

Brosimum Utile

Proving conducted by Jane Tara.

Known as the Cow Tree, Brosimum Utile grows in the rainforest on the Atlantic coast of Costa Rica and southward into Columbia and Ecuador. Attaining a height of up to 100 feet and living over 200 years, this tree exudes a milk-like sap that is used by the local herbalists to treat indigestion and stomach ulcers. The sap is also said to taste like cream when fresh and is sometimes used to lighten coffee.

I gathered the specimen on a trip to Costa Rica in 1998 and the proving was done, double blind, with eight provers and eight supervisors from the Five Elements School of Classical Homeopathy from 1998- 1999. I was especially interested in this tree because of the milk like sap and because, after spending time in the rainforest, I was aware of the interdependence of all of the plants and animals. If one large tree is cut down, many other species die because of the disturbance of the ecosystem. I hoped that the proving would bring some light onto the need for understanding the interdependence of all living things.

The substance is the sap of the "Milk Tree" or "Cow Tree" Brosimum Utile or Brosimum Utilaya. Sample is the fresh sap in 190 proof "Everclear" alcohol. It was gathered from a tree that is approximately 200 years old growing in the Costa Rican rainforest about 7 kilometers south of Dominical on the pacific side of the country. The tree grows on a hillside jungle about 2 kilometers from the ocean. The sample was taken by cutting open the tree with a machete and letting the sap flow into a half filled bottle of the alcohol. It was gathered Sunday March 22, 1998 in the afternoon on a hot, humid, sunny and slightly breezy day. It was during the "El Nino" weather pattern that affected Costa Rican weather very dramatically- creating a very dry and hot summer season.

The sap of the "cow tree" is used by local herbalists to treat indigestion and particularly stomach ulcers. The sap is also said to taste like cream when fresh and is sometimes used in coffee instead of cream. It is interesting to see the copious amount of white sap that flows from the tree whenever it is cut.

Because I knew the substance, I did not supervise the proving directly. The proving was supervised by Deborah Ford who was not told what substance we were proving. The supervisors recorded symptoms and dreams of the provers for two weeks before the proving and proceeded according to Jeremy Sherr's proving guidelines.

As soon as the proving began there were a lot of problems. Most of the provers did not want to communicate with their supervisors. There was a lot of secrecy and isolation. One prover locked herself in the bathroom when her husband came home from work.. The most pervasive symptom was procrastination, lack of motivation and apathy. Unfortunately, the proving extended over Christmas and spoiled that holiday for a lot of families. One, usually very responsible prover, didn't put up her tree until the day after Christmas.

Although not officially a proving symptom, it was noted that many of the supervisors had symptoms of procrastination and one student found it so unpleasant to be around the remedy because of the isolation, depression and procrastination, that she buried the remedy in her back yard.

Repertory Symptoms

Wanting to escape or retreat, not wanting be bothered with anything. Apathy (1)
Separation, isolation, hating being married. 4
Dealing with the world as a front, but I don't care most of the time. 1
just not wanting to be bothered. "I'll get to it later." 1

Desire to be left alone 4
Difficulty focusing mind, 1, 4

Refuses to speak (answer) 4

Desire to hide from people 4, 1

Indecisive 4

Weeping 4

Nose- discharge 1, 6 sense of smell increased, 1

Eyes burning, 1, (2) stinging 3

mouth dry (2)

Headache (1), (2) 3

Stiffness in neck 3,

Dreams- sex 1 superhuman 1 animals-deer 3 Friends 3 Flying an airplane 7

Stomach- pains, burning, sick feeling 3

Abdomen- gurgling intestines 6 cramping pain 6

Rectum- constant urging for stool 6, frequent stool 6, 7 flatulence 6, 7

Vertigo 3

Antidotes remedy- 2, 3, 4 (day 7)

Face, eruptions, pimples 4

Lower limbs- pain, knee 6 ankle feels weak 6

Sexual desire increased 7

Proving Symptoms

Prover #1 - 30C

Day 0 (Tuesday, November 16, 1998)

8:20 a.m. I took the remedy.

8:25 a.m.. I got a sort of headache.. (RS) I woke up with a slight feeling of tightness in my forehead (around 8 o'clock). This feeling was over my whole forehead, but was stronger in the area over my right eye, above the eyebrow. This tension or tightness or pressure increased within 5 minutes of taking the remedy. It wasn't quite at a level that I would describe as painful. I would describe it as persistently annoying. This lasted for a little more than an hour and then it decreased in intensity, but the feeling of tightness was still present. At this level, I noticed it only when I wasn't paying attention to something else. I didn't notice anything that made it significantly better or worse. Firm but gentle pressure on my forehead or temple helped slightly, but only a little.

This tightness in my forehead is not uncommon for me, but it rarely gets worse. However, I often get headaches similar to this after being in a crowded, stuffy room. The most recent occurrence was the previous Saturday, after spending all day in a school gymnasium for some dance classes. The headache normally starts with a feeling of tension in my forehead, usually stronger over my left eye. The headache (when it goes that far) has always been only on the left or significantly stronger on the left side. Going out into the fresh air helps. If I do this early enough, I can avoid the headache, but once the headache starts, it lasts for an hour or two. The headache often makes my eyes water, especially the left eye (since the headache is usually left sided). The headache goes from a dull to a sharper, bursting or splitting kind of

pain. It throbs a little after rising or stooping. It's slightly better from applying pressure. The best thing for me to do is to watch TV, since it distracts me. I can't concentrate enough to enjoy reading. The first time I got these headaches was from wearing contact lenses in 1991 or 1992, when I left my lenses in too long in a stuffy environment. I haven't worn contact lenses much since 1995 and not at all since September 1997. I never had these headaches without my contact lenses until approximately the past year (since starting homeopathic treatment).

I also managed to bite my lip twice eating breakfast.

I managed to get sidetracked reading at home and didn't go to work until after lunch. I usually get to work before 10 o'clock, but I've been much more erratic over the past two weeks or so. I work flexible hours and sometime I get in a cycle of coming in late, working late, and then coming in late the next day too. I found it hard to stay focused at work, but this also isn't new. I often go through phases where I putter along for a week, sometimes two, and then kick into gear and work very efficiently for weeks. It's okay if I have something to react to...some computer related problem to fix, but especially in November it's been hard for me to stay focused on the long term projects.

6:45 p.m. I was sitting in a classroom and my eyes felt hot and watered briefly. Then my left ear plugged up and started ringing. (NS) My right ear was a little plugged and was ringing a little bit too, but not as much as the left. I couldn't clear my ears by moving my jaw. My left eye had a very brief twitching spasm (OS). My eyes continued to bother me a little by having these little spasms of feeling hot and irritated and watering a little (worse left eye) and there were these brief twitching sensations in the outer part of my upper eyelid on the left eye only. There were about 6 of these events in a half an hour. The ringing was mostly gone by 7:15 and completely gone by 7:25. My eyes weren't bothering me anymore by then either.

The tension in my forehead didn't get worse during this, but it was there all day, until I went sleep, and it stayed stronger on the right, but only a little.

My left ear often gets slightly plugged up when I have a cold (since 1991). It also crackles when I work my jaw. (My right ear doesn't do this.)

I had some incidents of my eyes twitching and watering at the end of last summer, which I attributed to too many hours in front of a computer screen trying to finish a project at work.

I remembered two dreams that night, because I woke up at 4:45 a.m. to go to the bathroom.

In the first dream, I was driving a van. I had come to a "T" intersection at the bottom of a hill. I think it was in San Diego (my hometown), because the hills were brown and there were Eucalyptus trees around. There was someone else in the car with me and I was talking to them, but I don't remember that part. I was trying to turn left, but there were a lot of cars on the road. I stepped on the gas, but then I didn't think that I could make it up to speed fast enough, so I swung a quick U-turn. The van turned around more quickly than it could have in reality. I was alone in the van then. Next think I knew, I was outside of the van running after it. It was driving on it's own and was circling around back toward the road with the traffic. It crossed the street just missing the cars and went into a driveway. I was still running after it. (I don't remember having any trouble crossing the road or keeping up with the van). It was still curving and I remember thinking that it would miss the building, but it didn't. It smashed through the corner of a wooden garage. Then it was heading for a pool. Again, I thought that it would miss and I would have time to catch it, but it caught the corner of the pool. It went into the water and smashed into the end of the pool, damaging the edge. Then I was ringing the doorbell. It was kind of a ranch style house, only one story. A large woman came to the screen door. She could see the van sinking in the pool in the background. I said, "I'm afraid you get to do some house repairs and I get to pay for it." I don't remember feeling ashamed or timid or guilty, but my voice was kind of hoarse and I was having to work to talk loudly. I woke up at this point.

In the second dream, there was some kind of performance. I wasn't in the performance, but I was on stage before the show started. I think that I was trying to encourage some people. The only thing I really remember was having to get off the stage because the event was going to start. The next thing I remember was coming into a class. The teacher made some kind of comment like, "Look who's back?" The people were excited to see me. I don't know what it was that I had done, but everybody in the room as saying outrageous rumors about me, like I was somebody superhuman. I don't remember the content of what they were saying, just that they held me in awe, but I hadn't done any of whatever they were

talking about.

Day 1 (Wednesday, November 18, 1998)

I was supposed to get up at 7, but I went back to bed (after writing down my dream) for another hour or so. I spent the morning trying to organize my desk at home. I didn't work again until after lunch.

I didn't notice any symptoms today. There was no tight feeling in my forehead.

12:13 a.m. Liz had called that evening to tell me to repeat the remedy. I didn't take it until later because I didn't get home until 10 and then had dinner. I didn't notice any reactions while I was in bed reading. I slept very soundly and didn't remember any dreams.

Day 2 (Thursday, November 19, 1998)

I woke up just after 9 when Liz called. I don't remember turning off my alarm. (This isn't that unusual. I have a hard time waking up in the mornings.)

There was a little bit of tension in my forehead when I woke up, this time on the left. It wasn't very intense, though, and I could easily forget about it when I was paying attention to something else. My eyes were a little irritated too. They watered a little bit occasionally. I would describe it as just feeling tired. They aren't itchy. They are a little red, but they always seem to be that way. I also had a bit of sinus congestion, more so on the left. This lasted for about two hours.

I spent the morning working on my homeopathy studies and didn't go to work again until after lunch, this time almost 2 o'clock. I really have been feeling unmotivated to work on my project.

I marked a couple of times during the day that I was noticing the smell of food, which seemed a little unusual for me. (NS) Either I noticed it more than normal, or it was affecting me differently. Cori's lunch smelled really good, then I could smell that a co-worker had been eating popcorn on break, and then passing by the UB cafeteria on the way to dance. The popcorn smell usually makes me want some popcorn, but this seemed a little more intense somehow.

10:40 p.m. I took the remedy again.

While I was sitting there with my journal after taking the remedy, I noticed that I was feeling disappointed that I wasn't more susceptible to this remedy. I was initially feeling really excited about this proving, but now it kind of feels like I've moved past it. I caught myself thinking earlier today that I hoped I wouldn't remember too many more dreams because then I'd have to write them all down in the proving journal. (I usually only remember a few dreams, like 4 a month.) Then I felt guilty about that part and decided to ask myself to dream about the remedy tonight.

10:50 p.m. I had some tension in my forehead, mostly above my right eye. Both of my eyes started feeling a little warm and irritated and were tearing slightly. The tight feeling was like the first day: annoying and not quite at the level of pain. It was kind of a dull ache. This peaked at around 11 o'clock and lasted for about half an hour. After that the slight feeling of tightness continued, but not very bothersome.

11:20 p.m. I noticed that there was something different about my ears. I felt like I needed to work my jaw to clear my ears, but it didn't help. I can't really say that my ears felt plugged, but I felt the urge to move my jaw to clear them.

