

# A Woman With Lupus, and a Whole Lot More

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**Abstract:** A long-standing case of a woman with Systemic Lupus Erythematosus is presented. Based upon a number of characteristic symptoms - left-sidedness, starting awake on falling asleep, sensitivity to touch and tight collars, premenstrual aggravation, heat intolerance, etc. - *Lachesis* was the first prescription. Later intercurrent prescriptions of *Lycopodium*, *Sulphur*, *Natrum muriaticum* furthered the progress of the case, as did *Mezereum* for acute saliolithiasis. The case reflects the substantial health benefits that can accrue from careful, conventional, classical homeopathic prescribing.

**Keywords:** systemic lupus erythematosus, saliolithiasis, *Lachesis*, *Lycopodium*, *Mezereum*, *Natrum muriaticum*, *Sulphur*, benefits of conventional classical homeopathic prescribing

This is the story of a woman with systemic lupus from the early years of my practice in Boston. I present it not because of any difficulties in choosing the remedy, but simply to demonstrate that prescribing remedies the old-fashioned way is often entirely adequate to help or even, dare I say, *cure* people, even with diseases thought incurable by the medical profession at large. Although I certainly gave her other remedies from time to time, she has also continued to need and benefit in a major way from the same remedy over a period that now spans over two decades. And “lupus” hardly scratches the surface of her real pathology.

On the other hand, although her lupus has been in clinical remission for years, she is by no means totally cured. Nor is it any part of my intention to claim that the newer methods of Sankaran, Scholten, Mangialavori, *et al.*, might not have come up with very different remedies that would have worked better, or to imply that such innovations are superfluous or without merit. The less glorious truth is that, having learned the basics in the good old days, I still tend to revert to my old habits most of the time, and to use families, miasms, and “vital sensations” as checks on my analysis, that is, when the repertorization leads nowhere, or to suggest remedies that I wouldn’t have thought of otherwise. Probably I just got lucky this time, since often enough I’ve failed utterly with cases that seemed much less serious and had much less at stake.

This was a 49-year-old woman from Maine whom I first saw in July 1985. Although diagnosed with systemic lupus erythematosus (SLE) four years earlier, she recalled having had similar episodes for twenty years before that, and had recently been more or less

free of symptoms for a year and a half, until about six weeks before visiting me. At a loss to explain why it had come back so strongly at this time, she first noticed an array of new symptoms that she did not recognize, chiefly vaginitis, with rawness, itching, and burning; flatulence after certain foods, especially meat, eggs, cream, and radishes; and sore throat, with gastric acidity and a burning feeling that extended throughout the whole length of the digestive tract.

Soon it became a generalized illness, with mouth ulcers; sore, red eyes that felt like conjunctivitis; a dull pain in her left ear that came and went; and finally a cascade of left-sided pains in various muscles and joints, all of which were unmistakably similar to what she had experienced in the past. The latter she described as a pain in her left shoulder that radiated down her arm, felt like hitting her “funnybone,” often woke her from sleep, and was relieved by heat and massage; a throbbing in her left knee, reminiscent of a varicose vein she had suffered from long ago; and sharp pains at the ends of her fingers that also interfered with her sleep.

Independently of these pains, she would often bolt awake just as she seemed to be falling asleep, and then roam through the house, vainly seeking a more restful place. Even more worrisome were her sudden and unprecedented inability to remember words, even those that she knew very well, aggravated by a vacuous state of mind that came and went but could last for days, as if “in a fog,” wherein she could scarcely think at all; and a feeling of extreme fatigue at the end of the day, in contrast to the hyperactive state she was apt to experience on rising in the morning. Still other complaints included swelling of the eyelids, especially in the sun;

a low-grade fever at night, with chills, sweating, and marked hyper-sensitivity to the weight of the bed-clothes, that made her sheet feel like a heavy blanket.

The fatigue was so extreme at times that it was impossible for her to function, and she felt angry, depressed, and even suicidal, as if "in a black hole," with the result that she withdrew from everyone, no longer cared about anything, and doubted that she would ever recover. A social worker and psychotherapist by profession, as well as a teacher of these disciplines, during her flare-ups she could not work, or even restore herself through writing and painting, her favorite occupations, which became arduous and unproductive. Plagued by nausea in the afternoon, and heartburn, for which she took TUMS regularly, she maintained a considerable aspirin habit on account of her pains and was not about to give it up.

