using it as a remedy. And another remedy that’s great for teeth is called *Ruta*,” Grandma said. “It happens to be another remedy I took for my tailbone.”

“You sure had to take a lot of remedies for your tailbone. *Hypericum*, ummm . . . *Bellis*, and also *Ruta*. It must have hurt, Grandma,” Evie said sympathetically, nibbling on her bottom lip.

“Oh, yes, it did. I didn’t take them all at once, but I did work my way through

72 Learn more at PaolaBrown.com/Journal

them, one at a time,” Grandma said, agreeing with a nod. “But, don’t worry! The remedies worked wonderfully. It just took working through several different ones for me to get all the way better.”

“Ok, so *Ruta*,” Evie said, her pen poised, waiting to hear more.

“*Ruta* is good for connective tissue, particularly chronic overuse, strain, and injury to joints or tendons.”

“Huh?” Evie said. These were words she hadn’t heard of before.

“First, let me explain what connective tissue is,” Grandma paused. She began stacking up her homeopathy books, preparing to put them away on the bookshelf. Harriet and Evie listened carefully as they watched.

“Pretend I came to you and told you to build me a doll using toothpicks and paper. Let’s say you cut out the paper to shape it into a cute little girl. Now, you need to add the toothpicks to her arms, legs, and body so she won’t flop over when you try to stand her up.”

“It’s like the toothpicks are her bones,” Evie started.

“And the paper is her skin,” Harriet added. The girls understood the analogy.

“Right!” Grandma said. “What would you need to attach the paper to the toothpicks?”

“Well,” Evie thought, “I’d need glue.”

“Or tape, you could use tape!” Harriet said.

“Exactly! So, our bodies are similar. We need bones, we need our muscles, and we need skin. But we need all those things to stay in place. We can’t have our bicep muscles sliding down to our wrists!”

“Gross!” Evie cringed at the thought.

“So,” Grandma explained, “we all have connective tissue. It’s like the glue, the support system of your body, holding things together and giving structure to muscles, bones, and other important parts. The person who needs *Ruta* will have joint pain, which may feel stiff and weak. Once, years ago, Great-Grandma Brown stood up from her chair, and her knee gave out. Someone was nearby and was able to catch her, but she said it was like she had lost the strength in her knee. That’s a strong *Ruta* symptom. *Ruta* is also great for joints that have been overused, and it’s excellent for old injuries.”

Evie flipped through her notebook, looking for the remedy, *Rhus tox*, which she had learned a while ago. “Grandma,” she said, “With all this joint pain, it sounds like you’re kinda describing *Rhus tox*.”

“Yes! Excellent. Both of them are very similar when it comes to joint pain, but the main way to tell the difference between both remedies is to think about whether or not movement helps the joints. The person who needs *Ruta* will feel like they need to stretch the joint, but moving and stretching it doesn’t make it feel better. With *Rhus tox*, on the other hand, the person will want to move the joint as well, but after the initial discomfort, moving it does help the joint feel better. So, they’re a little different. It’s subtle, but important. *Ruta* is also great for a worker who makes the same motion repeatedly. I had a hairdresser once who had pain in her wrists from working on people’s hair. She was constantly working with her hands and making the same motions every day, for eight hours! I gave her some *Ruta*, and she said it helped a lot!”

Harriet watched Evie write notes in her homeopathy journal, but then Evie paused.

“Hmm,” she said. “I’m confused; how does *Ruta* help with teeth?”

“Oh, right! Teeth,” Grandma laughed, remembering why they went down the *Ruta* rabbit hole in the first place. “It can be a great remedy after a tooth has been pulled. It helps prevent a condition⁷³ called dry socket, which is a problem that happens

⁷³ **condition**, n. State; a particular mode of being; applied to external circumstances, to the body, to the mind, and to things. We speak of a good *condition* or a bad *condition* in reference to wealth and poverty; in reference to health and sickness (Webster’s Dictionary, 1828).

after tooth extraction⁷⁴. It also helps with pain after having braces adjusted. Braces straighten the teeth by moving them around. It will affect that deep, connective tissue inside the face.”

“Interesting. What a great tooth remedy!” Evie said.

“Yep, that’s *Ruta!*”

“Ohhhh,” Christian moaned from the couch, waving a hand in the air. “Please, please stop saying the word teeth.”

“Oh dear, looks like he needs another dose of *Hypericum* for that nerve pain,” Grandma said.

“I got it,” Evie said, getting the kit. “Grandma, one last *Ruta* question. What do these symptoms have to do with the tailbone? The tailbone doesn’t seem to have anything to do with joints, tendons, connective tissue, or teeth.”

