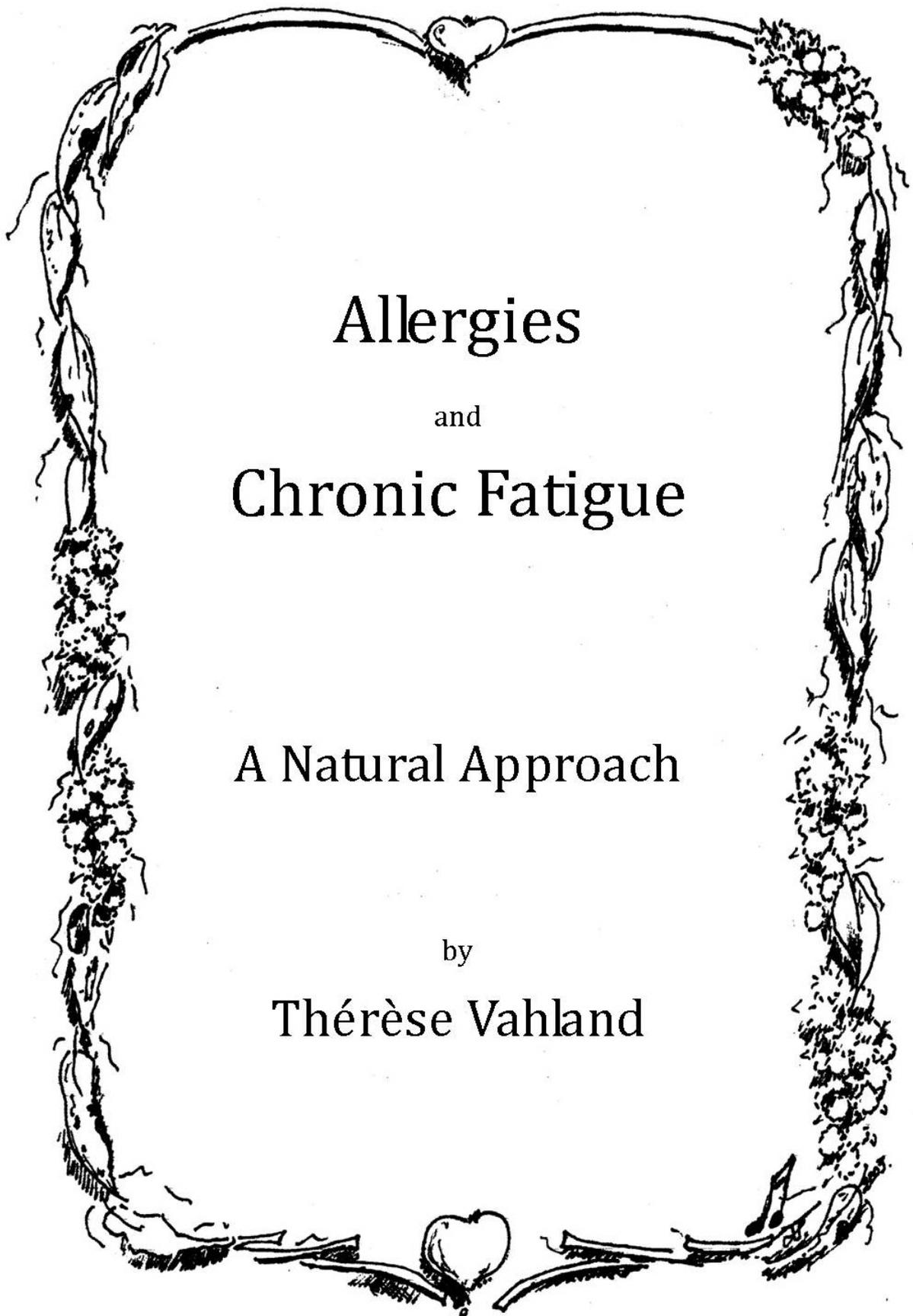


Allergies
and
Chronic Fatigue

A Natural Approach

Thérèse Vahland



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Allergies and Chronic Fatigue – A Natural Approach

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Also by the same author

Getting started in Bavarian Folk Art

Companion to Getting started in Bavarian Folk Art

An essential guide

for those with Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, Allergies, Fatigue and other Immune System Disorders.