I did remember a dream that night. I was walking up to the back porch of what seemed like a mobile home. There were steps up to the back door. Inside, there were some guys and some strippers they had hired. All the girls were paired up with these guys and were dancing and stripping for them. There was no place for me to sit. Finally, there was a chair for me. But all the girls were about to leave. I managed to get one girl to dance for me. I think everybody else had left the room. She wanted rub against me and get me to have an orgasm, but I was just happy being aroused. She got frustrated and said that she needed a drink and that she'd be right back. Then these two guys came and sat down on either side of me. They were wearing Hawaiian shirts. I said that those shirts used to be mine. One was that turquoise blue with green flowers I had as a kid. There was more conversation that I don't remember and they left. The girl came back and said that she should go, but I gave her two twenties and a seven dollar bill and asked her if that was enough for her to continue. She said yes. Then she began having sex with me. I woke up suddenly, very aroused and with my heart beating fast. And I had Buddy Holly's song Sheila in my head.

This is one of the few times in my life that I have remembered a dream that involved having sex.

(In retrospect--writing in early February 1999--I should have been really excited that the remedy produced this dream, but I still was pretty convinced that the remedy didn't affect me much beyond briefly causing the sinus/headache trouble.)

Day 3 (Friday, November 20, 1998)

6:30 a.m. I woke with my left ear ringing. There was still some tension in my forehead too. I was very sluggish and kept dozing and waking up. (I woke up from the dream at 6:30, but didn't write it down

until after 9.) My alarm was supposed to go off at 7. I don't remember turning it off. I did notice at 7:30 that the ringing was gone. I didn't wake up completely until just after 9 o'clock. I was sleeping on my stomach and both of my arms were asleep, so it was hard moving to get up. (NS? I sometimes sleep on my stomach in the mornings. Both arms being asleep was a new one.) There was still some tension in my forehead, although when I was in the shower, I couldn't tell whether it was there or not and after the shower my head felt fine.

10:30 a.m. Sitting at my desk at work, I had this incident where there was a pain in head over my left eye for just a few seconds. It wasn't a very strong pain, but definitely a pain, as opposed to the tension. I've continued to feel more sensitive to smells today. It's food smells that have caught my attention. The smells seems sharper or more intense than normal.

I stayed at work late, then went to a play with my wife and some friends. Afterwards, we went to a coffee shop. I had another one of those tight feelings in my forehead when entering the shop. It only lasted a minute or so. I had a mocha, but the way, not worrying about the proving.

I had a dream where I was in a big city and heading for a hotel. I went to an old two story house that was almost completely demolished. Half the upper story was missing and you could see into the other half. A sign on it said something about being closed due to the storm. The house next door was still there. It's shingles were loose and swinging in the breeze. I went in to the side of the hotel (not where the destroyed second story was). I was kind of walking about in a daze, thinking "Now what am I going to do?" There was a counter in there and a woman helping two other guys find another hotel. She said something about not being able to call everyone to let them know about the damage, but they'd hoped people would have called to check after hearing about the storm on the news. There was another woman in the room who I recognized. Then it was clear to me that this hotel also did prostitution: the rooms in this hotel came with girls, if you wanted. Anyhow, these two guys were preparing the leave and kind of flirting with the woman and they asked me whether I wanted to go to this hotel where they were going to and share the ride. I said no. There was something about how they were talking to her that I didn't like. Anyhow, I was sitting on this couch, still kind of dazed. I remember the woman saying something about it being too bad about the hotel and not getting to spend some time with me. Then it occurred to me that maybe I could ask this woman if she'd come with me to a different hotel. I woke up at this point.

I also woke up with a song in my head this morning: Sour Food to Go, by Manhattan Transfer. This waking up with a song running through my head is unusual, at least since I've had an alarm instead of a clock radio these past few years.

By the way, I've had several dreams with prostitutes in them over the past year or so--not dreams involving sex, just women in them who were prostitutes.

Day 4 (Saturday, November 21, 1998)

I didn't have any physical symptoms today. I spent most of this day at work making up for the past week. I did notice that I was happy shut in my office all day, partly because it was warm in there, partly to prevent interruptions. It didn't feel stuffy to me even though I spent a lot of time shut up in there--nobody else in there. And I didn't have any trouble with my forehead. I didn't leave until 9, but spent the last couple of hours playing a computer game. Work is frustrating. Things just don't work like they're supposed to. (Stupid Microsoft) And no matter what schedule we make, George (my boss) will do something to make it irrelevant anyhow. I just felt like avoiding everything, but I was more apathetic than depressed. (RS)

Day 5 (Sunday, November 22, 1998)

7:15 p.m. I got a little bit of a headache. This was a little different. It started on the right side on the corner, above and slightly behind my temple. But it didn't last there more than a few minutes. Then it moved to above my left eye. It was actually a sharp pain, but not very strong. It kind of came and went over the next three hours. I don't remember when it vanished, but remember it driving back from the grocery store just before 10, but not much after that. I talked on the phone to a friend on the West Coast for an hour after getting home.

Day 6 (Monday, November 23, 1998)

Today I overslept again. I did have a dream, but I didn't remember much by the time I dragged myself out of bed. There was something about being by a road next to a cliff by the sea and there was a sign there that I was talking to someone about. Then I was in this house taking a bubble bath in a claw foot bathtub. Then my friend (the one I called last night) was outside the window talking to somebody.

Even though I ignored my alarm, I got to work by 10:15. At the end of the day, I started playing a computer game and didn't go to dance. I was just sort of hiding in my office. Then I had to rush out to buy something for my sister's birthday, rush home to call Liz, and then rush to meet my wife so we could drop

off this car we've been keeping for a friend who was out of the country.

My sense of smell still seems affected. The smell of the eggs Cori has fried have really bothered me these past two days.

11:20 p.m. I had a slight headache (forehead, mostly left sided, over the eye) driving home from dropping off the car. This was a dull ache, just the more intense version of the tight feeling. I spent over an hour at the house of some friends (where we were dropping off the car) and I wondered about aggravation from all the cat hair. They have two cats and one was on my lap a lot. The headache didn't last very long, though, and wasn't bothering me by the time we got home.

11:45 p.m. I got a bit of a headache while walking to our apartment from the car. It was a sharp pain, again on the right side on the corner of my head (the same place as before). It then moved to the left side, but this time it was by the temple instead of over the left eye. It wasn't very strong and kind of increased and decreased in intensity for 15 minutes and then disappeared.

My attitude about the proving has diminished. I didn't tell Liz about the dreams. I'll decide what to copy to the journal later. I'm feeling very secretive about all of that stuff at the moment. I feel like I'm just dealing with the world as a front, but I don't care much most of the time.

(Note from February 1999: I didn't really connect this feeling with the proving, because I had started this funk around the 10th of November. It was just me. And it isn't unlike me: I'm moody and I'm not real excited about and often frustrated with the work I'm doing, and it involves long term deadlines, so I don't often have day to day demands to motivate me. However, in retrospect, this was worse and more than just a temporary phase. Looking back, it seems like my state sort of solidified or got worse during the weekend of the 21st. I describe the state as just not wanting to be bothered. "I'll get to it later." I didn't feel wrong, just like I needed to escape or retreat for a while.)

Day 7 (Tuesday, November 24, 1998)

I flew to Seattle today. I didn't have any trouble with my headaches on the airplanes. I did notice some pressure in my head (forehead, stronger over the left eye) for about two minutes after entering a restaurant in Seattle, where it was cold outside (raining and in the 40's).

Day 8 (Wednesday, November 25, 1998)

I had a similar experience with my head after getting on a bus. I had the feeling of pressure or tightness in my forehead, centered over my left eye, for a few minutes. I noticed something similar when entering several stores, but those times the sensation only lasted a few seconds.

I was really disturbed by the final episode of Babylon 5. I was even hurt by it. And angry. I felt really betrayed by that ending because it left part of the story untold. This was supposed to be a five year TV series like a book, and the author promised that he wouldn't leave too many threads untied. Wrong! It really got to me. I had trouble sleeping. I had to lay awake and imagine my own story. Hopefully they'll do a movie about the other stuff, but I'm not too hopeful. A book wouldn't be the same--I want to watch those actors do the end-story.

Day 9 (Thursday, November 26, 1998)

I drove from Seattle down to Portland.

I had another brief feeling of pressure in my head (again left sided) around 9 p.m. This wasn't a situation where I'd come in from the cold. This was back at my wife's grandmother's house after Thanksgiving. She has a cat, which made me wonder because of my friends' cats the other day. This only lasted about 5 minutes, however.

Day 10 (Friday, November 27, 1998)

I drove from Portland down to Medford.

That night, I got the pressure in my head after dancing for about two hours. It was stronger on the right side. It got better after leaving, but got worse again actually becoming a headache while I was in a grocery store at about 11:30 p.m. (I was in the store about 20 minutes.) It bothered me all the way back to Cori's Dad's place (about a half hour drive), but then got better when we arrived and I quickly forgot about it.

I had a dream that night where I was in a school room. First one guy and then another asked if I wanted to be part of some experiment. It was like I was an outsider and they were just realizing that I was smart. I don't remember any more of that part. Then I was getting into a car with my wife in a dark alley. I kept looking for people to come around this corner, where I could see some light coming from. It was like I replayed the scene several times where I opened the door for her and looked and there was nobody. Then there were some tough looking boys and I was trying to hurry into the car. And then I woke up, and my heart was beating quickly.

Day 11 (Saturday, November 28, 1998)

I went dancing again, but no headache. The ballroom wasn't crowded this time, however.

Day 12 (Sunday, November 29, 1998)

I drove back to Portland, in order to fly back to Buffalo the next morning.

4:40 p.m. I started getting this pressure in my head right at the end of the trip. The pressure varied in intensity and was sometimes slightly painful. This was stronger on the right side of my forehead. It was still bothering me twenty minutes later when I was in the airport. It got better when I went outside to wait for the van to go to the hotel around 5:15 p.m., until pretty soon it was gone (roughly 10 minutes).

(I stopped writing in my journal after that. I decided about halfway through December that the remedy probably pushed me into a deeper apathetic state. I sort of floundered through the end of the year at work, feeling very unmotivated and unfocused. I have had enough weeks like that, but not a month. The apathy was mostly work related, but I never really did get quite in the mood for Christmas. The one thing I stayed excited about was being an expectant father.)

Wednesday, December 23, 1998

I guess that remedy has pushed me into a deeper apathetic state. I've been avoiding this journal and avoiding the proving and well, just about everything. My feeling on the remedy was that it didn't do much besides the little bit of physical stuff, but now it seems to me like it shifted my mental state too. It isn't a new state, but now I seem stuck here.

(I went to see my homeopath and she thought I should take Argon. I took Sulphur 1M on the 23rd, mostly because it would take a while to get the Argon. I also had the strange sensation of having a fragile throat a few times lately, like I'm afraid of having my throat cut. I've had feelings like this before, in my throat or wrists, but not while I was keeping the proving log. Anyhow, the Sulphur did seem to help some with my mental state.

I going to include some of the Argon reaction here because of the headaches. Apart from some minor tightness in my forehead, usually left sided (which isn't unusual for me), I haven't had any trouble with headaches since I stopped writing in the proving log, except for the following.

I took Argon 30C on January 27th and it has had much more of an effect on me. I had some strange weak feelings in my joints that day. I had a dull headache on the side of my head, above and behind the temples at around 5:30 or 6:00 p.m. that day which lasted for about 2 hours.

The next day, I came down with the flu, had a low fever, and went home from work. I got a headache around 10 p.m., centered over my left eye. It wasn't intense, but wasn't faint either.

In the morning, I still had the headache, although less. It lasted for a couple of hours. And I was still kind of achy and weak. The headache came back a little bit after 5 o'clock. It got nasty, making my left eye water, and I was feeling a little nauseous. The headache was all across my forehead. It felt worse on the corners of my head, just a little bit up and forward of my temples. I took a nap for about an hour. When I woke up, I was less nauseous and the headache was just over and around the left eye. I watched a movie, which helped a lot. The headache lasted until a little after midnight when it got subsided enough so I could sleep.

