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STONES

Mineral Complex Remedies

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IT MUST BE FOR LOVE

Rose quartz – respect for marriage and family

AUTHOR | Vatsala Sperling

SUMMARY: This case is not a normal case but nevertheless illustrates the typical *Rose quartz* remedy picture. Due to the theme of parental abuse, having to prematurely take responsibility, pronounced orderliness, and frequent cancer in the family, the patient was first given *Carcinosin*. Similar themes are found, however, in *Rose quartz* together with love, which is the central issue of the case.

KEYWORDS: *Carcinosin*, desire for a child, miscarriage, *Rose quartz*, *Silica*, stones

On frequent travels to Central America I often encounter interesting individuals, such as Evelina. When I met her for the first time in 2013, I saw living proof of a multi-ethnic individual. She was adorned with wild, massive, jet-black, curly Afro hair that was streaked liberally with highlights of shocking pink. In fact, this was the very first thing that I noticed and I had a hard time looking away. Her eyes were greyish, bluish, or greenish – depending on the angle of the light, so I could not be certain about their true colour. She had a light complexion but there was sufficient ‘café’ in her skin tone that she could not pass for a white person. Her plump and large lips also gave a hint of African ancestry and, though her teeth were a bit misaligned, they were rather attractive when she smiled generously, returning my greeting.

Evelina's story: While I was taking note of Evelina's physical presence, she was busy reading my mind! “You can see that ancestors from several nationalities have contributed to my gene pool. Grandma had an African and a European parent. Mom was not sure if my dad was a black or a white man. Mom

and grandma did not know their dads. I do not know mine either. Mom earned a living by attending wild parties and went to those that paid well. She was out a lot and drank a lot when home so she could beat me and my two little brothers black and blue. No matter how well we behaved, she always found fault and raised the bar so high that we always failed in her eyes. That gave her enough reason to beat us with a belt. While she was ‘at work,’ our grandmother loved us, nursed our wounds and raised us but when she died of cancer, I was only fifteen. I grew up overnight to care for my brothers and shield them from our mother. Mom came down with cervical cancer and could not earn any more. I stopped going to school and began working. My little brothers and mom depended on me. She died soon after. Even today, I miss my grandmother and I cry for her. The way she loved me, I have not been loved the same by anyone else.”
(At this point, Evelina heroically subdued a sob. She had previously aroused my curiosity and we had started a conversation. Later she visited me in my private practice in the USA. There too

A striking thing about this patient was her wild jet black Afro curls with brilliant pink highlights. She longed for a child but only in a stable loving relationship, which she did not have at the time of casetaking. In addition the patient was predisposed to miscarriage, which complicated her desire to have a child since she was already in her late thirties.

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she did not express any complaints – we conducted something more like a private conversation, not like a normal casetaking in my practice.)

CASETAKEING
Your deepest desire?

I want kids. I have been so busy earning and caring for everyone that I do not have kids. I am 37. Women in my country are grandmothers by this age. My brothers are 35 and 36... they both have children. People look at me and whisper mean things. I help my family but they ask me, 'What is wrong with you, why don't you have kids?' 'If you have to shield your little brothers from daily beatings and earn a living when you are fifteen – that is what is wrong with me.'

(I want to say something, but I bite my lips and say nothing.)

It must be for love?

I have had boyfriends, but I did not like the way mom earned her money. For her, love never mattered. For me it is everything. I will go out with a man only if I love him. It is important to me. I work in the hospitality industry. Men approach me often. I fall in love easily but hold myself back. I will not have an accidental baby. I want to truly love the man whose child I might carry. So I do not show my loving heart to every man who flirts with me. Most people do not understand true love. They just want easy and quick sex. I respect marriage and family. I want to love my man and want him to love me. I do know one man with two kids. He loves me. I love him and his kids. Kids love me too. But he has a crazy wife. She suspects I am eyeing her man. I do not do that. I have enough self-control. Besides, they are married. I respect marriage. It helps control society somehow. If my love is true and is meant to be fruitful, I will get this man somehow. But I will not break his marriage. *(Love is central to Evelina's narrative; however, at this point I have absolutely no idea what to do with it.)*

Have you ever conceived?

I did conceive twice in a prior relationship. We were quite in love together. I miscarried and moped around for months. The man lost interest and left me. I still sob for those kids. They would have been seventeen and twenty now, old enough to make me a grandmother.

Menses?

No problem. Once I had bad cells in my cervix. That resolved. Women in my village constantly talk about menopause. I have sacrificed my youth for my family. I am afraid of menopause. I have to have a baby with a man I love. Can homeopathy help me?

