

The  
**Path**

to

**Cure**

The Whole Art of Healing

Allyson McQuinn, HD (RHom)

*For Jordan,  
your strength and courage  
led me to the dark side of the moon  
and beyond*

*The truth about our childhood is stored up in our body,  
and although we can repress it, we can never alter it.  
Our intellect can be deceived, our feelings manipulated,  
our perceptions confused,  
and our body tricked with medication.  
But some day the body will present its bill,  
for it is as incorruptible as a child  
who, still whole in spirit,  
will accept no compromises or excuses,  
and it will not stop tormenting us  
until we stop evading the truth.*

*Alice Miller*

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# *Foreword*

The greatest story ever told is the story of the journey of each of us to find ourselves. This journey is often an arduous one, requiring one to travel into the darkest reaches of the soul and spirit, a journey that Joseph Conrad termed going “into the heart of darkness” and Scripture calls “the valley of the shadow of death.” For that reason, it is a journey seldom taken, the “narrow path” to the Kingdom of God.

The story of mankind is not so much the evolution of matter as modern, material science would have us believe, but the evolution of human consciousness, for matter is but the stage against which the struggle between the forces of light and dark are thrown up, like a Javanese shadow puppet play. Life, as Goethe, the great 17th century scientist and poet, contemporary of the founder of homeopathy and Heilkunst, stated, is but the result of the “deeds and sufferings” of these polar forces. We are born into this world not simply as a random fact, but as a soul-spiritual being with a particular mission to evolve further in our consciousness and spiritual purpose. Health then becomes not so much a matter of removing symptoms at the physical level, a kind of negative state of no pain, as a positive state of greater inner awareness and dedication to the expression of one’s deepest desires and fulfillment. This is what Heilkunst is all about.

A true system of medicine must be grounded in natural law and must also remove the true causes of disease, which lie often at the level of our energetic existence, up into our soul and spiritual dimension. It is not enough to remove symptoms if this removal is a result of suppression. Our symptoms are a language of the body mirroring the state of our soul-spiritual being. We can shoot the messenger so to speak, but then we lose the gift hidden in the dark recesses of our pain. If we remove our pain by removing the deeper cause according to natural law, we find that we receive the gift of a deeper awareness and realization about ourselves and our purpose here on earth. We become more alive in terms of our senses and our spiritual capacity.

Heilkunst is a German term for the “art of rendering one whole” or, in its more esoteric sense, the “art and science of salvation.” It is not a religious conversion, but a profound scientific system that emerged out of the Romantic Movement in Western evolution of using natural law to convert disease and imbalance in our being into light forces so that we can unfold the divine potential that exists within each of us. It was founded by Dr. Samuel Hahnemann, a man of genius like Goethe. Dr. Hahnemann’s name is more readily associated with homeopathic medicine. Homeopathy is but one aspect of this remarkable system of rational medicine termed Heilkunst, which encompasses diet, nutrition, energy and manipulation therapies, essences, psychotherapy, medicine proper and also the transforming of belief into knowledge.

Allyson’s story is remarkable precisely as all stories of those treated by Heilkunst are, because she had the courage to undertake the long journey of the soul to find herself. While it is a difficult journey it is also one of liberation and self-worth, of transforming the traumas and weight of the past into the joy and light of the present. It

is a story that we all contain within us to varying degrees if we are willing to undergo it. While we may at first be seeking only to remove the pain, we soon learn that it involves as much the discovery of what we have lost. In the process, the pain leaves and a deep inner peace and contentment emerges; one that allows us to face the challenges of life with hope, trust and love, instead of dread, suspicion and fear. Allyson has gone further in her journey, as her self-discovery has led her to study Heilkunst at the Hahnemann College for Heilkunst in Ottawa, Canada so that she might share what she has achieved and learned with others who wish to undertake the same journey of self-discovery.

I thank her for being willing to share the details of her journey with others in this book. It is never easy to let others into the private recesses of our soul. I also thank her for having devoted her energy and thoughts to becoming a Doctor of Medical Heilkunst. It takes courage and a profound level of inner health to step out and to daily confront disease and suffering in others. The world and those who come into contact with her during her life will be the better for it.