This book presents a natural approach to detecting food which our body may be allergic to and removing chemicals and other toxins from our body and from our daily life. When our environment is free from chemicals and electromagnetic radiation and our body is supplied with food it can tolerate, then our overall system is strengthened.

When our mind and emotional system is supported by natural therapies and medicines that strengthen our system then the world will be a better place for everyone.

Dedication

This book is dedicated to my wonderful husband, Fred. Without his love and care I would not be here today. He kept our family on track through our greatest adversities. Our children went through everything with us too. Although they may not remember a lot today, it is locked somewhere in their memory. I hope that our difficulties have made them stronger people.

I remember my parents and the way they loved and cared for me. My health was always 'delicate'. Mum was a great nurse and was always ready to help where she could. My heartfelt thanks to her.

Thanks

I give thanks to the great healers who have entered my life especially **Tom Bowen** who started me on the long pathway to health as a child, and to **Glenys Van ter Hag** who stepped in with her crystals to change the path of my life in later years.

The many Natural therapists who have shared their knowledge with me in recent years have enabled me to bring this book to you with the knowledge that it CAN work. I would not be as I am today without all the knowledge I am about to share with you.

Thérèse Vahland

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PART 1

Prelude

After suffering from allergies all my life, I had been experiencing severe allergies in the last few years. For eighteen months I struggled on, doing the bare necessities, gradually accomplishing less and less as I was weakened by Chronic Fatigue Syndrome (CFS).

Finally I gave in and was confined to the house where, at the beginning of this story, I had been the last two years. I had not been able to go shopping, attend school functions, visit family, or buy the groceries.

Only rarely had I been able to do any washing for my family, cook their food or make their beds. I had done very little but lie in bed for the last two years, becoming weaker and weaker, reacting adversely to more and more foods and chemicals.

My life and that of my family was being restricted increasingly as time went on.

Now read on...

Chapter 1

The end?

'Oh no! It can't end like this,' I shrieked in my mind as I gasped for breath. My eyes filled with tears as they rested on the little pixie, the youngest of my five children, as he perched cross-legged on the far end of the bed reading a story, the end of which I was afraid I would never hear.

'Don't let him see me like this,' I thought. 'Oh, just go away, don't see this.' But he read on.

'Do you want to hear a story Mum? Just listen,' and he continued to read in his little sing-song voice. His head was bowed over his book, his blue eyes scanning the page as he read.

'I'll never see him grow up. I want to see him grow up. He's so special to me,' I thought as I lay in bed, perspiring profusely, my body wracked with spasms.

My husband, Fred, was panicking as he administered more flower essence drops, then some cell salts trying to ease the spasms. We had been through similar events before, but not like this one, not as bad as this one, not as long as this one; Fred was starting to panic.

'She's going,' he thought. 'I can't keep her. I can't do this on my own any longer.'

Not knowing whether to stay by my side or dash to the phone, he dithered.

Always reluctant to ask for help, Fred and I had struggled on our own over the last few years, as no one seemed to have any answers to my problems or even be interested in them. Now it was difficult to make the decision that we needed assistance. We could not cope with this latest reaction.

'Will I call the ambulance?' he asked.

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A slow breath rattled in my throat. I closed my eyes and nodded. I knew that now was the time to get help fast because I couldn't last like this much longer. My throat felt as though it was closing up, my tongue was stiff as a piece of wood. I could not swallow and could hardly breathe. Tears trickled down my face unheeded. Fred ran to the phone and dialed. It seemed to take an age before his call was answered.

'Please send an ambulance quickly,' he begged, panicking inside but remaining calm on the outside. But the operator had to go through the usual questions. Fred tried to stay patient when he knew his dear wife was possibly taking her last breath in the next room. 'Yes, hurry. It's urgent. She can hardly breathe and her muscles are going into spasm. She has severe allergies.'