Besides menopause any other fears?

What about all the cancers going around? Grandma and mom died of cancer. I worry because between menses, I get a lot of very thick and creamy vaginal discharge. It is extra thick mid-cycle so I have never seen the sticky transparent mucus that indicates ovulation. Though it does not bother me in any way,

I get confused and worry about what is happening to me. Am I getting cancer?

(The multi-ethnic woman sitting in front of me and desiring kids from a loving relationship is only half the story. I needed to know more.)

Please could you tell me something about yourself, your temperament, disposition?

(She looked around the consultation room, noticed children's toys piled high in a corner, crayons tossed about on a mini-desk, a work of art half done, pencil shavings littering the floor underneath the mini-desk and told me what she thought about it.)

That mess drives me crazy. I am very organised. I manage Airbnb properties for a couple. The man (who loves me and whom I love) is very organised and tidy. His wife is a tornado. She walks through a room and everything spins out of place. I spend extra hours tidying after her. I miss my meals and day off to keep the properties well organised.

If you can't organise, what is the worst that could happen?

That reminds me of my childhood home. My mother threw things around when drunk and then beat us if she went looking for something and could not find it. If a place is disorganised, my mind gets muddled. I cannot think straight. I get afraid and will spend extra hours to get the place back in shape. *(She automatically connected her disposition to be organized with her uncompensated state in her childhood.)*

With all the tidying to do, do you get any spare time at all? What do you like to do then? *(This question might give me the clue to what is the opposite of her usual state of organisation.)*

I like to go to an off-grid mountain. There is no tap water, cellphone, electricity or any other modern conveniences. Here nature controls me. I surrender to nature. I do not control anything. It is quite wild, but I can be wild too. Roll in the dirt. Swim in the streams. Stroll with the armadillos, sing and leap with frogs, chirp with birds, forage for food from the forest the way grandma used to do. Animals never say, "I love you" as humans do. But you can make a friendship with a wild animal and know in your heart that it comes to you because of love. Life in my village is too restrictive for me. I have to live by the rules. It wears me out. In a country with a twenty-year history of civil war, we're sitting on the mouth of a volcano, on the verge of civil unrest. I want to go away somewhere and live off-grid. That is my dream.

ANALYSIS

Evelina's narrative helped me perceive a person with these themes:

- Unusual responsibility from young age: caring for brothers and mom
- Brutal punishments in childhood from abusive and alcoholic mother
- Fear of cancer: grandma and mom died of cancers. She has history of bad cells in her cervix.
- Likes to organise her environment. The opposite – disorganised space – is upsetting for her.

- Controls her inclination to cry
- Being in nature helps her step out of rigid rules and be free, wild.
- Love for animals (armadillos, frogs, birds ...)
- Rebellion shown in her desire to be free amidst nature, away from constrictive rules.

Comments: Control versus out of control, organised versus chaotic, and fear of cancer emerged as central to her narrative. She is sensitive to the fact that other people ask her "What is wrong with you?" This is an indication for a nosode (1, 2). Evelina had not reported any physical complaints other than a mid-cycle heavy, white and creamy, non-offensive vaginal discharge that did not bother her. She appeared to be a healthy 37-year-old woman.

REPERTORIZATION

I chose the following rubrics:

Mind; RESPONSIBILITY; STRONG, or too (46)

Mind; RESPONSIBILITY; STRONG, or too; Children, in (1)

Mind; FEAR; CANCER, of (48)

Mind; ABUSE, AFTER; CHILDHOOD, in (9)

Mind; LOVE; ANIMALS, for (23)

Mind; LOVE; NATURE, for (22)

Mind; OPINION; OPINION of others, longing for good (9)

Mind; POSITIVENESS (45)

Prescription: *Carcinosin* 1M, one dose and two sac lac doses to be taken one month apart

Comments on the casetaking: "Will this remedy help me get pregnant?" Evelina asked as the pills were melting sublingually.

"You are very clear about having a baby with a man with whom you share mutual love. Let us stay focused on this ideal. The rest of it is in Nature's hands."

I was not sure at this moment what else *Carcinosin* could do for her. So I did not say anything more than, "You be well, and let us meet again whenever you happen to visit this country."