“Honestly, Evie, I don’t know! I know my *Materia medica* says—” Grandma flipped open her *Materia medica* as she carried it to the bookshelf, “‘Pain in back or coccyx,’ that’s the tailbone, ‘as from a fall or blow, or as if bruised,’ and it sure worked for me!”

“Well, like you always say, Grandma, the proof is in the pudding,” Evie dumped more *Hypericum* in Christian’s mouth as Grandma finished putting the books away.

“Any more teeth remedies I should know about?” Evie asked.

“Oh heavens, there are lots of remedies for teeth! There’s *Kreosotum*—not many know about that one for teeth, but if the symptoms fit, it might help young children whose teeth are decaying shortly after they come in—they sometimes call

⁷⁴ **extraction**, n. The act of drawing out; as the *extraction* of a tooth; the *extraction* of a bone or an arrow from the body; the *extraction* of a child in midwifery (Webster’s Dictionary, 1828).

this the ‘decay of milk teeth,^{75 76 77}. What else? Oh, there are the usual cell salts like *Calc phos* 6x or 12x. People like to say it helps ‘remineralize’ teeth—which basically means to make the teeth stronger, but it does so much more than that. I once met a little baby who was a year and a half old, and he only had one little tooth. Just one! Oh, you girls know him. It was Samuel, Mrs. Yoder’s son. It’s very odd to get teeth that late because they usually come in around six to eight months of age.”

“Yeah,” Harriet said, “John turned one three months ago and he’s got lots of teeth. So that’s weird for Samuel to only have one little baby tooth when he was older than John!”

“Yes, and his mother said he was very irritable, all the time. She told me that he was also a really picky eater. He would only eat mac and cheese, and juice, and he would often get tummy aches. So then, I told her to switch him to a gluten free diet and it helped a lot. So, we gave him *Calc phos*, and his teeth started to come in and his tummy aches improved. That’s when Mrs. Yoder started taking Sam to a homeopath.”

“That’s good,” Evie said.

“Oh, and *Calc phos* can even help your teeth when you are wearing braces,” Grandma added. “It’s a great remedy when symptoms fit.”⁷⁸

75 Uthman, Olalekan A., et al. “Increasing the Value of Health Research in the WHO African Region beyond 2015.” *BMJ Global Health*, vol. 1, no. 1, 2016, PMC4908854. PubMed Central, <https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC4908854/>.

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76 *Textbook of Dental Homeopathy* by Dr. Colin B. Lessell

77 *Kreosotum* is also helpful in children who are slow to teeth. If it takes a long time for the teeth to erupt through the gums, then *Kreosotum* can help soften the gums so that it reduces the time it takes, as well as all reducing the usual symptoms that come with slow teething - lots of saliva, foul diapers, diarrhoea, etc.

78 According to the *Textbook of Dental Homeopathy* by Dr. Colin B. Lessell, “Homeopathic calcium phosphate. A remedy for the facilitation of orthodontic movement of teeth, the predisposition to caries, fractures, tonsillar enlargement with mouth breathing, gingivitis of puberty...Susceptible typology: tall, thin, elegant, long eye lashes, narrow face, well-arched palate, teeth long and narrow (and yellowish), tendency to crowding, precocious or delayed eruption...easily tired by intellectual work but intelligent, emotional instability, agitated, sensitive, sentimental, timid, prefers to be left alone, desires preserved and salty means, worse from change in climate.

Evie was writing notes as fast as she could, but her hand was cramping. She dropped her pencil and shook her hand.

“Does your hand hurt, Evie?” Harriet asked, noticing.

Grandma smiled, “Here, let me take over. I’ll talk and write,” she grinned. Evie gratefully handed her the pencil.

“Hmmm, let me think,” she said. “Oh, we have *Calc carb* 6x or 12x, and it can also help if teething starts late, and then when it starts, it’s slow and difficult.⁷⁹ You’ll be able to tell if the baby fits the ‘*Calc carb*’ picture because they’re usually really chubby babies that are not too eager to learn how to crawl or walk. Oh! And, they’ll have sweaty heads when they nap or sleep. They’re darling roly-poly babies,” Grandma said as she wrote. “This cell salt is really great for teeth.”

“Cell salt?” Evie asked. “What’s that?”

“Do they taste salty?” Harriet wondered; Evie thought it was a fair question.

“No, they don’t taste salty.”

“Then, why do they call it a salt?” Harriet said. “That doesn’t make sense.”

“Well, they’re a category of homeopathy remedies made from a form of minerals called mineral salts, and maybe in the old days, they called minerals a salt. I’m not sure. But they’re really just a group of homeopathic remedies⁸⁰. Usually, when someone says ‘take a cell salt,’ they mean that you should take one of the twelve⁸¹ cell salts, and the remedy is often in either 6x or 12x potency.”