Being used to this type of urgent message, there was no answering panic from the person on the other end of the phone line.

'Yes, we'll send one out now,' she replied.

Fred dropped the phone back onto its cradle with a bang and hurried back to the bed where I still lay gasping for air. My chest felt as though there were iron bands around it, which were forever being tightened by some great invisible giant.

'Give her some more drops', he thought. 'Wash her face with a wet face cloth. Anything to calm her down'. 'Have a sip of water,' Fred told me, as he eased me up and put a few drops on my lips. Our little boy read on, concentrating on his story, glancing up every now and then to see how his Mum was going, making sure she was listening, when in fact she was fighting for each breath. Kianan, the youngest of five children, was six years old and a proficient reader, his hobbies being reading and maths.

I felt like screaming at him to stop.

'I'm not interested in the story,' I screamed in my head. 'I need air, another breath,' for now my tongue would not move. The air rasped in and out, my arms and legs shook, jumping up and down uncontrollably. Kianan read on.

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'Kia, why don't you go and watch telly for a while,' his Dad suggested to him, not wanting him to see his mother in such distress. But no, he had to read this story to his Mum. She must listen. It was what he must do for her right now.

The spasming eased. I gasped and filled my lungs with a little air. I was so tired, so tired. The ambulance seemed to take forever. Fred's eyes flickered between the clock and the woman on the bed he had loved so dearly during the long years of marriage. There was no one else for him.

More drops, some cell salts. It was the only medicine we had to ease things and I needed oxygen.

'Darling, will you be all right while I go and move the car out of the way so that the ambulance can get in? It will be here soon.'

I grunted a reply. I didn't have the energy for anything else. My eyes followed him from the room. Our other two boys hovered in the background knowing something was going drastically wrong this time. Not feeling well all day, I had been lying on the bed most of the time, enjoying the company of my family. It was good at weekends when my husband was at home with me and the children were about, talking, and playing.

It was springtime and there was rain. It had rained all day. It had poured all day. The heavens had opened and ten centimetres of rain had fallen from the sky, flooding the roads throughout the countryside. In the evening the rains eased and the birds flew about gathering insects and worms.

I was restless. I had pains in my back, chest and shoulders and was finding it hard to breathe. I decided to go for a short stroll along the driveway, hoping that the brisk, fresh air might loosen the muscles in my chest and allow me to breathe more freely.

Wandering down the drive holding on to Fred's arm, it was pleasant to watch the sheep and breathe in the smells of the freshly washed

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countryside. The yellow balls of blossom on the cootamundra wattle trees lining the drive were bending with the weight of the day's rain. Raindrops dripped to the ground.

After going only a little way I began to tire and turned for home. My chest started to tighten even more, but I didn't want to tell Fred. My steps slowed, and looking at me, Fred knew there was something wrong.

'What's up, what is it?' he asked, but I could not reply because the back of my tongue was swelling making it difficult to breathe, impossible to swallow.

'Walk slowly,' he said, putting his arms around me, 'we're nearly there. Don't panic.' Slowly we made our way back to the house and straight to the bedroom. Fred eased me down gently onto the bed. 'Can you breathe any better now?' he asked.

'My chest,' I whispered. 'Hurts.... Can't... breathe.... Tongue..... swollen.... Won't..... move.'

Fred reached for our trusty standbys, the Bach Rescue Remedy and Mag Phos cell salts. These had worked wonders on many such occasions. He gave them to me and waited - usually they helped.

This time however, they made little difference. I started to tremble. My arms and legs shook and I gasped for air. If something like this had happened before, the flower essences and cell salts eased the symptoms very quickly, but this evening they were having no effect.

Fred gave me another dose and again the symptoms only kept increasing. We knew this was serious. Now the ambulance was on its way and we all hoped that it came in time and that they would be able to do something for me to ease my distress.

The ambulance had to come from the city, forty kilometres away. That meant I had to survive at least forty minutes until it arrived. Forty minutes! It seemed like forever. Oh hurry up, do hurry up. Reports on the radio throughout the day had said that the highway and the back roads were flooded. Would the ambulance even be able to make it to our farm?