Her past history included severe constipation in childhood; fever and local swelling after DPT and smallpox vaccinations; and sinusitis and migraine headaches in her twenties, with itching, insomnia, and depression, evidently a precursor of her current state. The extensive female history began with heavy periods in her teens and twenties; an illegal abortion at 24, not long before her pre-lupus symptoms, which was followed by severe bleeding, and led to a D & C the following year; two pregnancies and births, the first of which was induced, and resulted in seizures and indications of MBD in her older son; her menses then became scanty, with pre-menstrual "tension;" vaginal yeast infections; large fibroids, resulting in a hysterectomy 6 years ago, and followed by a major lupus flare-up; and dependence on Premarin ever since, with further flare-ups whenever she tried to quit. In addition to heightened sun-sensitivity during these episodes, she was allergic to sulfa drugs, and exquisitely sensitive to hot, humid weather, loud noises, bad odors, synthetic fabrics, which literally hurt her skin, and IUD's, tampons, and tight collars, which she could not tolerate at all.

Most remarkable of all was her epic personal history, recorded in voluminous detail as a supplement to my past history form, from which I quote the following excerpts:

"Father left the family when I was six, never returned: black sheep in an educated family of immigrants. His goal was to find a fortune, and he spent his life in search of it. A very lonely man. At his funeral I learned he'd been Jewish in Eastern Europe. Mother was from a coal-mining family, lost her mother at 6, left school in third grade to work at home. After my father left, we moved to a city housing project, and she worked as a dishwasher, later a baker. Work was her life. But she did encourage me to read and stay out of the kitchen. I had paints and music lessons. In my teens she wouldn't let me go to art school, forcing me to choose between her and life. Moved out at

17, finished college at 20, then left for a job in Europe, stayed for a year. Back in the US, did social work, had trouble with men, and went into therapy for two years because of debilitating migraines. After an affair and a botched abortion, married a friend, and moved to New York. Lupus-like symptoms began two weeks before marriage.

"Attended art school, dropped out, entered Social Work program, completed MSW, then spent another year in Europe. First son born on return. Marriage lonely, lasted eleven years: husband cultured, academic, homosexual, emotionally unavailable. Chronic back pain and lupus controlled by aspirin and tranquilizers from Mental Health Clinic where I worked. Always worked. Two sons, the younger was three when we divorced. Never took child support, remained good friends with ex-husband.

"Worked at mental health clinic and taught Social Work at USM four years, then into administration. Active in Women's Affairs, on Boards and State Councils, worked on passing ERA, established Battered Women's Shelter with University funds and staff. In 1978 sold summer house, took kids traveling through the U.S. and Mexico for six months, tutoring them. On the road my worsening health was restored without treatment. When I got back, I resigned my University posts, and my lover moved in with us. Began small business with colleague, doing vocational rehab for injured workers. Wrote novel and screenplay. In two years, love waned, business boomed, and I got sick again. Again sold house and business, took son to Mexico, wrote and painted. Lupus again in remission for eighteen months.

"Presently live with lover, do free-lance work, and write. Closest friends are my ex-husband, ex-lover, and ex-business partner. Never stopped painting, but was secret passion, taken at stolen moments. Impulse to work in the world comes when I'm discouraged. Novel full of social concern, raised a furor, but very popular with the workers! Have difficulties around lovers and work: fears, equating love and death. I think I'm dying, then get sick."

Given so many strong keynotes of the remedy,<sup>1</sup> I gave her one dose of *Lachesis* 1M on the spot, without any repertory work, and asked her to return in a month. "A wonderful experience!" she began her follow-up visit. The day after taking the remedy, she felt "an enormous rush of optimism," which had not wavered or gone away since, gave her the clear sense that she'd be all right, and helped her to sleep better than in many years.

The first week, her throat symptoms persisted, her mind still wouldn't function, her fatigue felt like recovering from surgery, and she kept falling asleep even in the daytime, but for the first time it felt restorative

to her, not at all like before. On the second day, her knees and legs throbbed more intensely than ever, and she developed ulcers on her tongue and blurred vision, but these aggravations were brief, and left her feeling profoundly relieved afterward. That night she had a recurrent dream that her lover was trying to kill her, with its default implication that escape was her only option. But in a few days she experienced a deep "inner calm" that she had never known before and had remained with her since.