When I got up the next morning at around 10:30, the headache was gone. I still felt a little pressure on the left side of my forehead and when I first stood up, but that was all. The headache threatened to come back around 5:20, but it never got further than the tight feeling and dull ache in my forehead over the left eye. This lasted a little over an hour.

I am still fighting with self-motivation at work, but it's not the same apathy. It's hard to describe the difference, but I think it has something to do with self-respect and doing a good job for others who are counting on me or who I want to respect me. It's more my usual state.)

CG Times (WN)

Prover #2 - 12C

Dreams prior to proving:

November 9, 1998: I am going shopping in a store while my sister and daughter go shopping in another (1st dream).

After going back to sleep for 40 minutes - I'm making change on a counter. Somebody dumps a large bag of change on the counter. The clerk counts it and puts it away and leaves some small change on the counter and gives it to me. He drops a wood block on the floor next to my foot and I pick it up and put it on the counter.

Someone is working on a picture painting of a woman's back. The images change and I can see an opening to walk through. I proceed.

November 10, 1998: I am in a foreign country - speaking Spanish. I am invited to a house. After waking - invited to a wedding. I got a ride with a man from St. Thomas. I got out of the car and it was raining. I have my tux on. A Philippine man shows me some knife fighting.

November 12, 1998: I bought a jeep-like car (traded in van), but was very dissatisfied.

November 18, 1998: I am in a foreign country with a group. My credit card is stolen - a member of the group is suspect.

November 19, 1998: Dreamed that my feet were peeling skin. After showering, I noticed my feet had peeled under toes.

Day 0 (November 23, 1998)

Took remedy at 6:50 a.m. Noticed difficulty focusing in the morning (usually in the evening under subdued light). Noticed mouth dryness during day. Felt more than usual tiredness.

Day 1 (November 24, 1998)

First dream: about sleeping and how good it felt.

Second dream was about comfortable sleep.

In an unfamiliar place, looking for something to eat. Arriving in village, throwing something like a frisbee which landed on roof of a house. But when I got up there, it was a.....

Met my old karate instructor. Then saw a high school classmate. He asked me how many languages I spoke. I was relating my travel experiences. Felt I was searching for something in dream.

Eyes burning, difficulty focusing, tired.

Day 2 (November 25, 1998)

Without van going off ledge and righting itself. Driving to a car place where it gets painted.

Prior, want to sleep outside on truck top. Worker takes me to his homeopath. Very dirty. Wife had 2 different eyes. They want to play football in house. They serve food. I won't eat because I think its dirty.

Feel uneasy. (headache, left side, achy)

Day 3 (November 26, 1998)

I'm in some kind of group that present their ideas (like fraternity), but they tend toif you don't go along with them.. I look for ways to get out and finally do.

November 25: Headache slight, left side, achy.

Sunday, January 31: Picked up Rx. and looked at it, a few moments later, eyes started to bother me.

Prover #3 - 30C

Dream (November 12, 1998): My American friend (he is like a father to me) was visiting. I saw him at the playground on a seesaw after children left. I was driving by in a car. He enjoyed himself immensely. He let himself fall to the ground. I checked on him after stopping the car. He looked really happy. I kissed him. He told me to save that for my husband. Was slightly embarrassed. Went home thinking about what he said.

No dreams (November 13, 1998).

No dreams (November 14, 1998).

Dream (November 15, 1998): About Native Americans and White people. One Indian (strong, clever, very wise) meets white woman. He always has to hid, some (white) people are after him. He meets that woman several times, every time he has to flee in the end. One time he (the Indian) gets caught but is set free after a short time.

Everything ends in a big Indian celebration. The woman gets invited too. They do traditional dances. They serve all kinds of food: chips, tortillas, live stuffed birds, fish, even Indian pizza. I have trouble

looking at the birds. They are cooked and stuffed, but still look alive (with feathers and everything) and they move and look around.

It ends in a performance of a John Denver song. First they sign and act out the song. Then they interpret it the Indian way and tell what's wrong about it from their point of view.

(Comment: birds might have to do with me being hesitant to cook a turkey for Thanksgiving)

I felt happy like after having seen a wonderful movie.

No dreams November 16 until November 26th.

No dreams November 27.

Picked up remedy at 2 p.m.

No dreams November 28.

Yeast infection.

Burning and itching in vagina (OS, 1991).

White, cottage cheese like discharge.

Day 0 (November 29, 1998): Took remedy at 12 Noon.

2 p.m. Stiff neck - felt like having a (OS, maybe 4 years ago) rod in back of neck, stayed only for 10 minutes.

4 p.m. Neck hurts, dull pain in lowest cervical vertebra.

4:45 p.m. Took remedy.

Neck pain moves to right side of lower neck, dull, but can move head from side to side without any restrictions. Pain gone by 8 p.m. Stiffness in neck stays (lower back of neck, not on right side any more.)

Very tired. Face around eyes feels heavy, < light, 6 p.m. (NS)

Following a conversation is exhausting: (US)

 Keeping eye contact is tiring.

 Have trouble concentrating.

Yeast infection: slight itching and burning in vagina (RS), white cottage cheese like substance in vagina, itching almost gone after taking shower but gets worse towards evening when discharge is collecting in vulva.

Dream: Friend works in school. Somehow got into school with her that day. She was preparing for class. I ate some pie until she mentioned she didn't have enough. Went to buy some pie for children. Had to stand in line. Public transportation had broken down. Didn't make it to end of line. Went back to tell something important. (but with pie). My friend told me a secret and announced there are more secrets to come. Don't remember secret. Was something personal about her life.

Dream: Went to some kind of seminar. Teacher introduced us to a special kind of exercise. It was like dancing a story and involving imaginary things in a room, i.e. talking to a stove. She was an Indian woman and weaving a sari and Indian jewelry.

I felt like wanting to learn this kind of dance.

Later I dreamed that the day before they had given a workshop about how to help animals giving birth to their babies. We had the chance to see a video about it.

Day 1 (November 30, 1998): Feel fine at getting up.

Neck feels heavy at 9 a.m. Painful on bending back, but getting better after moving neck for some time. Cracking noise when moving head from side to side. Cracking gone, but feeling as if something is scraping along neck vertebrae. Sometimes sensation is gone, then it comes back again.

Eye: 1 p.m. going outside into bright sunlight (NS) stitching pain in right eye, lasting 2 minutes.

Neck: symptom as if vertebrae are compressed or (AS) like weight is pulling neck vertebrae down.

Yeast infection unchanged > washing

 < tight clothing (RS)

(Having the infection scares me, since the last and only time I had it, it returned several times before it was gone entirely.)

Deep sleep, no dreams.

Day 2 (December 1, 1998):

Neck: stiffness in lower neck after getting up. Painful on bending back all morning. Scraping sensation, like something is scraping along neck vertebrae all day. 10 a.m. right side of neck up to right (NS) ear feels "asleep", left side "wide awake", ear feels clogged, stays for 20 minutes.

Rest of day: neck feels heavy.

 < driving a car, holding on to steering wheel.

< lifting arms in front of my body. Takes almost too much strength to hold head up. Relieved by leaning neck backwards.

Have feeling I make this all up. My mind is playing tricks on me.

Terribly angry, sarcastic, feel hurried from 6-8 p.m., feel like screaming but manage not to do it.

Yeast infection unchanged.

Dream: Lived in an apartment building. Lawn in front of house with trees. It is raining. Lawn gets flooded. Water is really deep. Doesn't come close to house. Deer walks in water (brown). Can only see head, because water is so deep.

My son stands at edge of water. He is scared of deer and wants to run away but towards the deep water. I warn him and take him aside. Later I water my outside plants. I notice that the leaves of tree in front of house are wet, but it is not raining. So I think it might be caused by somebody else watering flowers or maybe a sprinkler system. Lawn is flooded again like before. This time a black deer is walking in there. My son stands at the edge of water, gets scared again and runs away into deep water. I can't see him anymore. Deer is where he went under water. I jump in after him. (Water is shallow for maybe a foot then it gets deep, even the deer can't stand there and has to swim. Water is murky/muddy.)

Dream 2: (Can't remember exactly)

A girl had a party. I didn't know her before. She had red, short hair. A lot of people sitting on benches around tables. At one time, everybody stood in line to wish this girl well (she had done something special, can't remember what). I was hesitant since I didn't know her but stood in line with the others. After a very long time, I got to meet her. There had been so many people before me that she was tired of shaking people's hands. I felt she'd rather go somewhere than stand there.

They had some kind of entertainment, but can't remember what exactly. The only thing I remember is that they announced a couple of ballroom dancers (famous, 1 man, 1 woman). I loved the music. Didn't know anybody. Suddenly there came a man (was somebody I went to school with when I was a teenager. I didn't like him very much). He started dancing with me towards the back of the room where almost nobody was. We were perfect together. I still didn't really like him but I loved to dance with him. We were dancing like professionals. He kissed me on left cheek. I wasn't sure about that but I started thinking about the possibility to become friends with him.

Then I went to another room, was long and narrow, almost like a hallway in a castle, beautifully decorated, chairs were standing along the walls. I sat down on one chair. Later on my husband (He wasn't my husband in the dream, but a friend.) sat down on my right. He had either health problems or something was bothering him. He told that he was told to take Bach Flower Essence "Pine" and then I remembered that he had been told that before by Jane (I'm not completely sure it was her.) My husband takes Bach Flower Essences at the moment, but not "Pine".

Dream 3: There was another dream or maybe it was part of the above, about a hospital. One room crowded with patients and one female doctor working there looking after the sick people. She was working hard and constantly. I was sitting on top of a bunk bed. Somehow I got involved. There were medicine bottles and several other things on my bed but they were for the treatment of the other people. They almost got mixed up since I was just one big heap of medical stuff. Then there was a male doctor looking after one patient. Suddenly I noticed that one woman in the back of the room was getting unconscious. * I shouted out to the doctor but he told me to stay quiet. When he was finished with the other patient after a while he went to check on the unconscious patient. The moment he went there, she (big woman, not nice looking) was conscious again, put the breathing device in her mouth, and was fine again. Of course the doctor didn't believe me that she had been unconscious.

* Some kind of breathing device fell out of her mouth.

Day 3 (December 2, 1998):

Neck: slight feeling of stiffness remains (AS) especially while driving a car or working in the kitchen but heavy feeling is gone.

Yeast infection seems to be improving. (RS) Discharge changed into milky white mucus, less itching.

Teeth: part of my molar broke off (first thought it was part of filling), right side, painful when eating, drinking, (RS) no problems with brushing teeth.

Headache: 9:30 p.m. until 10:00 p.m., (AS) right side, starts on upper neck, goes up behind ear to right temple. Sharp pain, sometimes pulsating (may be caused by tooth with missing filling). Usually I have headaches in forehead area.

Not tired. Lots of energy.

Dream: Was riding in an old car (beetle) with an old friend. (He is still a friend, but I only see him every

couple of years. He drove a beetle while I was in college. He usually took me to the place where I went to college at least for 2 years).

This time I rode with him to a town (my hometown, Germany?) to meet some other old friends of mine (some from school, some from church, some my age, some younger). We had to drive several hundred miles. Started in Northeast of USA, drove south (maybe up to Washington) then west, crossed almost whole US.

When I was there (I don't know how long I had been there already) we decided against going to a restaurant * (We talked about actual places I had been before.) I decided to prepare something to eat (just snack) and drink. (I did all this in a room I really went to when I was a teenager to meet with girls I went to church with.) I surprised some of my old friends with the snack. Later on I was with a friend sitting on a bench (with table) near a river.

Somehow I went to a bench where my little sister sat. I could see two other benches with tables from there. One was just across the river. Several of my friends were sitting there. There was a bridge nearby. One was further up the river. Only the friend I had been with was sitting there. My little sister was complaining don't remember about what. I told her that if I travel all across the US and stay only for some days, I should be allowed to spend time with my friends. She agreed.

*My two sisters were there as well.