79 According to the *Textbook of Dental Homeopathy* by Dr. Colin B. Lessell, “Homeopathic oyster shell...Useful in some cases of delayed eruption, mouth breathing, chronic gingivitis and periodontitis, and recurrent caries...Susceptible typology: Short, fat, stubby hands...flat palate, wide dental arches, absence of crowding, retarded eruption, tongue indented, easily discouraged, slow to get going in any task (but then gathers momentum), fearful, chilly, inactive, an intense desire for eggs...children with big sweaty heads.

80 The man who developed cell salts, Dr. Wilhelm Heinrich Schuessler, was adamant that they were not homeopathic remedies, but rather minerals that were prepared using the homeopathic method. While they have been adopted by the homeopathic world as part of the homeopathic arsenal, it should be remembered that Schuessler was adamant about the distinction.

81 Originally there were just the twelve ‘biomedical cell salts’, but it has expanded to include another 15 to make a total of 27 recognised cell salts or tissue salts see <http://schuessler-cell-salts.com/list/>

“Oh,” Evie said, “so they’re a group of twelve homeopathy remedies in 6x or 12x?”

“Yes, but what I mean is when someone calls it a ‘cell salt’ they usually mean for you to take it in 6x or 12x,” Grandma answered. “Hey! I’ll do one last tooth remedy!” Grandma said as she began writing again, “There’s *Calc fluor.* . . .and as Miranda Castro once wrote⁸², it ‘tonifies bones and teeth as well as ligaments.’ It’s great for weak teeth that tend to develop into cavities. Oh! And, the tips of the teeth will be translucent. So if the symptoms fit, this could be a great remedy to help remineralize teeth. I have a friend who says this was the remedy that helped her family avoid braces and crooked teeth! She said her own teeth, which she had straightened with braces, would keep getting crooked after they removed the braces. As soon as she started using the *Calc fluor* this stopped happening.”^{83 84}

“I want braces,” Harriet said. “I think it would be fun.”

Evie giggled at Harriet’s comment. She remembered wanting braces when she was young, too. “Grandma? The word ‘remineralize,’ you’ve said that twice now. What’s that?”

“Well, Evie, our teeth are bones and made of minerals like calcium, phosphate, and more. When our teeth get weak, it’s a symptom that our guts are imbalanced or our blood chemistry is off. That’s another reason we avoid drugs like antibiotics and steroids—they can damage the gut. When your gut is weak, and your teeth are weak, your body tries to find those minerals somewhere else, and those important minerals can get pulled out of your teeth, making them weak. When our teeth become weak, we need to try to remineralize them to make them strong again. One of the reasons we focus on eating quality foods and take cow colostrum is because we get most of our minerals from the foods we eat or what we put on our skin. Teeth

82 Castro, Miranda. “*Top Tips for Tip-Top Teeth.*” Miranda Castro, <https://mirandacastro.com/top-tips-for-tip-top-teeth/>.

83 There are various regimens for taking cell salts for teeth. The most conservative is to take the correctly selected cell salt, in 6x or 12x potency, every day for a week, rest a week, and do it again. Repeat as needed once a year or as directed by your homeopath.

84 According to the *Textbook of Dental Homeopathy* by Dr. Colin B. Lessell, “*Calcarea fluorica*: Homeopathic calcium fluoride...may be useful in orthodontics to assist movement of teeth. Susceptible typology: Small or medium build...obvious asymmetry of face and dental arches, small and overcrowded teeth with poor and gray enamel, teeth erupt out of normal sequence, delayed eruption, slender bones, laxness of articulations (carrying angle of elbow in excess of 180°), scoliosis, children lack concentration and discipline, generally worse changes in climate.

don't have a lot of blood flow, like our skin for example, so it takes time to for the blood to carry the minerals back into the teeth, to remineralize them. Does that make sense?"

Evie thought she understood, but then Harriet said, "I don't get it."

"Harriet," Evie said, seeing if she could help, "remember when we made the wildflower seed bombs with Grandma a few weeks ago?"

"Oh yes!" Harriet said. "Throwing the flower bombs around our yard was so much fun! And I'm seeing some of the flowers start to come up already!"

"Yes! So remember how at first we had to experiment a little bit when we made the bombs? We had to figure out how much clay powder, compost, seeds, and water we needed to use to roll the mud balls."

"Yep!" Harriet answered. "At first, it was too watery and the balls would fall apart."

"Exactly, so we added more clay and dirt. But then Grandma also told us to be careful because if we added too much clay powder, the seed ball would become too hard after it dried, and it would never break apart when we threw it."

"I remember that," Harriet answered.