Meanwhile, she was able to go out in the sun for the first time in many months; her memory, concentration, and energy had improved considerably; she was falling and staying asleep; her depression lifted; and her writing exhibited a strength and purposefulness she had not felt in a long time. Needless to say, I did not repeat the remedy.

In April 1986, nine months later, she came back for a "tune-up," after enjoying a period of "extraordinary health" through the holidays. Several of her old complaints reappeared in the wake of an "emotionally-charged" situation, followed by a flu-like illness that lasted for weeks, and left her with a familiar array of symptoms that included a raw sore throat; an aching pain in her left ear, shoulder, and breast; an acid feeling in her vagina and intestines; mouth ulcers; and jolting awake on falling asleep. This time I gave her *Lachesis* 10M, one dose, and three months later I received a letter full of insight into the psychological factors that influenced her relapses:

"As symptoms waned, I realized that stress was a big factor in bringing them on. Because they reappeared in milder form each time I got upset, I could see cause and effect, which helped me to draw boundaries that I couldn't in the past. I'd get sick and run to the travel agency, which was better than medicine; but the same dilemma would be there the next time. I'd get overwhelmed, get sick, run away, recover, return, get involved, become buried, get sick, etc. New jobs, new sweeties, new countries, same illness. Now I have more control, and the lupus symptoms are my antennæ. When I get overwhelmed, and symptoms appear, instead of traveling, I look at the situation. This change is really more remarkable than the restoration of health that occurred after the venom."

In October 1986, we had a phone visit after another relapse. One precipitating factor was a new book contract, which revived her old fears of success. Then everything got worse when her lover's children moved in with them. Expected to wait on and run errands for them, and finding their constant needs and demands insufferable, she wound up asking him to take his kids and move out. But still she continued to worsen, becoming more and more tired and anemic, until eventu-

ally the whole array of symptoms was back: insomnia, mouth ulcers, lack of stamina, low fevers, night sweats, flushing, left-sided pains, dyspnea, "rotten" body odors, smelly gas, forgetting words, and all the rest, coming on suddenly, with an intensity that scared her.

My prescription was one dose of *Lachesis* 50M, plus some 200 to use as needed, up to once a week. In a few weeks, she called to report that she had relaxed immediately after the 50M, and threw in a possibly important bit of past history that she had forgotten. In 1958, after her year in Europe, she enlisted in the U.S. Special Forces for a tour of duty in Japan, and received a total of 20 different vaccines on the same day, despite her sensitivity to DPT and smallpox as a child. Within hours she became violently sick, remained so for a week or two, and finally decided not to go after all. Two months later, she came down with her first migraine, and then, almost exactly a year later, just before her marriage, with her first attack of what was diagnosed SLE only two decades later. I suggested that she wait, and use the 200, as needed.

After that she remained in good health for several months, until February 1987, when a swollen, painful left cheek, with sharp, jabbing pains in the left ear led her to see a dentist, who found a stone obstructing her left salivary duct. She called me two weeks later when the symptoms persisted. The left ear was acutely sensitive to touch, with a sensation of wind inside whenever she covered it.

I gave her *Mezereum* 30,<sup>2</sup> which worked very well, and followed it with *Lachesis* 200, when her old lupus symptoms came back. By our next visit, in July 1987, 5 months later, the *Lachesis* was no longer working. The ear had cleared up "wonderfully," and she also related a series of dreams that brought back vignettes from her early childhood, several of her mother locking her in dark closets, or out of the house, after which the flare-up receded, and she felt exceptionally strong and well. But recently she had had another, after her book was sent back for revisions, her finances seemed more shaky, and she had to accept another teaching position that she knew would be easy for her. Several of her old complaints had returned, a big fever blister (on her *right* upper lip, for a change); a "blocked" feeling in the stomach, with smelly gas and heartburn; exhaustion and sleeplessness, with nervousness and hyperactivity at bedtime; and sun sensitivity and sunburn, but no aches and pains. Since *Lachesis* 200 had not helped, I gave her one dose of *Lycopodium* 10M,<sup>3</sup> with *Sulphur* 10M<sup>4</sup> to follow if need be.