Dream 2: I was standing on top of a parking garage (2 floors above ground, rest underground). There were other people waiting with me for something (a train?). I talked to one woman. She told me where she came from, but I didn't know the town. We waited maybe 10 more minutes. Then what we all had been waiting for had happened. (I don't know what it was, I was still by myself and didn't know the people around me).

The woman I had talked to before had told me and told me again now that her husband apparently had forgotten to pick her up. She was desperate. I had been thinking about offering her a ride, but had not done it. But she suddenly talked to me like I had made this offer to drive her. So I asked her again where she needed to go. I told her that I didn't know the town and asked her to explain where it was and how to get there. She told me but I did neither know any of the places she described nor the freeways she was mentioning. I wasn't sure about doing it but I went to get my car. I took the shortest way which meant to jump two floors down to street level. During the dream, I had done this several times. The first time without thinking about it at all, no fear. The more I did it the more afraid I became. So when I did it this time, I really was scared but did it. While I was in the air falling, suddenly I was sure to get hurt when I reached the ground by hitting my feet on the curb.

Day 4 (December 3, 1998):

Neck: heavy, stiff after taking shower, (RS) 11 a.m. stays for 30 minutes, comes back at 12:30 while sitting on bed.

Low blood pressure, have to hold on to (RS) something and see only black when getting up.

Yeast infection further improving, no discharge, (RS) slight itching.

Feel tired, no dreams.

Day 5 (December 4, 1998): Feel fine, have lots of energy.

Neck: no problems,(AS) only after sitting and studying my usual backpain starts and neck feels stiff, but differently from last days. Stiffness more on sides of neck and in shoulders.

Stiffness along neck while driving caused by holding steering wheel like before, but leaves after I leave car.

Yeast infection, vulva felt hot (AS) and was itching after taking shower, then no itching after 10 minutes.

Slight itching in afternoon.

Very impatient, tired of restricting my diet (no sweets, less carbohydrates, no cappucino) because of yeast infection and proving.

No dreams.

Day 6 (December 5, 1998):

Yeast infection burning during washing, slight itching, and burning during day. No complaints in evening even after having wine and sweets.

Very sensitive to my husband's behavior (i.e. notice that he is very nervous, because he doesn't want to wait any longer (car needs to be repaired). Don't want him to be like that but stay calm and talk to him about it instead of getting angry.

Can feel exactly how he feels and why (AS) (usually I just try to understand).

Neck: slight stiffness while driving a car (caused by sitting, turning steering wheel).

Very sensitive to surroundings, cars, people (NS) around me, as if I could feel everything that's going on

around, what people are thinking, what they feel. Overwhelms me, makes me thoughtful and a little bit sad.

I'm confused about not having any real symptoms (i.e. like a terrible stomach ache) and especially about how I feel today.

I think I probably always had the neck symptoms, I maybe just didn't notice.

Dreams: Can't really remember. About trains (different kind of trains). My son was involved again. Again I was worried about him, but nothing bad happened.

About Chinese restaurant.

(About most things we had talked about with our friends the evening before.)

Deep sleep, dreams totally mixed up.

Day 7 (December 6, 1998):

Stomach: medium stitching in stomach, left side, after getting up stays 5 minutes (RS).

Sour, burning feeling in stomach, worse after breakfast, better in afternoon (maybe caused by some wine I had the evening before.)

Sour burning feeling in stomach after orange juice, 9:30 p.m. better after 15 minutes, but stays until I go to bed.

Neck: stiffness comes on while taking shower (RS) then gone again (back of neck). Stiffness in sides of neck when standing.

Yeast infection: slight burning once in a (AS) while (while sitting) only in morning.

Feel great after a big dinner and filled up on food again. Don't feel deprived anymore.

Very impatient.

Dream: One about trains that I can't remember.

I went to my homeopathy class but this time I decided to take a train (there is no train going there.) On the way, I had to change trains (looked like a place where I had changed trains while I went to college.)

Again, an old friend from collage (girl) was with me. We went to the homeopathy school but arrived in the middle of the night. Somebody showed us chairs in the auditorium (big one like one at a university) to sleep on what we did.

My friend had a bad headache. I told her to go see one of the teachers. She did. The teacher gave her a remedy and she felt perfect after that and was happy (can't remember the remedy). A lot of the students spent the night there.

In the morning, I went to class. There were two classes held in two different rooms, two different teachers, one of them Jane. I belonged in Jane's class but somehow was in the other classroom that day with another friend from high school (girl I haven't seen her since high school). In the evening, I went to a parking garage to look for my car when I remembered that I didn't have my car with me. I had talked to some people after class and how it was too late to catch a train. So I decided to call home to say good night to my son (it was his bedtime).

My cellular phone didn't work. I didn't like staying but I had no choice. So I slept in the auditorium again worrying about not having a change of clothes, toothbrush....I decided to go shopping before class started the next day. The area I went shopping looked like a place close to the college I once attended.

I was wondering if I had missed anything by attending the other class the day before.

Day 8 (December 7, 1998):

Neck: back of neck feels terribly stiff during and after driving, 9 a.m. can move head without restrictions, just scraping noise. Bending back painful, extending into back area just under neck. >bending backward - <bending forward.

Gone after being at dentist (lying with my head bent slightly backward for about 30 minutes) lots of drilling, preparation for crown.

Yeast infection on symptoms.

No dreams.

Day 9 (December 8, 1998):

Neck: discomfort in base of cervical vertebrae, bending backward: painful extends to upper neck, painful if pressing just above vertebrae - causes nerve to feel caught/clamped (RS) sharp pain until it snaps back in position.

Mild stiffness during driving in back of neck (after being at a meeting stayed for 1 hour).

Felt like myself again, felt great, was sorry that I might have spoiled the proving by seeing the dentist (My supervisor told me that it can effect the proving).

Dreams: (Fragments)

My husband was acting as Zorro in a play. I watched him putting his makeup on. He looked different but

great (beautiful). We went to an area (where the play was supposed to take place?). I had been there before in my dream. It was like a resort/spa. Everything was made from wood. It was located in the forest under a lot of trees. There was a small wooden pool with cold water. An older woman was swimming in it to cool off. Some children were hanging upside down enjoying a game. (Looked almost like a huge wooden playground.)

There were several levels with walkways. I even lost my husband but in the end we found each other again.

Day 10 (December 9, 1998):

Neck: 9 a.m. (1) first - between neck and had as if pressure is applied to these two points.(RS) (2) then - dull pain around protruding bone at base of neck. (3) then - feeling of stiffness and heaviness in upper part of neck (medium to severe), moving head from side to side relieves stiffness but not heaviness. (4) then - pressure above the two areas (mentioned on top of page). (1) and (4) happened within 30 minutes. Stiffness in upper part of neck stays almost all day (twice it leaves for 1 hour). Gone after exercising neck. Comes on again while sitting.

Feel like I'm always busy, there are always things that need to be done.

Eav: light stitching pain, right side, afternoon (NS) stays 5 minutes. Medium stitching pain, left side, 9 p.m.

Dream: (Something that could actually happen.)

Had decorated Christmas tree. When my son saw it, he wanted to help and make his own ornaments. After awhile, I gave in. He made a mess in the livingroom. He always does his crafts and projects on the floor. I scolded him.

Day 11 (December 10, 1998): No symptoms. Neck slight stiffness in neck only (RS) while working in kitchen after dinner. (stayed maybe 10 minutes) Gone after sitting down.

No dreams.

Day 12 (December 11, 1998): No symptoms during day.

Neck: tired in evening. 10 p.m., neck felt compressed, gone on going to bed. (had an exhausting day.)

Sleep: didn't sleep too well. Had trouble falling asleep. (US)

Dream: I was on a trip with my family and my sister in law's family. Somebody had arranged a tour around Lake Constance (area in Germany which I like a lot) including dinner. We had to drive ourselves. There were also some other people I didn't know. My husband told me that he had two movie tickets for us for just that day. The movie theater was a 2-hour drive away. I preferred to stay for the tour since I didn't like the long drive.

While we were making our final decision, my husband and I went to a restaurant. It was a very nice restaurant, white tablecloth, nicely dressed servers. We had some kind of (coupon?) special menu to choose from. The server was trying the wine for us. While he did it he turned away from us and hid the glass and his face behind his hand. Apparently, he didn't want us to see him doing it. Then he left. My son had been staying with my sister in law's children during that time.

Day 13 (December 12, 1998):

Neck: slight stiffness around base of neck in (RS) morning after getting up, some stiffness stays all day.

Dizziness: after getting out of the car (NS) (1 hour drive). Stayed for 30 minutes.

Headache with stomachache (AS) - usually I can't tell what comes first this time: headache was first (starts 3 p.m.) the stomachache (starts 7 p.m.).

Stomachache: burning pain, this time lots of pressure, feels cold inside stomach, can't lie on right side, getting worse until I go to bed at 10 p.m. Usually just sick feeling and don't feel like eating.

Headache: first light then strong, lot of pressure on forehead.

No dreams.

Day 14 (December 13, 1998):

Headache: still medium headache on getting up with sick feeling in stomach (as if I had eaten something wrong). Stays all day, gets worse in evening.

Neck: slightly stiff on getting up (7 a.m.). Getting a little bit stiffer in morning. Very sensitive to clothing, it feels as if clothing is pulling neck down.

Gets worse until noon, then gone. In evening, neck feels light, no stiffness even while driving.

No dreams.

Day 15 (December 14, 1998):

Neck: muscles in base of neck feel slightly stiff on getting up, gone by 9 a.m.

Headache: light on getting up, stomach doesn't feel completely well (RS), getting better during morning, gone by 10 a.m.

Menstruation: feels like onset of menstruation, but just some orange-brownish discharge during afternoon,

none at night (discharge different).

Feel fine all day, have more energy than ever. I feel like somebody pushed a button and now I can't stop.
No dreams.

Day 16 (December 15, 1998):

Neck: tightness around base of neck (10:30 a.m.). Staying all day. Getting better towards evening. Gone after dinner (7:30 p.m.).

Discharge: bloody, watery in after (onset of menstruation in evening.)

No dreams.

Day 17 (December 16, 1998): No symptoms. Still can't stop keeping busy. No dreams.

Day 18 (December 17, 1998): Neck: slight stiffness at base of neck (RS) muscles around it tight, in morning.

No dreams.

Day 19 (December 18, 1998):

Neck: tightness around base of neck at (RS) getting up.

I still have a lot of energy. I feel like I'm back to normal. I feel that remedy doesn't work anymore.

No dreams.

Day 20 (December 19, 1998): No symptoms. (Scraping noise in neck still there when turning head from side to side. Did I have it before proving started??)

Completely forgot about participating (US) in proving for awhile (2 hours). So I took some combination remedy* since I felt a cold coming on (usually I try to do what other people expect me to.)

I feel like I'm finished with the proving. I feel there is nothing more to tell.

No dreams.

*Combination remedy from Germany: "Hevertotox"

Ingredients: Baptisia 1x, Bryonia 3x, Crotaulus 8x, Kali Chloratum 4x, Lachesis 8x, Silica 8x, Echinacea/Thuja/Uraursi/Viscum album tincture, Echinacea extract.

Day 21 (December 20, 1998): No symptoms. No dreams.

Day 22 (December 21, 1998): No symptoms. No dreams.

Day 23 (December 22, 1998): Neck muscles tight in afternoon (3-4 p.m.)

No dreams.

Day 24 (December 23, 1998):

Neck: muscles feel tight in morning (RS) moving from left to right side.

Light stiffness in upper neck becoming painful (light) around 6 p.m. Better after exercise.

Foot: left side, tendon suddenly painful 6 p.m. (OS) Better after circling foot, after 10 minutes. Something seems to snap back in place. Not painful anymore, but uncomfortable.

Less energy than days before.

No dreams.

Day 25 (December 24, 1998):

Neck: stiffness and heaviness in morning (light).

Head: usual headache/stomach sickness (RS) comes on. Gets worse around 2 p.m. Better after 6 p.m. but doesn't go away completely.