"So, what Grandma is saying is that when someone is remineralizing teeth, their teeth are weak and not strong enough, like the clay ball that had too much water. You need to put minerals back into the teeth to make them stronger, just like adding more clay and dirt to the seedball to make it stronger."

"Ohhhh, that makes sense!" Harriet said. "But how do you make teeth stronger? Eat clay?"

"Yeah, Grandma," Evie echoed. "How do you remineralize teeth? Please don't tell me we have to eat clay."

“Oh!” Grandma laughed. “No, you don’t have to eat clay. You can eat delicious foods like raw milk, and I love that powdered colostrum we take. It’s excellent for teeth, and studies show that if you get high-quality colostrum⁸⁵, it can have antibodies for *Strep mutans*, the bacteria that causes cavities. So, I think the food we eat is really important.”

“How do homeopathic cell salts help?” Evie asked.

“If you select the right remedy, homeopathy can help you absorb the minerals from your food better. I don’t like it when people just take a bunch of remedies, hoping it’ll help their teeth. You need to be thoughtful and select the right one.”

“Neat,” Evie said. “There really is a homeopathic remedy for everything!”

“Yep, there usually is,” Grandma smiled, leaned back, and sighed. “What a day, girls! We made and still need to deliver those strawberry pies; we hauled Monti to the vet and selected a remedy for him; and now I’m dealing with Christian’s snaggle of a tooth! I better call the dentist to see if he can see Christian as an emergency patient. And Harriet, you better hustle home before it gets too late to help your mom with dinner!”

Evie was about to ask what remedy Grandma had picked for Monti, but then Harriet interrupted her thoughts.

“But wait!” Harriet exclaimed. “You guys are forgetting to tell me what non-toxic means!”

She was right; Harriet never forgets!

“Harriet,” Grandma began, “imagine you have two kinds of medicine. One is called toxic, and one is called non-toxic. Toxic means it has things that can be harmful if you touch it, breathe it in, or swallow it. But now, imagine there is non-toxic medicine. That means it’s safe because it doesn’t have those harmful things. So, if something is non-toxic, it won’t make you sick or hurt you if you touch or use it. It’s a wonderful, safe option!”

85 Learn more at PaolaBrown.com/Colostrum

“So toxic means that it’s kind of a poison?” Harriet asked astutely.

“Yes, if you have too much of it.”

“But,” Harriet protested, “medicine like the pink stuff is non-toxic if you have the right amount. That’s why my mom gives it to me. She says I should never touch medicine myself.”

“And, you and your mom are right. It’s essential to have medications in the right amount. But, even doctors say that it would be better if you didn’t need to take any of that medication in the first place because every year, they’re finding out more and more about the problems these medicines cause, even when you’re taking the right amount.”

“Hmmm,” Harriet said thoughtfully.

“You and your mom are very smart. If you want to, you could look up the side effects of a medicine, like ibuprofen, and see what they’re learning about this drug today.”

“My mom is smart,” Harriet said, glowing. “OK! I’ll tell her! And, I’ll tell her about the homeopathy *Chamomilla* for John. I like him but he’s really been very fussy lately,” Harriet stated, and she skipped out the door to help her mom with dinner.

Periodically, for the rest of the day, Evie and Grandma sprayed remedy water under Monti’s tail. Grandma scheduled Christian’s appointment with their dentist, and they delivered pies to the neighbors. Evie waited in the car while Grandma delivered the pie to the Jones family—Harriet’s home. Grandma spent a little while chatting with Harriet’s mother. Grandma later said she had a lot of interesting questions about why Grandma didn’t use medications like acetaminophen or ibuprofen. She also wanted to give *Chamomilla* to their toddler, John. “We may have finally planted a seed!” Grandma grinned.

When they got home, Matt proudly served everyone cheesecake pancakes for dinner, topped with fresh, luscious, chopped strawberries. Christian even managed to smile and say, “At least it’s soft and I don’t have to use my snaggle tooth to eat it.”

At bedtime, Evie found her grandma, her head inside the kitchen fridge, sneaking another bite of strawberry pancakes straight out of the container.

“Grandma?”

“Oof!” Grandma bumped her head on the fridge door and dropped her fork onto the floor, “You startled me, Evie. Never sneak up on a woman when she’s stealing food from the fridge.”

Evie giggled, “You never told me which remedy you selected for Monti.”

“Ah, that’s right, Evie. It was *Pyrogenium*. Goodness, you never forget or tire of learning about homeopathy, do you? Let’s go to bed, and tomorrow, when we check on him, we can see if I got the remedy right.”

“Perfect!” Evie did a little jump and clapped. She hugged her grandmother good-night and hurried to bed.

Note to Teachers & Parents:

Use the Teacher’s Manual to complete Lessons 10-12.

