

I - OUCH, MUMMY ! I'M FRIGHTENED... I'M ACHING¹...

Whether they are outgoing and 'say' in a more or less clear way what worries them... or withdraw into their suffering and pains, the child looking for what contributes to the development of their personality expresses themselves in many different ways. If their body shows in a more or less clear manner what rushes or stresses them, their mind often manifests fragility in which the hereditary component is not inconsiderable.

Their need for care and love shows the difficulty they have in moving towards autonomy. Heavily influenced by what their disorders have engendered in their family and the strategies put in place to come to terms with the anxiety unintentionally aroused, that need takes various forms. It reveals itself directly or in a more complex way : family legitimately worried about what may happen to a child who is, in their opinion, little equipped against stresses and illness ; sick child in response to the anxiety that is part of their family or transmitted from generation to generation ... Everything can be seen and everything is interlinked.

What is 'said' here is expressed every day and poses the problem of what is linked to the fragility of the body or engendered by more or less conscious psychic problems and is expressed in sometimes common pathologies.

What the child shows must always be interpreted... : need for love or care, somatised anxiety, bodily disorders that are worrying because of their nature or of symptoms sometimes hard to put into words... : fear is there... It creeps into everything and sometimes makes the disorders worse to the point that it gives them often disconcerting aspects.

What is shown is not always proportionate to what really is. The sagacity of the person who observes and tries to soothe is sometimes taxed. If pain often hides fear, fear sometimes hides pain... One gets confused... and anger and the unsaid are often there and are expressed in various ways... !

Doctor Geneviève Ziegel

¹ Introduction to a series of articles about the *Aléas de l'enfance au quotidien*, whose first two parts were published on homeopsy.com in November and December 2018.

II - OUCH, MUMMY... I'M ACHING TOO MUCH... COME...!

'Ouch, Mummy, come... Take care of me...!'

The **Chamomilla** child moves restlessly and shouts loudly that it hurts. Bustling about and catching everyone's attention, they 'want many things that they reject straight afterwards' and moan 'in a pitiful way as soon as they do not get what they want'... They quieten down only when they are 'in someone's arms and constantly pampered... being extremely impatient and unable to stand being spoken to or asked questions'. They accept neither displeasure nor frustration...

If they do not tolerate any amount of pain, it is important to understand what their hyperaesthesia engenders : they are on edge, the heat and the congestion that engenders reactivity calling to mind that of the Belladonna subject, certain features of whom they sometimes have, manifest themselves in the expression of the original aggressiveness. The oral impulses to consume and bite suddenly emerge when the teeth flare up. Focusing the attention and exacerbating moods, they are centred on one point... Perhaps they also express the desire to keep to oneself the suffering and the marks of the overwhelming aggressiveness... The stomach pains improved by rubs express how great the need to 'eliminate' what 'poisons' is.

'Sensitive to the least amount of pain, aggressive and bearing grudges', the Chamomilla child 'is constantly complaining'. Like their Nux vomica counterpart, certain disorders of whom they also have, notably digestive ones, or else the Ignatia subject, certain spasmodic and paradoxical facets of whom they also have, they somatise anger and harassment. This is close to the Colocynth subject or to the Hepar sulph. one. The teeth, the preferred place in the focus of their aggressiveness, engender despondency but also blocked ears - both literally and figuratively. Grappling with the emotion that overwhelms them, the Chamomilla child 'does not hear' the need to be frustrated or themselves in their real wishes... Is their difficulty in expressing differently from their cries and loud tantrums their impossibility of accepting the idea of never feeling contented exacerbated to the point that the feeling they have - like the Merc Sol subject - that 'they are ambitious'² can only have an unusual meaning ?

'Ouch, Mummy, I'm aching... and... nothing helps !'

The **Rheum** child rages, refuses, reacts. Their abdomen shows how difficult it is for them to assimilate... Impatient and vehement like Chamomilla, they want many things and, like China, cry easily. If they salivate profusely and their breath and body tend to give off a sour smell, their 'impression of cold in the teeth' exacerbates their agitation and irritability. The place where their original aggressiveness is expressed is damaged.