Vaginal discharge: clear mucus in morning (NS). Smells like this plant (white spring flowers). I had to put outside yesterday because I hated the smell.

No dreams.

Day 26 (December 25, 1998): No symptoms. Dreamed, but can't remember dream.

Day 27 (December 26, 1998): More energy. Slight stiffness in upper part of neck.

No dreams.

Day 28 (December 27, 1998): No symptoms.

Dream: A friend of mine called me from Germany to tell me that we will be having a snowstorm. Told me also that they were seeing relatives and went to a museum (rocks, fossils) with them. (This friend actually went to Germany over Christmas to see her relatives.)

Day 29 (December 28, 1998): No symptoms, more energy, no dreams.

Days 30-39 (December 29, 1998 - January 7, 1999): No unusual symptoms. No dreams.

Day 40 (January 8, 1999): Muscle ache (went sledding). Craving sweets.

Day 41 (January 9, 1999): Still craving sweets. Neck: stiffness all day (light).

Headache: 10:30 p.m.(AS) right side, base of skull, dull pain, medium, stays 30 minutes. (My usual headaches are more on forehead or temples.)

Day 42 (January 10, 1999): "Not worth mentioning"

Day 43 (January 11, 1999):

Neck: stiffness around base of neck at getting up. Slight stiffness at base of neck in afternoon. Stiffness completely gone by 10 p.m. (caused by ice-skating the day before??)

Day 48 (January 16, 1999): Feet cold coming on around 7 p.m.

Ear: left side, feels clogged, sticky. (NS) Used ear candles - No improvement.

Day 49 (January 17, 1999): Throat sore, feels raw.

Ear: left ear feels clogged, (NS) noises muffled in morning. 10 a.m. both ears feel clogged, noises muffled, stays for 15 minutes. Then again, just left ear improving. Gone by noon.

Day 50 (January 18, 1999): Neck: stiffness in back of neck, better after 6 p.m.

Day 54 (January 22, 1999): 9:30 a.m.

Just under neck: pain sharp, medium, when turning neck to right side. Better from turning head to right side. Improving during the day.

Mind/emotions: noticed that I feel happy about everything in my life. Our family life is really harmonious since just before Christmas. (Time when I thought remedy didn't work anymore?) My husband agrees that it was the best Christmas ever, even if we didn't see our relatives or did a lot. We just enjoyed everything. And so far, that feeling stayed.

Day 55 (January 23, 1999):

Neck/shoulder: turning neck to right (OS) still painful, but further improvement during the day.

Felt confused for a long time about what was me and what was caused by remedies, I had taken during the last few months (since beginning of October). I feel like I sobered up now. I feel cleansed again.

Day 57 (January 25, 1999):

Knee: dull pain in right knee (OS, 1996) started at 3 p.m. at getting up from kneeling on the floor for a longer time. Pain is felt whenever knee is bent and I put weight on it.

Day 58 (January 26, 1999):

Knee: pain on bending knee and standing (OS) standing on right leg improving. Mostly gone by 8 p.m. but I'm still cautious about putting weight on right knee.

Prover # 4 (30C)

Day 1 (November 16, 1998): I had a restless night of sleep going to bed at 11:30 p.m. and rising at 6:30 a.m. I believe it is the herbs I am taking to diet which has changed my sleeping patterns.

There were several dreams during the sleep state. One dream I was in Winnie the Pooh and with Tiger and his friends.

The last dream was a funny kaleidoscope of people. I was living back in my parents house which is a two-family house. I am playing the role of a child yet I am an adult. There are 2-3 other adult children but I cannot see their faces. The father is played by Marty Rosenberg, a friend and sailing buddy who is about 10 years older than myself. The mother is played by my great aunt or cousin, Helene, from Bayonne.

The parents were dressed up ready to go out to celebrate their anniversary. The kids were home watching two (2) televisions with the same show on both TV sets. Everyone was laughing bantering and having fun.

The last dream, I remember seeing clips of my real family being at different houses for Thanksgiving. This was unusual because traditionally, this was the one holiday that all family members gathered at my parent's house.

Day 2 (November 17, 1998): This night was more restful, retiring at 11:30 p.m. and rising at 7 a.m. I did not toss and turn as I did the night before.

There were two dreams I remembered. One, I returned to school. The area was cold, dark and damp with many waterways. I was driving my Saab and two other female students came along for the ride. One of the students was my tenant Beata, who is a 2nd year intern. The other person I do not know.

We drive over a small bridge. It is very foggy and now dark. We are lost but we see a family style Greek restaurant. We stop in for something to eat. We enter and find the tables are set up as large picnic tables. The food is dished out of large black kettles in front of you. You walk along the right wall picking and choosing what you want. The food does not look Greek nor taste Greek to me.

While I'm eating, a man approaches me and tries to pick me up. I am not interested. I have lost the other women in the crowd. I leave and walk out by my car. I find Beata but not the other woman. Beata is

doing laundry out of the back of my car. It is strange and all I remember.

The second dream, I am back in Flagstaff, Arizona visiting my friend Karen. I am reliving parts of my vacation. Karen has been on my mind a lot recently. Either a letter or a phone call is due to see how she and Bob are doing.

Day 3 (November 18, 1998): I retire to bed at 11 p.m. and rise at 6 a.m. I remember one dream and a quick visit to Winnie the Pooh Land again.

In the dream, an old customer, Jeffrey Newman, is getting married again. Somehow I am invited to the wedding. I do not know the bride and Jeffrey had not invited me yet somehow I have an invitation. I am seated at a table with my husband and Paul, a senior citizen friend of my husband's cousin.

The banquet hall is very dark, dank and unattractive. This is strange because Jeff Newman is a prominent real estate attorney. He is very extravagant in his spending.

Jeff keeps circling around our table from a distance looking at me very warily. I, too, mistrust him and wonder what I am doing at this wedding. I never see the bride's face.

I tire of the mistrust so I leave the reception traveling down a long corridor. However, I never reach the outside. The door opens and I find myself in Jeff's condo. Again Jess if following me from a distance.

We never speak with each other, we only stare.

The feeling of the dream was very eerie and uncomfortable.

On a brighter note, I found myself in Pooh Land when the alarm sounded this morning. I was sitting on a hillside enjoying the sunshine and watching the activities in the area. Winnie the Pooh waved to me and I waved back.

∫ This was restful night of sleep retiring at 10:30 p.m. and rising at 7 a.m.

In my dream, I have arrived at Cape May towing a boat. A man is with me who I met this summer. I forget his name but his boat name is "Blue Dancer". I sense I am to meet Jorge, my husband here though I don't see him.

It's a beautiful day. There is a cerealan blue sky with puffy white clouds. The sun shines brightly and there is a crispness to the air with a light, balmy breeze.

We get out of the blue Jeep pickup truck and walk around looking for Jorge who is sailing here on our boat. We don't find him so we walk around town sightseeing then stop for something to eat at a restaurant on the waterway. The meal and company are enjoyable. Finally, I look up and see a tall white mast headed for the canal. I know it is Jorge. We leave the restaurant and go to the dockside to wait.

The dream is over. the feeling of the dream was light, happy, peaceful and in color.

Day 5 (November 20, 1998): It was a restful night of sleep, retiring at 11 p.m., I read until 11:30 p.m. I slept until 6 a.m. when the alarm sounded. I was actively dreaming but I did not remember my dreams because I was startled awake by the alarm clock. It was a relaxed dream. In some way it related to school again, although I cannot remember if I am the student or teacher in this dream.

Day 6 (November 21, 1998): I retired at 12 a.m. and rose at 6:30 a.m. I tossed and turned during the night.

Forgetting yesterday's dreams, I programmed myself to remember the dream today which worked well until I decided to take a shower before recording my dreams. I realized in the showed I forgot my dreams.

I do remember the last scene. It is winter time because we are dressed winter clothes. I am wearing a red turtleneck, plaid skirt and a navy blazer. There are four of us standing around talking about how we are going to put meshing on the bottom of our shoes so we can walk over the snow.

I bring out a cooking utensil I use to mash hard boiled eggs. It is rectangular in shape with a handle. It covers most of my foot (size 6 1/2) but it is made of stainless steel or some heavy metal. Another person brought a tennis racket with the handle cut back. We all agree that the tennis racket is the better idea but there is still something better. We decide to look into the situation further and agree to meet again soon.

The dream is over. The atmosphere was a friendly, relaxing, problem solving one. the dream was in color.

Day 7 (November 22, 1998): I went to bed at 12:30 a.m. and rose at 7:30 a.m. It was a restless night as indicated by my hair being disheveled when I rose.

There was one long dream reliving the vents of the night before. I was at my mother in law's house for dinner. Relatives were visiting from Portugal. We were sitting in the kitchen. The view or scene kept changing.

The first view everyone is sitting around the kitchen table: my mother in law, my sister in law, Luciano, Fernanda, Jorge and myself. We were all talking. In the second scene, Uncle Luciano and I were seated at the table but did not speak. We sat there peacefully staring at each other. The final scene I was back

in class at the Five Elements Center.

When I saw myself at the Center, I would say "Wait, I'm not supposed to be here. I am at my mother in law's having dinner." A curtain would literally rise or close in front of me and I would be seated across from Luciano again. It was as if Luciano was on the curtain. My reference point in the dream never changed. I was in the dream seeing it through my eyes. The dream was in color.

Day 8 (November 23, 1998): It was a multiple dream night. I went to bed at 11:20 p.m. and rose at 7:20 a.m.

The first dream was of a shark swimming along the coast. The commentary was that the shark would swim equal distance from the coast and maintain the distance even when the coastline changed. The next scene is an aerial view looking down on the shark swimming the coastline maintaining the distance. The coastline was shaped in the shape of a shark.

Another dream was of visiting Laura Pedalino and her children in Mendham. I was dreaming, seeing a lot of burgundy and green colors: in wallpaper, on frames, in paintings and furnishings. In the next scene, I am at Laura's house visiting her. The connection I believe is that these are Laura's decorating colors. In another dream, I am on the boat taking a trip. It is very relaxing and peaceful. The weather is warm and sunny.

In yet another dream, I am visiting John Gilbert in Stanhope. Things have not changed. He is still very sick. His business is still struggling.

Day 9 (November 24, 1998): I retired at 11:30 p.m. and rose at 7:30 a.m. It was a restful sleep with a lot of dreaming activity, however I did not remember any of my dreams.

Day 10 (November 25, 1998): I retired at 11:30 p.m. and rose at 8 a.m. I had a restful night's sleep. The dreams were peaceful. There was one dream involving four people which I remember saying to myself "Remember that dream!" However, my husband woke me this morning and immediately began a conversation. Any distraction first thing in the morning and my dreams are lost.

One image, however, still stands out. It is the image of a beautiful blonde haired woman. She has long straight flowing hair. She is wearing a long, cream soft flowing gown with a low cut front with lace bordering the edges. The sleeves are short and puffy. She is wearing a wreath of off-white flowers in her hair. There is a glowing light surrounding her. The scene is very peaceful, a feeling as if an angel is watching over me. Perhaps it is my sister, Lorrie.

Day 11 (November 26, 1998): I went to bed at 11 p.m. and rose around 7 a.m. The dream state was active and peaceful. I remember having four dreams.

Dreamed I was on a boat which was backing into the weeds. This is very unusual because boats belong on the water.

Dreamed I was traveling on a boat and pulling into a University for a lecture by Barry Ziering, a high school friend. I drove the boat into the Registrar's Office to get the tickets for the lecture.

Now I'm in Seattle, Washington visiting with a friend, Christina Stark at her mom's apartment to put on make-up.

Finally, I found myself in Spain reliving memories of my trip to Spain.

Day 12 (November 27, 1998): I dreamed that I lived in a brick apartment building which was built in the late 1950's or early 60's. It was two to three stories tall with a large glass paned area at the front of the building.

I was a tenant living with other people. I felt uncomfortable living there. I wanted to move but I stayed. Skinheads lived there as well as black people. There were other common white folk living in the building as well. The tension between the skinheads and the black people scared me.