In September, two months later, she reported "a great burst of health" after her last visit. Her body felt "pliant, like a child's, and "better than in *years!*" she boasted, with no more gastric acidity, no raw throat, and none of her typical lupus symptoms. Even more convincing to her was the change in her dream life, which since

childhood had featured a male intruder in her house who was trying to kill her. Soon after the remedy, she dreamed she had flushed him down the toilet, and since then they had been of riches and treasures, which also provoked intense anxiety, sleeplessness, and indigestion; but a few doses of *Lycopodium* 30 were all that she needed. The abortion was the subject of another dream, in which she held the dead baby in her arms, and felt a genuinely loving forgiveness for both the father and herself. Best of all, she was still able to work and making good progress on her latest manuscript.

At this point I pleaded with her for more objective verification (sedimentation rate, ANA, etc.), but her reluctance to undergo the tests felt almost superstitious, and it never happened. Because of her extreme thirst and craving for sweets, which were new, I gave her *Sulphur* 10M; and in December she reported that she was still doing well, and had had no lupus symptoms since spring, and no old symptoms returning. Her main complaint was anxiety about her manuscript; so decided to repeat the *Sulphur* 10M, and in March 1988, a few months later, her lupus was back, and so was she.

As so often in the past, it began with flu-like symptoms: sore throat, night sweats, earache, photosensitivity, blurred vision, and indigestion, followed by left-sided aches and pains, sleeplessness, and exhaustion. This time it coincided with the arrest of her son for possession of illegal drugs, at a time when ironically her writing was going well, and she felt freer, more trusting, less afraid to take risks, and more stable emotionally.

I went back to *Lachesis* 10M, and a whole year went by before she came back, by which time she had become active again in neighborhood politics and community affairs, as well as leading therapy groups for people with chronic illness, talking publicly about her own recovery, and even developing a part-time private practice around these issues. In February 1989, exactly a year later, she called to request another dose of the 10M, for old lupus symptoms, which she recognized immediately and hoped to nip in the bud after many months of feeling just fine.

I sent some more, and received the following in April 1989, two months later:

"Here's what I owe you for the poison. Thanks. My general health is fine. Have been going through a bout of sinusitis, which I had around 18. Nothing of major concern, just part of my annual spring thing. Still counseling people recovering from illness or accidents. Recovery groups are popping up around here, for cancer, 12-Step, etc., and am working with a few. But nothing matches the gracefulness of homeopathy."

In November, she telephoned at my call-in time, to report that mild symptoms had come back, and the

10M didn't help. They weren't that bad, she insisted, and she wasn't afraid of them. I sent her *Lachesis* 30X, to use for acute symptoms on an as-needed basis.

Throughout most of 1990 she continued to do very well, overcoming not only aches and pains sustained in the course of her work with the Alexander Technique, but also vivid dreams and memories of early childhood sexual abuse by older kids in the neighborhood, which surfaced at about the same time. Several times she had used the 30X to minimize her occasional lupus symptoms, which tended to be mild when they did appear, and did not interfere with her writing, or even studying for the Licensed Social Worker exam, which she had taken and passed for a second time. She had also continued seeing clients part-time, and even bought an office building, rented out space to colleagues, and moved her writing out of the house, which produced immediate results.

She not only finished her book, and sold it for a tidy sum, but immediately wrote a proposal for another, which was also accepted. As before, these successes generated plenty of anxiety, but *Lycopodium* 30 was all that she ever needed for it. In fact she wrote three more books in 1990, all "women's career romances," one involving a doctor and nurse, although that genre had become easy and boring, just like her teaching, and thus also luxuries that, she complained, made her "soft," afraid to risk losing them, and kept her from finding her true voice.

Meanwhile she had moved with her lover to an old farmhouse up the coast, doing fee-for-service work with a Home Health agency, and this time symptoms appeared when TV stations began contacting her: first, her typical sharp left-knee pain, which cleared up after a dream; then a bladder infection in November 1990, with urgency, itching in the vagina, and pain after urinating, which she treated successfully with *Arsenicum album* and other remedies on her own; and most recently, constriction in her chest with severe heartburn, both of which subsided with the *Nux vomica* I suggested over the phone.

The bladder episode was reminiscent of a brush with "honeymoon cystitis" after her divorce, ironically enough, and released another torrent of hitherto unremembered sexual material, such as a dream about a man and a woman making love in a little cottage, which she identified as the place where as a five-year-old she had witnessed her father cavorting with a woman who was not her mother. This revelation led her to remember two other incidents of sexual abuse, which she told to her mother without fear or upset, but the latter was incensed, and humiliated her, as if blaming her for it, and never told her father, which was also deeply hurtful. This cornucopia of vivid dreams and unverifiable memories was enough to dispel her bladder symptoms, but also left me grateful when at last

there were no more to tell.

