



## LUMP ON THE TONGUE

by F.L. (Germany)

February 1, 2009

### **“I had simply to wait”**

Motivated by the many GNM testimonials I have read lately, I should like to tell you of an experience I have had recently.

I have known about GNM for the last 14 years, and for at least the last 8 years I have very intensely studied it. I have been going to many of the seminars and lectures given by Helmut Pilhar (Austria). Once, I even had the great fortune of taking part in a seminar with Dr. Hamer himself, which deeply impressed me! I am also attending GNM study-groups in my area.

I am infinitely grateful to Dr. Hamer for his discoveries and to Helmut for his untiring efforts at spreading the word about this wonderful knowledge. For many years now, I am able to immediately recognize when I experience a conflict, can consciously address it and lead it to a resolution – a resolution that may simply lie in the acceptance of the situation. And I am also able to wait patiently when I know that I am in the healing phase. Because of GNM, I have learned to observe myself and my feelings very exactly. And, one thing I know for sure is that we humans all have to learn to deal gently with our fellow humans, because words alone can be like daggers and can cause the greatest of conflicts in others.

Not so long ago I had an experience, which proved to be, once again, 100% in line with GNM. Out of nowhere, I had detected a lump of more than 1½ cm size on my tongue. Herewith the story of what happened.

At Christmas, my husband's daughter came for a visit with her husband and their dear little children (2 and 4 years old). It was a nice afternoon and when they left, the children had already run outside, while we were still saying our good-byes. Suddenly there was quite a crash at our side-door (we have two entrances), which even my husband's daughter obviously heard. I immediately thought that the children had again thrown a rock at it, since they had done so after their last visit also. I had told them at the time that children must not behave like that, and especially not throw rocks at a door that has glass-panels in it.

After they were gone this time, I didn't think about the noise again until I happened to pass by the side-door which had now had a crack in the glass, but which was not broken. A biggish rock was still lying in front of that door. I told my husband that I thought it right to tell his

daughter about this, for the sole reason that she would then be aware of it and would be able to talk to her children about it. I had no problem with the crack, I said, that it could remain. It was just that she should know -- not in order to scold the children, or the like -- all of that was not my motivation, only the truth of the situation was.

My husband got terribly upset, however. He didn't want me to say anything to his daughter, as it would only bring tension into the family. The little boy was still so young after all, he said, although I personally think that a 4-year-old is old enough to know not to throw rocks against glass! My husband only wanted his peace, and he loves his grandchildren above all.

I want peace, too, but sometimes one just has to speak with one's family about something unpleasant. But, because he was still so upset about it the next day, I simply didn't dare to speak or write to his daughter, but I continued to feel sick about the whole situation. I thought about it all the time (compulsive thinking), and I even confided in a few good girlfriends via emails. I thought that talking about it would bring me out of my feelings of isolation.

After exactly 13 days, I became convinced that I had to follow my heart and do what I felt was right. I sat down and wrote a very polite email to my husband's daughter and nicely and politely explained to her why I had hesitated so long to write. Her reply was very positive and she was glad that I had told her. She had indeed heard the crash and said that it was clear that the children had been throwing rocks. She just hadn't known that these had hit the glass-pane. Naturally she was also of the opinion that we should have said something directly to her, at the time.

Two mornings later, my tongue suddenly began to feel funny. And indeed there was this biggish lump on the right side. I knew immediately that it was connected with the whole rock story. Even though I had shared the incident with my girlfriends, I had still remained conflict-active with "my tongue tied", so-to-speak, because of my husband's position. The conflict resolution was having written the letter to his daughter and of speaking out.

A look at the Scientific Chart of GNM proved that concerning the tongue (found in the red section) there is cell-loss (ulceration) in the conflict-active phase and cell-augmentation in the healing phase caused by the natural replenishment. Therefore, I had simply to wait. It was a little unpleasant, but I knew it would go away. It took exactly 13-14 days for the swelling to go down by half, from one day to the next. Now there is still a little swelling present which, however, is gradually going down.

If I had gone to an allopathic physician, he would most likely have diagnosed 'tongue cancer', and who knows what would have happened to me next. I cannot tell you how happy and thankful I am for knowing GNM.

F.L.

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Translated from the German original by Caroline Markolin, Ph.D.

Extract from: <http://LearningGNM.com>

**Disclaimer:** The information in this testimonial does not replace professional medical advice