Even if their reactivity might make one think the opposite, they show here their difficulty in expressing themselves in a healthy way. The feeling they have that they often have a full stomach, their tendency to ask for various foods, followed immediately by the quick weariness of everything, show how present the feeling of emptiness and malaise is in them and how much it invades their behaviour.

'Ouch, Mummy ! I'm furious at aching... and yet I'm frightened !'

² In French, 'to have long teeth' (Translator's note)

The **Stramonium** child explodes, is furious, expresses themselves through violence and cries... The fear of the dark, of the ghosts and monsters that haunt their nights is only a pale reflection of the power of the impulses that is ready to overwhelm them.

What is beyond words and the malaise that the lack of them covers is there, always ready to reappear... : parental violence, quarrels, separation seen as abandonment, ill-accepted interventions because their content or development was not sufficiently talked about are seen as unbearable aggression...

Glistening water and darkness frighten them. Mornings are not more peaceful : the child 'wakes up with a wild look in their eyes, starts at the slightest little thing, cannot stay alone, as they want to have someone with them'. They always need to have a light on and cannot walk in the dark... Prone to night fears even though they are only dozing and cannot actually get to sleep, they experience terrifying hallucinations : they think that they see animals, dogs and cats or horrible animals around them. Sometimes, they also have the strange feeling that they are two people at the same time or have a deformed body. Fear is at its height and nothing can allay it. It is released into agitation, cries, kicks and violence.

Sometimes a higher stage can be reached : convulsions accompanied by 'furious delirium with an impulse to strike and bite alternating with laughter and pleas' or even a propensity to 'make poetry'. It hides with difficulty the profound insecurity and the fear.

Result of fear, of excretion, of secretion or of outbreak stopped at an inopportune moment... 'Ouch, Mummy ! I'm frightened !' : at this prospect, the Stramonium child can only mobilise their family circle.

'Ouch, Mummy !... All my body aches !'

The **Hepar sulph.** child is irritated and irritable... Their behaviour is so violent that they can also be often irritating. Hyperaesthesia, stinging, ulcerating and unbearable pains are part of their everyday life...

'Ill-humoured, glum, cantankerous and sulky', they 'are quick-tempered' and often prove to be prone to 'impulses to hurt people' or to 'set fire'. Beware of their acting out when their tendency to eliminate through the skin or suppurating mucous membranes is unfortunately blocked. Everything happens as if the pain and splinters that pierce them needed to carry their fire elsewhere than to furuncles, abscesses and ulcerations. The latter disrupt nights when they are often kept awake by croupy and barking cough...

'Mummy, I'm aching !' : the Hepar sulph. child suffers in every pore and says so through fury. Prevented from urinating, condemned to herpes, their burning throat itching, disturbed by the cold as well as by the slightest physical contact, which their sour smell undeniably repels, can they do otherwise ? They shout their suffering in all manners.

Have they not reached the stage where, for want of reassuring physical contact, which their painful body implicitly refuses to accept, they have to content themselves with real warmth, since they cannot get it in a symbolic way ?

'Ouch, Mummy !... I'm aching so much !...'

I need warmth so much ! : the **Mag. Phos** child, reactive and bettered by what warms them both literally and figuratively, expresses their fundamental 'tuberculinisme' in this way. They manifest their propensity to feel what is around them and affects them in an excessive and spectacular manner.

Movement, the expression of the fact of becoming autonomous, seems to be affected by tensing to the point that cramp or pain stops it... The stimulating rub, the implicit

attention and soothing warmth that it implies is representative of what constitutes its secret remedy...!

'Ouch, Mummy, I'm frightened... I'm aching...!'

The **Causticum** child 'finds it very difficult to go to bed alone. The least thing makes them cry...' Their propensity to be deeply compassionate shows how much the fact of thinking about their disorders increases their anxiety. And yet, they, too, 'feel that they have long teeth'... The frequent sensation of paresis of the tongue hampers them so much that they bite the inside of their mouth while masticating and their speech is hindered. It does not make things easier.