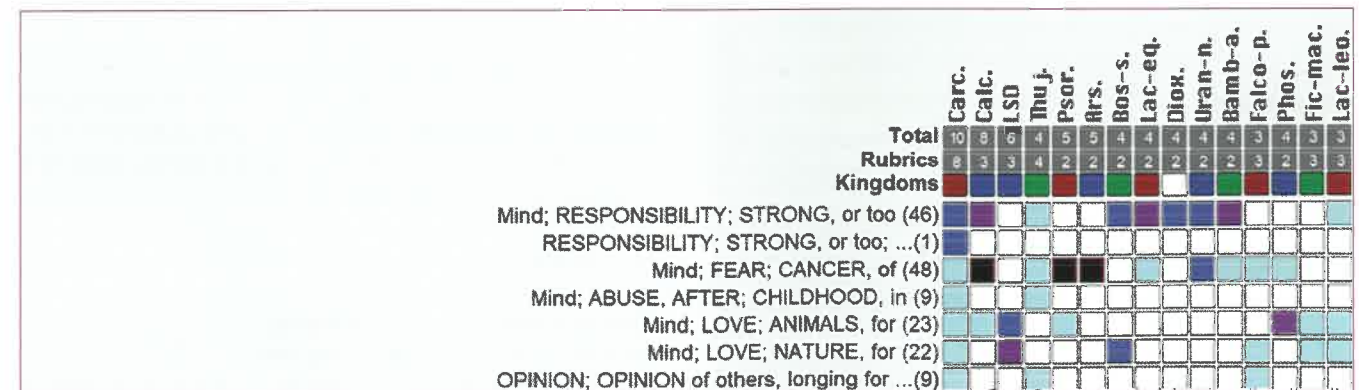
As Evelina gathered herself and took leave, I wondered if remedies could fulfil the deepest longings of a human heart.

Tumminello's work on Rose quartz: Traveling back to Vermont, whenever I saw little kids clutching the hands of their parents and navigating the airport, I thought of Evelina. I almost caught myself wishing that Evelina would find the love and motherhood that she is seeking. Back in Vermont a stack of books that had arrived in the mail greeted me. One particular book, "*Rose Quartz, Garden of the Heart*" by Peter Tumminello (3) grabbed my attention and held it tight.

Evelina and Rose quartz: On reading this book, I was able to see many aspects of Evelina's narrative in *Rose quartz*. During casetaking, I had no idea what to do with the following aspects of her narrative:

- Fascination for pink: Evelina had used brilliant pink highlights liberally in her jet black Afro curls. I considered this to be an expression of her personal style and did not query her about it.
- Attachment (to her grandmother) brothers, martyrdom; filling in for mother in raising her siblings; hopefulness (for having kids); excessive responsibility (for brothers and even her abusive mother). She feels she has sacrificed herself for her family. She is worried about what others think of her. She is deeply enmeshed in her work of tidying and organising the Airbnb properties she manages. She devotes her lunch hour and days off to creating order. She overextends herself at work.
- Evelina is all about love. Her grandmother's love helped her survive the beatings from her abusive mother. She took care of her little brothers with love. She loves to be in nature, free from societal rules, and she loves animals. She is quite able to quickly fall in love with a man but she holds herself back if the man does not show love towards her. At the moment, she is deeply in love with a man. He has a crazy wife and two kids. She is patient, positive, and will enter a physical relationship only when it is based on mutual love.

Healing thoughts: Truly, so far in my practice, I had never seen a case where love was such a central component of a person's narrative. I wondered if I would ever see Evelina again. Working with clients spread in different countries,





Rose quartz is a variant of the mineral quartz. It is pink and somewhere between milky/cloudy and translucent. The source of the rather dusky rose colour was long disputed and many causes were given, such as the inclusion of titanium, manganese or minerals containing manganese, rose-coloured minerals or the interaction of iron and titanium ions in quartz. Recent research has proved that the finest inclusions of a stringy dumortierite-like mineral gives rose quartz its colour. Dumortierite, a borosilicate, derives its pink colour from the conjoined inclusion of traces of iron and titanium.

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I have cultivated the mindfulness practice of sending out healing thoughts to each individual client I have ever met. This practice is based on a Sanskrit verse from the Vedas that I learned while growing up in India.

May all be happy
 May all be without disease
 May all creatures have wellbeing
 And none be in misery of any sort
 May peace and peace and peace and peace be everywhere.

If, for some reason, a follow-up does not materialise, I visualise my clients with their indicated remedies and envision them in a state of wellness. If we are meant to continue on the healing journey together, we shall meet again and I leave it at that.

Comments: The similarities between *Rose quartz* themes as described by Tumminello and Evelina's narrative were too strong to ignore. The book appeared to be describing Evelina in some way and I recalled one of my teachers saying, "When the student is ready to learn, a suitable book will come to his hand."

Prescription: Inspired by Tumminello's work, I acquired *Rose quartz* immersion 200C and sent a couple of doses to Evelina with a mutual acquaintance.