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Fred was in a panic. By the bedside again, he tried to calm me.

'They will be here soon dear, just hold on,' he coaxed. 'They will have oxygen and know what to do. Just breathe slowly.'

My arms and legs jumped off the bed, up and down, up and down. I gasped for breath as my body stepped up its reactions. Fred ran to the phone again to see if the ambulance was on its way. Yes, it was on its way, help was coming.

He returned telling me, 'They won't be long now, the ambulance is coming.'

Our two boys, Bevan and Conor were set to watch through the large, north-facing bay window in the lounge room. From there they had a good view of the driveway and would see as soon as the ambulance turned into our property.

Fred and I lived in the country, in the beautiful hills of the Otways Ranges in southern Victoria. We had come here because of the fresh country air and the beautiful scenery. There was plenty of space for our children to play and grow.

However living in this beautiful place had turned into a nightmare for us. I had become ill and my health kept deteriorating. I became so ill that life for the whole family was like a nightmare - and now this. Were we going to wake up from our nightmare and find it was only a dream, or was the nightmare going to last forever?

We prayed, Kianan read, I gasped, trying to get some air into my lungs through my constricted throat, the iron bars surrounding my chest squeezed, closing tighter and tighter like a compactor in a garbage disposal unit. I trembled and shook, cried and prayed that this wouldn't be my last day on earth. Fred needed me and my children needed me. I must fight ... must fight ... must fight..... Time passed, each second an hour.

'There it is, the ambulance is at the bottom on the drive, Dad,' called Bevan.

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'Push back the table and chairs in the kitchen,' responded Fred. The table and chairs were moved back for easier access. We lived in a small cottage with no room to spare for comfort. Fred greeted the ambulance driver at the door, urging him in. The officer was on his own, and so had to cope with this event single-handed, forty kilometres from any other help. He took in the situation, making an assessment quickly.

Questions, questions and more questions. I could not answer them; I could barely take in enough air to breathe.

'I think we will call for another ambulance,' he said, taking in the situation at a glance and finding it was more than he could cope with on his own.

'It will have to come from Geelong, but they will have more equipment and the officers are more experienced in this type of situation.'

As he left the room to make the call, Fred interrupted saying 'Remember the roads are flooded from that way too, they won't be able to get down the main road.' He did not want the ambulance to have to turn back because of the flooded roads. There was no time to waste.

The second ambulance coming sixty five kilometres, had to be diverted down the second of the only two roads that led in this part of the country. Sixty five kilometres, that took an hour to drive. Would I last another hour?

Fred and the driver carried me, still gasping and trembling, out to the ambulance and strapped me in, legs and arms still jumping, but slightly calmer now. Oh I did so want Fred to come with me, to be with me. I needed him to hold my hand to feel his reassurance so much at this time, but he had to see to the children first. He had to stay with the children till he could get someone to look after them. They, too, would be upset at what was going on, and must wonder what was happening to their mother.

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Would I return here? No, as events unraveled, I was never to return to my beloved farm, never to see it again, my safe haven that had turned into a prison.

My three boys stood on the back porch watching as I lay in the back of the ambulance. Fred tried to shield them so they would not have this picture of me to carry with them for the rest of their lives. This was not the first time I had been taken off by ambulance.

Would it be the last time they would see me?

I wanted to hold my boys, all standing there looking so forlorn. I wanted to hug them, tell them everything would be alright, I was sorry this had happened, sorry for the trauma I had put them through.

Diary

One night in November

'My arms and legs jumped uncontrollably. I could not speak. My tongue was like a piece of wood. I gasped for air. My chest was crushing in on itself. My face was stiff. My mouth was wide open yet tight. I could not control it.

My children, my children. I wish they weren't seeing me like this. I don't want them to remember me like this. Going off in the back of an ambulance yet again.

My husband, oh my poor husband, the anguish in his eyes, the agony in his face. Will he have to bring the boys up alone?'