I stayed in the building because I know my energy is needed to offset the racial tension and keep peace. There are others living in the building for this reason. I work on balancing my energy to be more effective.

Day 13 (November 28, 1998): I went to bed at 12:30 a.m. I rose at 9:30 a.m. I've come down with a cold, sniffing and sneezing through the night. I do not remember any dreams.

Day 14 (November 29, 1998): I went to bed at 11 p.m. and rose at 8:30 a.m. I have a head cold. I only remember having one dream.

We are on our boat. Jorge is walking around frantically. There is a powerboat to our left side. Jorge is talking to the skipper about boat speeds and distances to ports. I don't really understand what is happening. Then I look forward and see that the bow is about only one inch above the waterline. This means that the boat is taking on water and we are slowly sinking. I wake up to end the dream.

SEQUENCE OF EVENTS REMEDY IN MY HOUSE BUT NOT ADMINISTERED.

Monday, Nov. 30: Barbara and I talked. Barbara mailed remedy.

Tuesday, Dec. 1: I received remedy and left it on chair in my livingroom.

Wed., Dec. 2: I began arguing with my husband. He has no right to tell me how to live or what to do with assets in my name. Separation is a key element. I sleep in a separate bedroom tonight. I go out for the evening and come home late.

Thurs., Dec. 3: I'm still not talking with my husband. I am sleeping in a separate bedroom. I caught a virus of sorts. I come home early from work. I vomit then go to bed for awhile. I get up and have some soup then go back to bed. My husband comes home at 7:30 p.m. Again, he brings the subject up of what I should do with my rental property to protect us. Again, I tell him to back off. My decision is made and I want to be left alone. The feeling is separation, isolation and hating being married.

Friday, Dec. 4: I feel physically better but I still am not talking to my husband. I keep my distance. Today, the tears start. I'm emotional. I can't stand my husband and I hate being in an intimate relationship. I just want to be free. I avoid my husband and I sleep in the spare bedroom again. I tell my girlfriend that I hate being married.

Sat., Dec. 5: Jorge tries to break the tension by suggesting we go rake leaves in the morning over at the rental property. We leave at 10 a.m. and it is starting to rain. On the way over, we drive by a property which is for sale. It is out of our way but we go anyway. We finally arrive at the rental property but it is still raining so we leave.

We arrive home have a bite to eat and go out to Edison to look at another neighborhood. I keep asking myself why am I doing this if I want to leave him?

We leave Edison and Jorge asks that we stop by the boat to look at it. He wants my opinion of whether the boat smells of gasoline from a spill. I say yes but I sense something is up.

We pull up to the boat and Jorge sees Dave a friend of his. He gets out of the truck and walks over to talk with him. I stay in the truck because it is cold and I have a sore throat. Two or three times Jorge yells over for me to get out of the truck to say hi to Dave. I wave to Dave but stay in the truck because I am cold and tired.

When Jorge finishes the conversation, he comes over to the truck and tells me how rude I am for not getting out of the truck. I don't care and I tell him so. Jorge knows from many, many prior conversations that I want nothing to do with the boat this time of year. Now Jorge wants to stay to work on the boat. That's what I sensed earlier - manipulation to get his way. I say no these were not the terms we came down under. I want to go home.

Jorge was angry but we left. However, I was verbally attacked on the way home. His comments kept getting nastier and nastier until finally I got angry. Now I am crying and screaming back at him. At one point I demand he stop the car so I can get out and walk. He refuses but the argument has one too far. He stops two blocks from the house and gives me permission to get out. I walked home, took my car keys and left for the rental property to rake leaves. I raked leaves for three hours to release the anger and tears. Jorge finally showed up to apologize for his nasty comments. The unfortunate thing is I know he will do it again as soon as he feels he is losing an argument. I return to the house and sleep in the extra bedroom again.

NOTE: I still have not taken the remedy. I recorded these notes one week after taking the remedy because I saw a pattern emerge.

Wednesday (December 12, 1998): I took the remedy (30C) on Tuesday night, December 8th at 11:15 p.m. upon retiring to bed.

My dream state was normal. There was no disturbed sleeping patterns. I slept soundly through the night. My dreams were multiple reviewing the events of Sunday and a conversation I had with a realtor on Tuesday night. My dreams consisted of walking through houses to see the layouts, designs and views. We had been looking at waterfront and waterview properties on Lake Mohawk in New Jersey. The dreams were peaceful and mellow.

Throughout the morning and day my mood had remained the same: pleasant, mellow, relaxed and quiet. There was a major mood shift around 6 or 7 p.m. when I became angry and upset with my marriage. I began to emotionally distance myself from the relationship. My husband was out for the evening so I had the house to myself. I was depressed and crying on and off. My memory was being flooded with hurtful comments my husband has made in the past. I realize how unhappy I am in the marriage.

Thursday, December 10, 1998: I retired at 11 p.m. on Wednesday evening, Dec. 9th. I did not sleep soundly through the night. I woke up at 12 a.m. when my husband came home and again at 3 a.m. when he came to bed.

There were multiple dreams. However, the phone rang at 6:20 a.m. startling me awake and puff.....the dreams were gone.

This was a very emotional day. In the morning, I journaled and cried. It was not hysterical crying, rather it was a sense of mourning. A thought would come along, my eyes would fill up and I would cry. I used a lot of tissues. I wanted to hide from the world. I did not answer my phone and I went out to do only what I had to do. I decided I hated intimacy as I hated being so close to another. My husband is a perfectionist and super critical.

My self esteem is very low and I am beginning to see why. There are things I have allowed to happen in the relationship, things I have tolerated, things said and done by Jorge.

Jorge came home from work at 11 a.m. and I ran to the bathroom to hide by taking a shower. I lock the door which is unusual for us. This action shows me how vulnerable I am feeling. I'm still crying and I don't want him to see.

Jorge is asking me what I want for Christmas and I am talking about separating after the holidays. I'm still crying profusely and I don't want him near me! I leave the house crying. I cry on and off all day. When I return home, I am still crying.

Friday (December 11, 1998): I retire at 11 p.m. on Thursday evening and rise at 6 a.m. I do not remember my dreams. I leave the house early (8:30 a.m.) to pick up my niece and her girlfriend to see a play in New York City. I am not crying today but I am quiet and sad. My girlfriend is with us. She knows how I feel and she allows me to just be.

The play "A Christmas Carol" lifts my spirits a little. I feel as if I am related to Scrooge.

My general feelings today: I feel depressed, I have low energy levels, I lack focus, there is an inability to concentrate, easily distracted, bad memory, misplacing things and lots of crying.

This is unusual behavior for me as I am usually organized and prepared for the holidays. I have maybe two or three gifts bought and I am finding it difficult to motivate myself to shop or even put a gift list together.

Saturday (December 12, 1998): I retire at 11 p.m. and rise at 7 a.m. I do not remember my dreams. Today I have my homeopathy class. I am still quiet and down but I feel relieved that I do not have to spend the day with my husband.

In class, we are studying Miasmas and I discover that Humanity is sicker than I thought originally. I am part of humanity so that includes me! Now I am really depressed. Thank God I am not crying in class. I am having difficulty focusing on the subject matter in class. I don't know if it is me or the subject matter. I arrive home at 6:30 p.m. and I feel safe so I start crying again. My husband is out for the evening at a Christmas party. I call my sister and before long I am crying to her.

I have to decide if I want to stay in this marriage or leave but nothing is making sense right now. I can't stop the tears.

Sunday (December 12, 1998): I retire at 10:30 p.m. I wake up at 1:20 a.m. when I hear Jorge come home from the Christmas party. I fall back to sleep and rise at 6:30 a.m. No dreams are remembered. I realize that even journaling for the proving has become a struggle as I have difficulty focusing and concentrating. I'm back in class today. The mental stimulation is good for me as it keeps my mind off the emotional issues.

Driving home from class, I feel tired. I arrive home and my husband has dinner cooked. This is a relief because I did not want to cook. Jorge suggests that we decorate the Christmas tree together as he sees how I'm struggling with the holiday season this year.

While we are decorating the tree, he asks for a hug and it is the first time in five days since I let him touch me. It is a quiet, peaceful night between Jorge and myself. We decorate the tree then watch television together.

Monday (December 14, 1998): I retire at 11 p.m. reading for awhile. I rise at 8 a.m. It was a very restful night of sleep. I do not remember my dreams.

After Jorge leaves for work, I make phone calls and do paper work. I am still having trouble staying focused. For example, I go upstairs and I leave something downstairs that I need upstairs. Half of my time is spent retracing my footsteps.

I try to do some holiday shopping and I get confused. The process of decision making is slow and painful. Finally, a sales person helps me. I am uncertain as to whether my sister in law will like what I picked out. It took 2 to 2 1/2 hours to make the selection.

I am tired so I return home and cook dinner. It is a quiet night for Jorge and myself. We are friendly with each other.

Tuesday (December 15, 1998): I retire at 10:30 p.m. and read for a while. I rise at 7 a.m. I do not remember my dreams. I try journaling and find I am having problems concentrating.

Jorge suggests that I visit his store to look for some gifts. He gets a good discount and it might make

holiday shopping easier for me this year. I reject the idea at first. He leaves for work and I realize he is right. I call to tell him I'll be up later.

I spend 2 hours looking and complete a large part of the shopping for the men in the family. What a relief! I go to work with the intention of trying to shop again later in the evening but the energy and mood is low so I return home. I cook dinner. The night is quiet and peaceful for us both. All is well. I turn on Christmas Carols for the first time this holiday season. Usually, I begin listening to them after Thanksgiving.

As I retire to bed, I notice pimples starting to break out on my face. I never get pimples. Oh well, just another thing to be happy about.

Wednesday (December 16, 1998): I retire at 11 p.m. and rise at 8 a.m. I do not remember my dreams. I look in the mirror and there are eight pimples on my face of varying depth and sizes. I feel as if I am living through puberty again; strong emotional states, pimples which I seldom if ever get. It's as if I am going through a major hormonal imbalance.

I go to work and finish by 6 p.m. After work, I am shopping. I see someone I know in the store and quickly hide behind some racks so they don't see me. I just don't feel like talking to anyone. I buy one gift and attempt to look for another but I get confused so I quit and go home.

Jorge comes home and starts probing me on my prior relationships, specifically John. He refuses to let up and I refuse to answer. Next, we are screaming at each other. I just want to be left alone and he won't back off. He wants to know what John did right that he is not doing. I refuse to answer because Jorge takes information and uses it against the person later. We do not talk for the rest of the evening. Jorge stays in the den and I stay in the kitchen.

Thurs., (December 17, 1998): I retire at my normal time 11 p.m. and rise at 6 a.m. I do not remember my dreams. Jorge leaves for work by 7 a.m. As soon as Jorge leaves I am back to crying again. Where are all the tears coming from? I am having flashbacks of some of the nice things John said or did. There is difficulty in focusing and centering my attention. I lack motivation and all tasks take much long to perform.

I leave the house shortly before noon for some Christmas shopping. I know I am over buying but I don't care. I just want to finish the job.

I go to work and finish by 5 p.m. I have no desire to shop so I return home to cook dinner.

I am in a fair mood this evening. Thank God there are no tears. I try to firm up some gift ideas by making a few phone calls.

I still am having difficulty making decisions.

Friday, (December 18, 1998): I retire at 10:30 p.m. to read. I rise at 7:30 a.m. I do not remember my dreams. I try journaling but it is difficult. I lack focus; there is difficulty concentrating.

Jorge has off today. We are pleasant with each other. We separate to go in different directions today.

I shop and find I am still having problems making choices. I buy what I can and return home.

I volunteer to spend time with Jorge going to his mother's and aunt's houses to put trees in stands. It is a peaceful night. We are home by 10 p.m. We watch some television before retiring.

Saturday, (December 19, 1998): I retire at 11:30 p.m. and rise around 8 a.m. I do not remember my dreams.