This was the state of things at her next visit, in January 1990, at the end of which she announced that she was ready to take "the next step," to say good-bye to career romances and write a different kind of novel. But although her bladder symptoms had gone, she still felt constriction and weakness in the neck muscles, this time on her right side, as well as diarrhea and flatulence. So I went back to *Lycopodium* 1M, which made matters much worse and produced no benefit, as she reported a month later:

"My head felt screwed on too tight. The tension then moved to my shoulders, down to my lower back, through the legs, and then out. That night a shrewish woman came to me in a dream and said, "Why gold in that picture? Get it out! It's sentimental, it's pretty, it's nothing! Where's the blood-red?" I woke up feeling like I'd wrestled all night with a *sumo*. Last night she appeared again. More of the same: yelling at me, while I tried to defend myself and my work. I was explaining a certain character's relationship to a man by saying "There's no division." "No division?" she yelled back. "What do you know about relationships? They're division, multiplication, and subtraction. That's *all* they are!" In that packet of *Lycopodium* hid this harpy, and I haven't had a moment's peace since I swallowed her. I believe in the remedies, and in the good doctor who prescribes them. But why should *you* be sleeping soundly?"

Certainly a fair question, I had to admit. I don't remember what I answered, but none of it mattered when she called back in April, two months later, with the shocking news that her younger son had fallen off a cliff and died while hiking in the mountains, leaving her numb and sleepless with grief ever since. With the aid of *Ignatia* 10M, she pulled herself together sufficiently to sell some of her paintings to raise money for a donation to the camp that he loved, and under whose auspices he had been hiking at the time. By the time of our next visit, in August 1991, she had mounted a big show and raised \$11,000 for them, only to "fall apart" as soon as it was over. Meanwhile her old lupus symptoms had come back, albeit more mildly: fever blisters, left earache, mouth ulcers, shoulder and upper-body aches and pains, fever, and above all exhaustion, with an unusual craving for salt and salty foods. Emotionally, she felt "numb" mostly, unable to feel, let alone believe or accept what had happened, but would also cry easily at anything meaningful; would dream of him at night, grabbing her suitcase, and asking him to wait for her; and tears kept streaming down her face during the interview.

Although his body had been cremated at the time of the accident, because of some mix-up it took twenty

days for the ashes to reach her, during which time she became frantic and phobic about leaving the farm until they arrived. Always frightened for him, knowing the physical and personal risks he took, since his death she could find no reason to do *anything*; even her creative work felt "completely crazy" and pointless to her. She was interested only in events and people that were somehow connected to him, and the only real desire she could identify was to join him. I gave her *Natrum muriaticum* 10M, one dose, and a week later she wrote the following:

"The *Natrum* was one more miracle in a long string of miracles. Almost immediately all orifices opened up. My skin cleared up. Then I had a dream in which I was a total incompetent as a housewife, even at boiling corn, my sole responsibility for the occasion. Someone debating with me in a gym reported that I had the judge in the palm of my hand; but I went to the store to buy a chicken and feed the multitudes.

"On the way, I met my son, who was directing traffic. 'Turn around!' he commanded. So I made a U-turn and started back. The debate was supposed to start again soon, but here was a directive from my son to turn around and get back to my creative work. Since then I've been making books for bikers, made of black leather, corners held together with nuts, bolts, and silver studs. Quite wonderful. With highway maps and American flags, full of the spiritedness and the danger. He was a biker, and loved his Harley."

Three months later, in November 1991, she called to request a refill, which I sent, but then no contact for ten months, until her next visit in September 1992, when she came in person to the office. "A horrible year," she summed it up, with a lot of physical pain in the early months, and the fear she'd relapse again, with all the crying, the screaming, and the sleeping pills. After the *Natrum muriaticum*, she was all right all winter, but in the spring of 1992, she went to New York to visit her older son, who told her that he'd been to see his brother two weeks before he died. With that news, she lost it again, falling into a panic state, and fearing to leave his house. By the time she visited me, she was much better, able to go to Holland by herself without fear, but still prone to minor lupus flare-ups from time to time. These might consist of "sun attacks" in the hot, humid weather, with raw throat, earache, and bloating, for which she had used *Belladonna* on her own quite successfully; or left-sided pains, lately in the area of the left kidney, which she feared might be "lupus nephritis," the dreaded complication she had read about. "This could be it!" she said to herself, meaning her ticket to rejoin her son in the next world. She was still producing her "biker books," and dreaming of her

dead son, seeing him and asking him to wait for her, but hadn't written anything until the summer, when she finally "came back to life."

