

## Seeking Truth

9/24/2021

It's the explaining that's really hard.

### Little cries for help.

I would spend days, even weeks and months searching and researching to help find information for the people I am trying to help. Usually the people I was trying to help were family and friends. I would spend so much time trying to find answers for them, or another way to help them complete something that they were at their wits end about.

I researched remedies on health issues, for them and for their animals. I looked up therapies, exercises, and nutritional foods. I couldn't ignore their complaints, like little cries for help. But I was usually met with a very un-ceremonial brush off or a blank stare, and in some cases ridiculed and/or dismissed.

I have gone into more subjects on the quest for finding answers to other people's problems that I became good at spotting bull-shit and false information.

### The crazy, eccentric nuisance

I used to write or document my findings so I could present the evidence to them and refer back to it when they needed to. Or I'd buy them the book, or product, or try to perform the service required, but it was often met with a shut down.

Then months or years later someone else would say the same thing to them, or they would come across the same information I was trying to give them and never make the connection that I also tried to help them with that very information. But it's not worth fighting about, they are using the information and that was all I wanted. So I remain

the crazy eccentric nuisance family member/friend that everyone dismisses as soon as I open my mouth. I'm okay with that.

### The truth remains

Over the years it has gotten harder to articulate what I want to say and it comes out in broken thoughts and strange sentences. I seem to forget that people can't hear the dialogue in my head, and they don't have the benefit of seeing all the pieces I've put together to come up with the ideas,

answers and conclusions that I have, but if they would just listen for a minute, ask a question or two then my mind would be able to assemble the information the

way they need to hear it, in the

language they most understand. The **truth** remains no matter how it's explained.

To a child the truth is explained simply with little detail because they lack the experience to turn some vocabulary into pictures or concepts. To a scholar such explanations would piss him off for the insinuation that he is a dullard. There are shades between the extremes that I can use to explain the truth if they would just engage long enough to help me find the way.

I get frustrated with people who pretend to be interested, even hurt...

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### Faith is getting harder to come by.

I am so afraid to take the shot that I am making myself sick, but I really have to go back

"There are shades between the extremes that can be used to explain the truth."

to work. I am very concerned that the mandates are going to be enforced before any of the groups who are fighting it can make a difference. I am also afraid of getting any respiratory infection because I have been diagnosed with COPD/Asthma syndrome that was exacerbated by pneumonia and then by bronchitis several times before I found homeopathy.

If you know how I might reverse the COPD scaring that would be nice, but my main concern today is being sure I can survive the ravages of the shot.

I do not have enough faith in the science/medical associations... any allopathic level. They are all strangled by higher corporations more concerned with money and power than they are with the individual's quality of life. Even many of the alternative modes are succumbing to the pressure, it's getting really bad.

## I'm still learning

On the one hand I can't blame them they have the same hopes and dreams that we all do, a family to protect and a short life to live eking out what happiness they can. In some ways their lot is harder, they were full of wonder and possibility when they put those white coats on for the first time. I was there; I felt the surge of excitement learning how the body worked, hungry to learn more, I devoured the knowledge hung on the words from instructors and dreamt of helping people when I finally learned enough to do some good.

I'm still learning, but the most important thing I've learned is that every person and every situation is different; the same diagnosis has a different road map a different set of circumstances that led them to their unhealthy state so varied that a five minute history and a glance at the highlights of a chart can't possibly bring a conclusion. Then stacked back to back like a crowded bread line of starving people the doctors and nurses are supposed to hand out standardized care, a one size fit's all, per category. It really doesn't work.

## It all matters

It all matters every event, every trauma, every illness, every childhood environment, every temperament, frame of mind, hopes, dreams, relationships and diet. It all matters it all paints a picture and every picture is different. I see the changes in people who change what they are doing to affect their health for the better and I've seen the decline when the standardized treatment was followed religiously.

I don't pretend to be a doctor or medical professional but I see the people held hostage, in limbo between health and death out of fear. It's true some choices are ours to make but we are making blind choices with empty tool bags. We aren't taught as a matter of course throughout our lives that our bodies will tell us what we need. We aren't taught to listen, to feel and to trust our instincts. When we do say something or question the dogma we are ridiculed and brow-beat into trembling submission. Over a lifetime we learn that we don't matter and are complacent in that assumption, some even

*...they were full of wonder and possibility when they put those white coats on for the first time.*

own their submission as a badge of honor. They learn they are powerless and no amount of evidence to the contrary will sway them otherwise. It sickens me to know that people could have been taught to care for themselves just as vehemently. Taught to hear the needs of their bodies long before radical steps were necessary.

Now they can't believe reversals are possible, just the way the higher corporations wanted it to be.

### **Help the body do the job it needs to do.**

I may be over suspicious willing to discount everything coming out of the medical establishment but I do know that the body is an amazing machine designed to work, repair itself, feed itself, and defend itself, we are capable of helping it accomplish those ends sometimes with the help of others, but capable none the less. Suppression is not the way, it may make things more comfortable in the short run but the wise body will just keep

trying to fix itself then more suppression is required until the vital force weakens and a deeper disease begins. The medicine changes a new suppressive tactic is required. The cycle continues until the limbo is accomplished, the hostage is grateful for its life regardless of how diminished it has become.

I'm not stupid, I know how advanced technology is, quantum physics and beyond, I know the cures are there, the therapies that help the body do the job it needs to do to regain its health and vitality but there isn't much power and wealth in those things. People would start being too happy, relaxed; the fear would diminish. They can't have that, too many variables, too many happy creative minds would change everything, and they would lose everything. No! Suppression is the only way. Reduce the numbers to a manageable level and suppress the rest.

*By Evelyn Mitchell,*