Jorge comes downstairs and within 20 to 30 minutes, we are arguing. "How can you be so nice yesterday and so cold and distant today? What is going on?" He wants to know.

I go upstairs and lock myself in the bathroom to take a shower. While I am in the shower, I am crying profusely. I dry my eyes and my body. When I come out of the bathroom, Jorge wants to know if I am still going to keep our appointment with the realtor to look at homes in Lake Mohawk as well as go to the Christmas party tonight. My answer is simple...yes.

Jorge and I spend another four hours arguing and distancing from each other. Finally, at 1:30 p.m. he saw that I was dressed and ready to leave. Again, he asked why are we looking at properties if we are not going to stay together and why are we going to the Christmas party?

I was really fed up with this circular conversation. If he did not want to go he should have said so last night at 9:30 p.m. when I confirmed the appointment with the realtor.

My answer to Jorge was "I am going to see the properties with or without you. Perhaps there is one I can afford on my own. As for the Christmas party, it is your church and your friends. If you do not want me to go I will not go. If you want me to go I will BUT I will not discuss our problems with you or with anyone else. I will be polite, civil and social but I refuse to have you psycho-analyze me all day." By now I know I was barely hanging onto this relationship. I wanted the holidays to be over so I could move out.

We kept the realtor's appointment and the dinner date. Every time Jorge brought our relationship up to

discuss or analyze, I would start crying and refuse to talk. My only comment was let's get through the holidays and then separate.

The Christmas party was fair. There were other people to talk with so I ignored Jorge. The focus was no longer on me and I did not cry. The ride home was long and quiet. We slept in the same bed but there was tension and a pillow between us.

Sunday, December 20, 1998: I retire at 1 a.m. and rise at 8:30 a.m. It is not long before Jorge and I are arguing again. I can't focus on anything and I just want to be left alone. I would leave but my car still is not fixed. To leave I would have to take Jorge's car. I feel trapped. I am crying again and I still refuse to talk with Jorge. When I do talk, I am shouting and screaming while crying. Then my throat dries up and I am hoarse and I begin coughing. I am angry. Jorge is always pushing for what he wants. I think he is beginning to realize that I don't care if we separate or stay together.

He leaves the house by 11:30 a.m. saying he is giving me time to myself. He does not return home until after 8 p.m. I do nothing all day. I move from bed to bed taking little cat naps. I start crying long and hard and I can't seem to stop the tears so they just flow. I can't stand my own company. I just want to run away and travel. Travel is so good for my soul. It soothes me and restores balance to my emotions and mind. I feel free and alive when traveling.

I remember telling my sister-in-law and mother-in-law that I would help decorate their tree. I never show up and I never call to cancel. I just don't care. I want the holidays to be over so I can move on with my life.

I take a bubble bath in candlelight with soft music on to relax. There I go again crying. By the time evening comes my eyes are red and swollen from the crying and I am very tired. When will this all end? I can't stand the pain I am in. It is all emotional pain.

Lying in bed I ask myself if I have ever felt this way before. Yes, in 1995 when my mother and my sister died 10 months apart. There was cause for the emotional pain then but why all of the pain now. I don't know.

Monday, December 21, 1998: I go to bed at 10:30 p.m. from exhaustion and rise at 8 a.m. I do not remember my dreams. It is not long before I realize this is going to be another tearful day. I don't have time for this. I have to work and finish my holiday shopping.

At 9:15 a.m., I remember I have Ignatus Amara in the house. I refuse to let this depression consume me anymore. I take a dose of 1M, Ignatus Amara. I go to work and I am still crying but by 12 p.m., I am angrily shouting at myself "Stop this! You've cried enough! No more!" I repeated this every time the tears came. I felt as if I was struggling to take charge of my life for the first time in a long while.

I finished working and went out shopping at several stores. I was tired, sluggish and weepy throughout the day but the emotional pain seemed to ease.

I was home by 8 p.m. I made one or two phone calls to clarify gift ideas. Tomorrow would be my last day of shopping. Hell or high water it was over.

Tuesday, December 22, 1998: I go to bed at 10:30 p.m. because I have had a busy day. I rise at 7:45 a.m. I do not remember my dreams.

I start the day by making a list of all I have to do today: phone calls, work, shopping. I get a little weepy and I see that I am still struggling with getting organized. I take another dose of 1M Ignatus Amara at 9 a.m.

By 10 a.m., I call my mother-in-law to verify gift ideas and sizes. She comments that for someone who is down and not in the spirit of things, my gift ideas were good and that I sounded better. I thanked her.

I left the house at 10:30 a.m. to shop. I bought a few things then I went to work. After work, I went shopping again. I purchased my last gift by 7 p.m. Thank God! I was home by 8 p.m. feeling good about myself and the day. The shopping was over. There was only one gift I was uncertain of. It did not feel like the right gift for this person.

Jorge and I ate dinner together at about 9 p.m. I had Christmas carols playing. After dinner, I began boxing the gifts to prepare wrapping them. All was pleasant without any effort on my part.

Wednesday, December 23, 1998: I went to bed at 12:45 a.m. and rose at 7:30 a.m. I do not remember my dreams.

Jorge rises early too. He has the day off and assumes that I have off as well, but I am working. Before I leave, we put a list together of additional gifts for him to pick up. At 9:40 a.m., we are headed out to Costco's to search for items. This is Jorge's first visit to the store. He decides he likes it and he will return later. I find a cashmere sweater for Jorge's cousin.

We return home and I leave for work. I feel as if I have more energy today. There are no tears and Jorge and I are getting along today.

I arrive back home by 5 p.m. I fix a quick dinner then begin boxing gifts. I spend the evening wrapping gifts. I feel relaxed but not down or depressed. The evening is peaceful between Jorge and myself. Jorge helps to wrap some of the gifts. The conversation is relaxed and easy between the two of us. By 12 a.m., I am tired. I know I have a busy day tomorrow so I go to bed while Jorge stays up to watch television.

Thursday, December 24, 1998: I retire at 12 a.m. and rise at 7 a.m. I do not remember my dreams. I wake up preoccupied with the list of things I have to do today. It is Christmas Eve and I am having a dinner party.

I am very relaxed and mellow. I make up my food list and list of errands. Jorge is up. I help him get off to work. I leave at 9:30 to go to the supermarket. I do a few other errands before returning home.

I put the food away, tidy up the house and vacuum. My sister will be over by 2 p.m. to help out. I prepare the meat then start wrapping gifts again. There are still many gifts to wrap. I notice how peaceful and relaxed I am yet I am very organized and efficient in my actions. I am moving through the day knowing everything will get done on time.

Liz arrives at 2 p.m. and finds me wrapping gifts. She starts to panic and I find myself saying relax, it will all get done.

Now we are wrapping together and chatting. I comment on all the other things I still have to do and Liz says "Look at you; you are so calm. How could you be so calm. I would be a wreck." I just smiled. I was calm, peaceful and effective throughout the day. Everything was done on time. Jorge came home with more gifts to wrap for his family. He was anxious. He planned to go to his aunt's house while I stayed home with my family. His tension did not disturb my calm.

The evening was a great success. Everyone had an enjoyable evening. Most of all I was grateful for the depression lifting. My sister and my close friend, Sharon, noticed that my depression had lifted. It felt good not to be crying but to be able to organize my time, focus and follow through.

Everyone left by 1 a.m. except my sister who was spending the night. We stayed up chatting till 1:30 a.m. When she retired, I chatted with Jorge until 2:15 a.m. then we retired.

Friday, December 25, 1998: I retired at 2:15 a.m. and woke up at 8:45 a.m. I do not remember my dreams.

It was Christmas Day. I start the coffee and my sister came downstairs. We chatted until 9:45 when Jorge came downstairs. By 10 a.m., we are opening gifts. I am still distancing myself from Jorge somewhat. I feel estranged from him.

My sister leaves for my father's house by 11:15 a.m. Jorge and I leave for his mother's house by 11:50 a.m. Our schedule is relaxed and peaceful for a change. There is no rushing or running trying to see so many people in one morning. We are the first to arrive. We have coffee and a bite to eat. By 1 p.m., we are opening gifts again. At some point, my mother-in-law comments that my mood seems to be better. I agree and tell her I am grateful.

By 2 p.m., we leave for Jorge's aunt's house to join five other people for dinner. There will be 11 people dining in total. There is much laughing and merriment. The company is pleasant and the food is great. Jorge and I arrive home by 8:30 p.m. We start a fire and relax. He thanks me for pulling out of the depressed state in time to enjoy the holidays. I have not cried since Tuesday, and I am very relieved. I feel peaceful and relaxed. We end the evening at 11:30 p.m.

Saturday, December 26, 1998: I retired at 11:30 p.m. and rise at about 7:30 a.m. I do not remember my dreams. After some tea, Jorge and I go to a small cafe for breakfast. It is a pleasant morning.

Once home, we tidy up the living room and dining room organizing the gifts. Throughout the day, we try using different gifts. It is a casual relaxed day. We stay at home with no major plans.

I read a little, watch some television, and take a nap. The big event is cooking dinner. It feels great to just relax for a day. Things are peaceful between Jorge and myself. There is no tension; no arguing.

Sunday, December 27, 1998: I retire at 10:30 p.m. to read for awhile. I rise at 7:30 a.m. I do not remember my dreams. It is a relaxing morning. Jorge and I have breakfast together. We then browse through the newspaper.

At some point during the day, we sort through our Christmas gifts to decide what we will keep and what we will return. I will spend part of the week returning things.

The day is peaceful and uneventful. Jorge and I are getting along. Again, he states he is grateful that my depression has lifted in time to enjoy the holidays. He says I am more peaceful and pleasant to be around. I am very happy that I am not crying.

I cook a nice dinner. We eat around 6:30 p.m. We watch some television then we retire early.

Monday, December 28, 1998: I retire at 11 p.m. and rise at 7:30 a.m. I do not remember my dreams.

Jorge rises about 8 a.m. I prepare his breakfast and lunch helping him to stay on schedule for work. He leaves by 9 a.m. I read then journal.

By 11 a.m., I am arranging my errands: What is to be returned, what to buy. I have lunch with my friend and we spend time shopping. It is a fun day and before we know it is over.

I return home to fix dinner and spend the evening watching television with Jorge. I realize that I am happy and smiling once again. I feel as if I am getting back to my normal self. It feels good.

Prover #5 (12C):

Weeks before remedy:

November 20, 1998: (Dream) Wife and Ed somewhere at party function - probably with family - cousin was there with kids and was wearing a dress too small. Like a Barbie outfit that was picked from trash.

Second Dream: was at work and everyone was bugging me and I was annoyed - bothered - this dream and previous one was very realistic. Went to bed thinking about work.

November 21, 1998: Nothing.

November 22, 1998: Nothing.

November 23, 1998: (Dream) Went to work, had check in mailbox - opened and it was a large check with a promotion - showed it to wife and she shrugged and said it wasn't enough - check was for \$32K - woke up in a bad mood.

November 24, 25, 26: Nothing.

November 27 - December 1: Nothing.

Proving Notes:

December 2, 1998: Took remedy - PM - 9 p.m./acid nasal drip all day.

December 3, 1998: Day One - woke up with sore throat, dry in back of throat - probably from nasal drip - old symptom for me/no dreams last night.

December 4, 1998: Nasal drip.

December 5, 1998: Nasal drip - much better today/no dreams.

December 6, 1998: Yesterday had numb fingers for one hour - nothing to report since last entry (12/5).

Prover #6 (30C):

Day 0 (December 12, 1998): 10 a.m.. Flatulence and passing of stool, gurgling intestines, ache in epigastrium region. Constant urge to stool; very tired.

Day 1 (December 13, 1998): Dizzy, full forehead upper face down to cheeks, felt like I was getting sick (the cold or flu), leg pain in lower left leg. I have had a slight pain here, this night it ached pretty bad, sensitive teeth. Early morning had a good feeling. Taste seems off, some things taste very acid.