Speaking, walking... Everything is difficult. They have falls and giddy spells.

Their memory is uncertain and the syllables and letters are often confused. Added to their tendency to stammer and to have difficulty finding the right word and finishing their sentences, they increase their anxiety and their sensitivity that other people's misfortunes heighten. The Causticum subject seems to identify with them. This is not very different from 'Tuberculinisme' : as in the Phosphorus or Tuberculinum subject, it gives the dreams of travelling present here the meaning of a search for somewhere else more harmonious and shows the desire for less aggressive reality of that sensitive psyche...

Dusk, the prelude to all types of anxiety and to restless nights when the legs are mobilised as much as the thoughts, leads them to fear that time of all dangers and of loneliness. Sleep is dreaded so much that 'the child does not want to go to bed' and, like the Rhus Tox one, cannot stop fidgeting. 'Tuberculinisme', dry Sycosis and a 'luétique' sclerotic tendency mingle their various effects.

If the desire for smoked meat makes one think of facets that link them with the Calc Phos subject, sugar and fresh meat, which engender acidity - and are therefore ill tolerated -, make one think of Psora in the process of changing... They deprive them of what might fortify the weakened organism, whose husky voice and physical sensation of gradual paralysis of certain parts of the body reflect the neurological disorders. Quickly present, the latter deprive them of expressional powers in every sense of the word...

The 'feeling that there is an empty space between the forehead and the brain' is inexpressible. The symptoms are often misunderstood... : the stools and urine are excreted more easily when they stand whereas constipation is frequent and going to the toilet is ineffective ; the urine is held back or emitted involuntarily when coughing or sneezing while the child does not feel that they are urinating... All those behaviours pose problems and do not improve the relationships with the family circle. In fact, those sphincter dysfunctions linked to neurological disorders, the swaying of the legs causing the child to walk late and uncertainly are often misinterpreted. They are often unfairly reprimanded, which can only increase the suffering of that essential 'tuberculinique' who ends up becoming so stiff physically and psychologically and therefore desirous of travelling and of taking off for milder climes.

Burns, grazes, irritation, stiffened and swaying asthenia are, literally and figuratively, their only daily bread !

'Ouch, Mummy, I'm so cold !'

The **Arsenicum album** child, anxious, agitated, sensitive to the cold, often freezing, is afraid death might surprise them when they are alone. They feel so strongly that they are

lost and incurably ill that they, too, refuse to take their medicines. Their burning pains, paradoxically improved by heat, their itching make their lives impossible.

'Ouch, Mummy ! I feel so weak and so ill ! I'm so anxious ! When I'm woken at night by the feeling that I'm suffocating and the terrible impression that I'm going to die of it, I need you to reassure me ! I so much hate that time after the first hours of sleep, from midnight to three in the morning... Asthma oppresses me so much that it forces me to get out of my bed... Ouch, Mummy ! I'm so frightened ! My body is so weak ! Fortunately, I can move ! At least, I still feel alive !'.

'Ouch, Mummy... I feel so fragile !'

The **Silicea** child is agitated. Their malaise and lack of self-confidence are linked to the weakness that is in them as well as to the awareness that they have of it. Their scrupulousness and the way they perceive their disability aggravate the various somatic symptoms and the infections that punctuate their life. But is this so surprising, given the usual link between stress and immunity ?

Fragile, diaphanous, 'too flimsy a stalk for too heavy an ear'³, the fear of pins and sharp objects reflects here, symbolically, what is felt in their inner self and body. Nervous hyperaesthesia, the perfect reflection of the disorders affecting the phosphorus-calcium-magnesium balance, makes them both reactive and asthenic.

'As transparent as the glass whose crack they fear', as Doctor Jacqueline Barbancey said beautifully, the Silicea child feels little armed against the difficulties of life and needs support as well as encouragement.⁴

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³ As Doctor Jacqueline Barbancey said.

⁴ Translated by Pascale Tempka