I gave her *Lachesis* 1M, the potency I had started with long ago, and in November, two months later, she wrote that she had left me for another homeopath who lived and practiced near her. After that I had no news until July 1995, almost four years later, when she sent me a letter that included news of herself, her lover, and their marriage:

"The lupus remains under control. *Belladonna* 30 and *Lachesis* 30 knock out any symptoms triggered by the sun, especially in spring. A year after my son died, I began having severe stomach pains related to my gallbladder. I went to a third homeopath, who gave me a single dose of something, followed by burning in the anus, but then I was cured! Both of us have stayed with homeopathy since our first visits to you. A year ago he was diagnosed with prostate cancer that had spread to the lymphatics. Since there was nothing allopathic medicine could do, we did a macrobiotic diet, Essiac, and remedies, especially *Conium*. He lost fifty pounds, but took up cooking and meditation and began working from home. His urologist doesn't understand why he's still alive; but we do. We credit our belief that the body can heal itself. The tumor is smaller, while our lives have become larger.

We're happy. We hold you responsible, since it was following a remedy you gave him for his inability to commit that he embarked on a campaign to get married!"

For homeopaths, her saga illustrates a striking and in my experience rather unusual recurrence of the same remedy picture repeatedly, over a period of years and even decades, almost always with good to excellent results, notwithstanding a significant number of times when *Lachesis* didn't work or wasn't indicated, and other remedies did the trick, in more or less the "zigzag" method of treating multi-layered cases that Hahnemann described in the *Organon*, §179-184.

In any case, that's the end of her story, except for a brief epilogue, arising from my plan to write about her, which prompted me to phone her recently, after another fourteen years had passed. "I'm doing good!" was her characteristically upbeat reply. In that whole time, there had been no lupus attacks to speak of, other than minor inflammatory symptoms in the sunny days of spring, which *Lachesis* 30 and/or *Belladonna* 30 invariably took care of. About a year ago, she'd had an attack of atrial fibrillation in the course of a flu-like illness, which allopathic medicine did not help, but it had not recurred, and she does take her Coumadin to prevent

complications, as well as continuing to see the homeopath who cured her of her gallbladder attacks, and with whom she remains quite satisfied. Meanwhile she had lived mostly well content for eighteen years with the man she finally married, until he died about ten years before my call. By now an accomplished painter and writer, she keeps active in the community, and works for social justice. Simply knowing and caring for such people in the midst of their adversity, and growing old with them through the years, is reason enough to practice medicine, and among the most gratifying and enriching experiences that a physician can have.

## Notes

1. Granted, it was a very long time ago, but on re-reading the case, I have no doubt that what led me to the prescription included her long history of numerous left-sided symptoms; her habit of waking abruptly in the act of falling asleep, and of hyperactivity on rising for the day; her marked sensitivity to bedclothes, tampons, and tight collars; aggravation of her general condition before menses and since (surgical) menopause; her intolerance of hot, humid weather; and not least, her irrepressibly garrulous personal style, replete with interminable anecdotes, vivid dreams, and uninhibited associations thereto.

2. I chose *Mezereum* chiefly because of the sensation of wind in the ear. In Kent's *Repertory*, my main source at the time, the rubric lists *bell.*, *carb. s.*, *caust.*, *chel.*, *eupi.*, *led.*, *mag. c.*, *mang.*, *mez.*, *mosch.*, *plat.*, *puls.*, *stann.*, *stram.*, *vinc.* What clinched it was the opening line under *Mezereum* in Boericke, "Skin symptoms, affections of bones, and *neuralgias most important, especially about teeth and face.*" [Italics mine: R.M.]

3. Why I chose *Lycopodium* is less clear to me in retrospect, but would most likely have included its complementary relationship with *Lachesis*, as well as the sudden onset of smelly gas, heartburn, and other gastric symptoms.

4. Likewise *Sulphur*, as the natural follower of *Lycopodium* in the familiar triadic cycle of *Lycopodium*, *Sulphur*, *Calcarea carbonica*, and so forth. It also seemed to fit her quite well - as it does almost everyone else!

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