



MUSCLE PARALYSIS - LEG

anonymous

"Catch me if you can"

A few years ago, my daughter complained in the morning about difficulties straightening one of her legs. Eventually, she succeeded by standing on one foot and then on the other while slowly stretching her knee. She limped quite noticeably and also complained about pain and a certain unpleasant feeling of tension in the hollow of the knee, as if something was stuck there.

Initially, I did not think much about all that because around noon, when she returned from school, everything was back to normal. Yet, the next morning, when she woke up, the symptoms had returned, so much so that I took her aside and pointedly asked what exactly had happened.

According to German New Medicine, this could only be a case of a motor paralysis caused by a conflict of "not being able to flee" or "not being able to follow" in relation to her legs. However, she was not able to connect that to anything in her experience. Only when I re-formulated the conflict content of "not being able to flee" into "not being able to walk away" did it "click" and she blurted out the following details...

She had played "catch me if you can" with her classmates during intermission and the children formulated their own rules in such a way that it was not a requirement to actually "catch" someone - all that was needed was to simply touch someone.

During this game, she had already touched another child but held on to the child's clothing because, contrary to the rules, it wanted to continue running. During this wrangling she inadvertently got under a 7th class boy who wasted no time to brutally push her so that she fell to the ground. That was not enough. The boy approached her in a menacing way, kicked her a couple of times while she was lying helplessly on the ground and could not run away, that is to say, could no longer escape from that situation.

What should she do? To complain to the school authorities or to hold the boy accountable would probably have aggravated the problem. In the meantime, she saw that boy quite frequently in the schoolyard and had a panicky fear of him.

She told me that since then, she dreamt every night that he was brutally mistreating her.

Therefore, every night she experienced a conflict relapse (track). That also explained why her whole bed was usually in shambles in the morning. One day, I observed her in her sleep, vigorously kicking with her legs. She had experienced a small epileptic episode but without wetting herself.

In the morning, she would then have pain in her leg that would usually disappear by noon. This meant that her conflict was a hanging one that got temporarily re-activated because of the dreams.

I was not able to find the ideal solution to her problem and therefore proposed to her to simply forgive the boy. Yet, that was not easy for her. Nevertheless, every time she saw him, she silently said to herself: "I pardon you."

One day, the boy sat on a stone wall surrounding the schoolyard. She had just finished pardoning him again when he suddenly fell from the wall, without any plausible cause and without anyone touching him.

As incredible as this may sound - but since then, the conflict was for her resolved. It is true that occasionally she will have a relapse, when someone gets rough with her during a quarrel or sports activities but luckily that does not last very long any more because she has learned to simply forgive.

Until now, she had always been unable to avoid reacting in the same manner in such situations.

Already in kindergarten there had been a phase when allegedly she was unable to walk when I picked her up because her leg hurt her. At first I had thought that she was only tired and that was why she did not want to walk. But the story was a completely different one.

At that time, one fine Sunday, when she was maybe 3 years old, we went with several family members and their children into the woods. During this excursion, we passed a cavern. One of the men amused himself with the older children and told the kids that a lion had hidden in that cave. And to amplify his story, he went a little way into the cave and roared with all his might - like a lion.

My little daughter who was huddled in the arms of my husband clung to him in a panic. When I objected to such playfulness, I was quickly overruled because evidently the older children were having a lot of fun.

Soon after that, I noticed that since that happened, my daughter became very fearful, had trouble sleeping, screamed a lot and did not eat properly. For me it was clear that there must be a connection to the above-described event.

So I tried to talk it over with the child but there was no visible success.

This is the reason why I contemplated talking with the acquaintance about this, the one who had staged that lion roar performance. So, I went to him and tried to explain to him that the changes only happened after our walk through the woods and I implored him to help me and my child, in a way that would enable us to recreate the situation so that my daughter could then convince herself that it was not a lion that roared but that it was him.

Unfortunately, I met with massive resistance. Not only did he consider all that sheer nonsense, but he also thought that I wanted to blame him for the condition of my daughter. But for me it was not a matter of blame because nobody is really to blame when someone else reacts in this or that way.

Nothing changed. In the meantime, my daughter attended kindergarten and I was hopeful that she would slowly forget this event. Evidently, the whole thing became a hanging conflict - she was setting on tracks after tracks.

One day, I gathered all my courage and presented the acquaintance once more with my request.

This time, and to my utter astonishment, he immediately agreed. We organized a meeting at our place, pulled the blinds and recreated the scene, lion roar and all. And voilà, my daughter effectively understood who was the "lion" and gave the acquaintance a piece of her mind because he had indeed scared her so much.

A few days later, when she slept peacefully in her bed, I happened to arrive at the scene when she wet her bed (epileptic crisis. That's when I realized that this conflict was finally over...

Without knowing German New Medicine I would not have hesitated to take my daughter to a doctor - and who knows what consequences that might have had.

Translated from the original German document

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