Day 2 (December 14, 1998): Slight running right nostril. Teeth sensitive when chewing, pain in lower left leg. Very tired as if from much work and exercise.

December 20, 1998: (Dream)

I went to work for a lawyer and Brooke, my daughter, drove me there. She was listening to a walkman. I was happy to be working for the tall good looking lawyer I had seen around. He had a beautiful head of neatly cut, salt and pepper hair and nice glasses with a handsome top coat.

He asked me at some point to get some information. There were 2 phones - a French style and an old fashioned answering machine. I tried to use the answering machine. He came in and said I had to use the French phone to get an outside line. I did and it worked.

Then he sent me on an errand to buy a few things.

Before this as I completed the project and as I wondered what his love life was like, a thin older looking dull blond came in. She asked if I wrote out the Christmas cards, I said no. They said there were about 120.

Then I went shopping. After I bought what I needed, I met him and his woman and asked how I should get the goods back to his apartment. He said go back to the store, get a cart and cross the shallow and take the little girl too. So I got my package and took the 2 little girls and crossed the (swail?) in the

cart just as it was filling with water. When I got to the other side, I realized I would have to take the girls to the apartment first and then go back for the packages.

After I got them to the apartment, I went back to get the packages. They were setting up an outside cafe and gave the package to the main restaurant. The main restaurant gave it to the main office. A young woman and some other women walked over with me to meet the woman in charge who had the packages. The young woman manipulated a clock/electronic door opener to get us in. We walked into a meeting room and the meeting began. During the meeting, my packages were discussed and some revelation about my situation made me say out loud "Oh shit". I was then embarrassed as everyone turned to look at me. I thought I am in big trouble now.

After the meeting.

January 5, 1999: Itching anus, hot flash on awakening, lasted 3-5 minutes, angle (L) feels weak. Some symptoms felt briefly on various days. Pain in the epigastrium, aching from ankle to knee, patellar pain both knees especially left.

January 6, 1999: Ankle (left) feels very weak, only last about 5 minutes (the time I step out front door and step off the porch and walk to the car).

I get a hot flash when I think of something I have to do or worry about one of my children.

I feel pain in my head that wanders side to side. I feel it on the left then feel it on the right, feel it in forehead, feel it toward back of head at neck. Stinky flatus.

January 7, 1999: Light abdominal cramping, 1 normal BM, 1 hour later - loose BM.

January 14, 1999: Felt like I was going to have diarrhea. Grumbling and flatulence in abdomen, dry throat, cracked lip, upper left lip, large stools; but flash after a few sips of hot drink.

January 15, 1999: Awakened with fuzzy throat and runny nose, hot flash in bed, dry cough.

January 16, 1999: Brooke and Luc are deciding what to do. She mentioned thinking about moving to New York to be around her friends like Katie and Fran. I will miss her (Rachelle) very much. Just thinking about not seeing her makes me cry. I woke up this morning with my throat feeling full and feeling like I wouldn't be able to speak but my voice is just a little bit weak. Still smoking. Woke up 5:45 a.m.

Throughout the morning and day my mood had remained the same: pleasant, mellow, relaxed and quiet.

Prover #7 (12C):

Day 0 (December 26, 1998): Interview -. History including family history.

Remedy: 11:30 a.m. 3 pellets, sublingual, empty stomach - 12C

Ate: 2-4 p.m. pavilion party for Ben and Mickey Duval. Ate crabmeat, fresh cut up fruit (cantaloupe, watermelon, honeydew, grapes, uncooked raw veggies, water, two stoned wheat crackers, and a tough peanut butter (?) cake with frosting.

Ate: at the Queen's at 7:30 p.m.

Note: Mistake: Altoid mint (forgot!) Mom said "your breath is bad!" Never thought about this proving because the Madam said my breath was bad. Had used only horneodent toothpaste.

Dinner: Stoned crab, fresh, with mustard, mayonnaise dressing, fresh lettuce, basil, romaine lettuce, oil and vinegar dressing, Japanese (delicate) cookies. Since I "blew it" with Altoid mint earlier, I had 1/2 cup decafe, small vodka.

To bed 11:15 p.m. - felt fine - no symptoms except ringing in both ears since 3 p.m.

Day 1 (December 27, 1998): Hotel room, Bonita Beach. Two voidings during the night, time unknown, probably 2 a.m. and 4 a.m. or per previous experience.

Awoke 6 a.m. - feel fine. No dream, but sexual stirring. Tinnitus (ringing in ears) persists, provoked by some ingestion 12/26.

Remedy taken: 2nd, 3 pellets, 12C, sublingual (under the tongue), or 6:10 a.m.

Note: Will take no alcohol, no coffee, no Altoid mints today.

Plan: drive to Kissimmee airport (Orlando) with MJPK and Zachary, A.Hugo K., and Austin, and Edward Tuckerman Lincoln to Warbird Museum to fly in B25 Mitchell bomber.

Leave in car at 8:30 a.m. 2 1/2-3+ hour drive to Kissimmee airport. It turned out to be 3 hours and 20 minutes.

Breakfast (Hotel): Cut up orange slices - 7 a.m./7:30 a.m. cereal with raisins, milk. OJ, 1 doughnut, banana.

(1 p.m. flew and landed B1 Mitchell bomber) 1st time in 53 years.

Lunch on the road 3:30 p.m., hamburger, milk shake, onion, tomato, lettuce, cheese.

Dinner O Sole Mio Restaurant. Grooper for dinner, no wine, no mints. Good salad and veggies. To bed

11:30 p.m.. Felt nothing unusual all day that I recall.

Day 2 (December 28, 1998): 3rd dose of "X"....Awoke 2 x's in night, voided, no dream that I recall.

Took 3 pellets 12 C of proving at 7:30 a.m.. Up right after. Unusual long sleep time for me, usually at 5:45 a.m.

I awoke at 7:05 a.m. with unusual amorous reactions (at my age). Madame sound asleep. Is it Beta Silusterrols, Pygeum Africanum, Lycopenes in "Prostate Health" of Country Life? No coffee. Breakfast, cereal and milk, no mints, melon, grapes, toast and marmalade.

Whole day very busy. Felt very well. Warm day. Perspired a good deal, out in the sun with exercise. Pizza with cheese for lunch and chocolate milk shake.

Dinner, very poor restaurant in Old Naples. "Tin City" Lobster in a basket french fries, cole slaw, thirsty at home, drank a lot of water after dinner. Felt fine and nothing unusual.

Impression: If on proving, with placebo control, I'm on a placebo.

Review of Systems (ROS) Essentially nothing new to report for day 2.

Day 3 (December 29, 1998): Have had 3 doses of 12C of "X" pellets. No more taken.

Awoke about 6 a.m. - after restful night. No dream recall on awakening. No symptoms that I am aware of different from before Day 0.

ROS after end of day. (Very busy and away from the AmericInn where we were staying. Leave AmericInn now for Tarpon Cove since the MTPK's are leaving (left) for Chicago due to bad weather approaching in 2 days - and, Claire spastic, if she doesn't get to New Years Eve party at home, the 31st! Must be there.

Head normal, eyes normal, ears, nose, throat normal - no tinnitus - on awakening, that I had had 12/28 and forgot about. Hearing fine.

Smell sense poor as usual, when a great deal of clear mucus discharge (allergies). Mouth, gums, teeth - normal, taste unchanged ok.

Respiratory normal, clear my throat more than at home and more mucus. It is aspergillus allergy in Florida.

Cardiac - No arrhythmias noted today.

Genitourinary- Unchanged, essentially - up twice at night to void. Right back to sleep after. Gastro Intestinal unchanged. Good digestion. Elimination 1-2 x's/day - including today.

Skin normal, joints and spine minor stiffness in the a.m. and if sit too long.

Do not remember a dream at 1st but I don't ordinarily pay any attention to them since they've always been pleasant if I do have a recall.

I'm tired today to think hard, to recall, but come up blank.

Everyone to Tarpon Yacht club for dinner with everyone. Chilly - too much A/C. I had Perrier. Had a "taste" of a Merlot and left it before dinner.

Very happy time. Felt a bit tired. Ready for bed earlier than usual.

Day 4 (December 30, 1998): Tarpon Cove (Went to Tarpon Cove Club House for a meal at dinner.) Recall of the day later.

Day - on arising - awoke with a dream - as I sometimes do, with good recall, and this was about flying. I was talking to Tom Reilly, the Warbird Museum, exploring why I had gone up 100' off altitude of 1300' - that "thermals" were the reason (I have been told to fly 12/28 at 1300', and Tom Reilly 3 x's in 1/2 hour said "watch your altitude".) I was obviously giving him an excuse why I wasn't reading 1300' on the altimeter and, I guess reliving yesterday's flight. Unusual in that I don't ordinarily or, maybe very rarely, relive a day before experience - but it was especially vivid.

Felt fine all day. Nothing unusual that I recall. Worked all day - hanging pictures, setting up phones, there are 7 in the Tarpon Cove. Couldn't figure out the fax machine and answering machine and phone in TV room. Frustrating.

Felt fine all day and had slept well. Nothing to report other than the above.

Day 5 (December 31, 1998): Eve of New Year's Day. went to Persian Restaurant and to movie. Life is beautiful! Italian subtitle. Superb!

I did not recall any dream or awakened at 6 a.m. Had had a great sleep but, up 3 x's during the night to void and right back to sleep.

Thought about the "proving" later in the day because of lack of any change from my usual awareness of my body which boils down to (1) stiffness with immobility (2) rectification with motion (better on movement) (3) cardiac flip and flops, or tachycardia, and (4) tinnitus.

(3) and (4) relate to allergies - delayed sensitivities to caffeine, too hurried anticipation (dead lines).

(1) and (4) aches, stiffness seems to relate to tomatoes and their products, peppers, I get achy in proximal

thumb joints x 3 days after exposure. I eat the bunch anyway but use catsup, relish by far, than used to eat.

Ran through ROS's - nothing new.

Day 6 (January 1, 1999): 5 a.m. awoke with slight headache, and quite gasey, loose bowels.

No dream recall, that I'm certain of, when awoke again at about 6:20 a.m.

During the day, 3 more BM's, small amount of flatulence. Fortunately, by evening all okay. Did errands stores(some) were open! (Target, Walgreens's).

Nothing unusual all day except gastro intestinal track - but didn't feel toxic in any degree.

Busy day as usual, with usual adequate sustained energy.

Day 7 (January 2, 1999): In Florida until 1/5.

ROS Head normal, eyes normal, ears, nose, throat normal. Mouth, gums, teeth normal, swallowing normal, gastro intestinal no changes. All working well. Getting all chores done in Tarpon and Crossigs - Finish later.

1/3 Genitourinary, up to void early a.m. Skin normal. Joints and spine all ok. A little proximal thumb joint soreness on gripping or pressing on the area - allergy to tomato, pepper, I believe not new.

Extremities and feet, ok. Cardiac normal, respiratory normal, Central nervous system no change. Started packing a little for early 1/5 getaway.

January 4, 1999: A.M.: ROS unchanged, I believe. Feel fine. Weather colder - glad the children and grandchildren got away with excellent weather - clouding up a bit.

Packed car in the evening and put on the Sears container top of Jeep.

P.M. ROS - nothing new to report or changed. I would still feel I was on placebo because I can't recall any change in dream recall, which is sporadic - but, more times then not, I awoke with coming out of a dream.

This is the norm for me.

February 1, 1999: Long lapse - due to preoccupation with practice and CUIM etc.

Programmed a dream this evening to make a decision regarding whether or not a doctor patient with cancer should have chest surgery to remove his pleura in each chest because of metastases from cancer that have shown up on CAT scan - new - and spread from nasopharyngeal cavity to his left chest? right?

A small pleural effusion in the left chest.

I awoke 2/1 4:50 a.m. and came out of a dream which was vividly recalled and my answer was "go for the surgery". I called and left a message on his answering machine that I had an answer for him.

at 7:45 a.m. I do not remember my dreams.