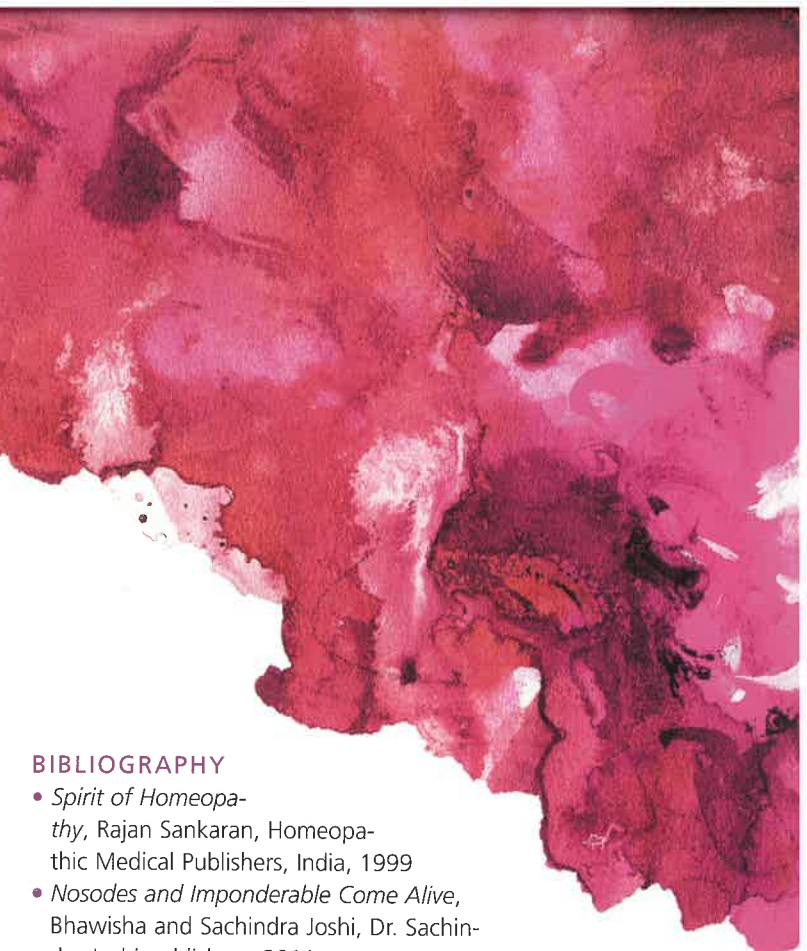
FOLLOW-UPS

Message from Evelina five months later: I learned that her Airbnb boss (the man with the crazy wife) was now divorced. Evelina, this man and his two kids were living off-grid. She was happy to be with a man who loved her and whom she loved. If they have a baby, it will not be an accident.

Follow-up in twelve months: Evelina had one miscarriage but she recovered quickly. They are trying again. She has lost weight and is very happy to be slender. She feels very hopeful. Her new family lives off-grid immersed in love. Her mid-cycle thick discharge is better now. She can see some clear mucus around ovulation time. She is quite focused about conception.

Comments: Since this follow-up, I did not hear from or see Evelina anymore, but I always visualised her with her new baby from a man whom she loves and who loves her. That was the deepest desire of her heart. At this point, I was also thinking that Peter's book not only changed Evelina's life, but it also helped change mine ... because it helped me make sense of the deepest longing of this woman's heart. It made me understand the pivotal place of love in her narrative something that a usual repertorisation based on symptoms alone would not have done. In fact, the various proverbs mentioned in this book have helped me come to terms with the various aspects of love that Evelina had described during casetaking.

If Peter's book and the *Rose quartz* immersion remedy also changed Evelina's life and gave her the baby that she so desired, I do not know but at our last contact she had conceived once with a man she loved, she was happy living in the nature with him and his kids, she was hopeful, and they were trying for a baby with a positive attitude ... all these are various levels and aspects of healing too and with time, a baby cooing in Evelina's lap is also within the realm of possibilities, but only time will tell.



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DR VATSALA SPERLING

was head of the clinical microbiological service at a hospital in Chennai, India, where she conducted research for the WHO and published several comprehensive papers. After moving to the USA, where she started a family, she did her homeopathic training at Misha Norland's School of Homeopathy.

She has written books, essays, and articles on homeopathy, health, and spirituality, and she is continuing her training with several teachers. She is currently working as a classical homeopath in Vermont, contributing on a voluntary basis to the case review committee of the local health centre. She is a member of the North American Society of Homeopaths, NASH.

Contact: www.rochesterhomeopathy.com;
vs@innertraditions.com