**Rudi Verspoor, FHCH, HD (RHom) DMH**

Dean, Hahnemann College for Heilkunst

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Admittedly, Steven Decker's scope and imagination is largely beyond what I can assimilate in my lifetime. I have imagined him many times having enlivened conversations with Dr. Hahnemann, Goethe and Rudolf Steiner. By peering through the portal provided by his organizing lens, we can feel our breath momentarily taken from us. The infinite wisdom of Nature and those Romantics who could perceive her depths keep us enthralled and hungering for more. Poets and scientists residing in the same resonant world speaking in German sentences longer than the distance between Ottawa and California!

Patty Smith was the first loving beacon extended to Jordan and myself when I felt beyond forsaken. Her endless source of knowledge and honesty guided my beleaguered mind and body towards the borderland of health and well-being. Her guiding hand was always one step ahead of my soul.

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My love and appreciation to Jordan and Adie who expect nothing less than "The Path to Cure" from their mother who rightfully demand my health and well-being. If we listen to the butterflies flying in formation in our children ... it is all they are asking of us.

*Allyson McQuinn*



# CHAPTER 1: JORDAN'S BIRTH

My son, Jordan, was born seven weeks prematurely. After my water broke at 32 weeks, I held onto him for another week as his watery home leaked down my legs. From the numerous ultrasounds, we could see that he was generating a pocket of amniotic fluid around his mouth and he was effectively breathing it in and out of his lungs. His heartbeat and movements were closely monitored 24 hours a day. As I lay in bed listening for his little voice to tell me what was to come next, I tapped out his heartbeat on the hard-covered books I was reading. I was waiting for the rhythm of our one parallel life to divide into two.

The doctors, after telling me that my baby would weigh around four and a half pounds at birth, administered steroid shots into my hip to encourage his lung development. Their main concerns were his size and ability to breathe effectively on his own. The pediatrician, specializing in premature births, said that the chances were excellent that my baby would be a “fully operational model” and the last four weeks in utero were solely about weight gain and putting the finishing touches on lung development. I turned over on the rubber mattress, listened to my baby’s heartbeat and waited.

On the fourth day in hospital, my husband wheeled me down to the special care nursery so that we could meet a baby of similar weight and development to ours. This is a foreign world known by only a few. The nursing staff walked around calmly, monitoring alarms that blared when a baby forgot to breathe. I was shocked beyond belief to see a baby that was just over one pound. He looked more like an organism from another planet than someone’s child. He was hooked up to enough monitoring equipment that I’m sure the wires alone weighed ten times what he did.

I saw healthy quadruplets lying in open incubators all in a row, waiting to go home the next day. I saw a ten-pound infant which I thought looked like an oversized baby piglet; big, round and very pink. He was being treated for having swallowed too much muconium on his way out into the world.

This was the sequestered ward for little ones with birth defects, and my baby was going to be numbered among them. I spotted a small sleeping baby in an enclosed incubator at the far side of the room. Hooked up to a variety of equipment, she weighed four pounds six ounces and had been born the day before. I’ll never forget the sensation creep up my spine as I realized that there was nothing normal about giving birth to such a tiny form.

The life principle did not appear to be fully animated in these petite beings. It was as if they had been plucked too soon, their one natural energetic chord of life-support severed and replaced by a multitude of plastic tubes and metal wires. These babies appeared exposed, vulnerable and clearly out of their domain. I could see in the eyes of their mothers an acknowledgment of their present reality, a gaping chasm that separated them from their expectations of childbirth.

Jordan emerged into the world three days later by cesarean section after his heart rate went up to 200 beats per minute. His Apgar scores weren't on any chart as he was ripped from my body. He was small, blue and not breathing. He was rushed like a little football to another room. The rhythm of the pounding heartbeat finally broken, I began to wait for news. As I was being sewn up, someone mentioned that he was a boy. My Jordan was now on his own, defining his own terms.

When Jordan was brought to me wrapped in a blanket, I held his tiny little body in my two hands and greeted the old-looking face that stared back at me. He appeared peaceful, like a baby rabbit that had been rescued after some malevolent force had entered his warren. I held his very still body next to mine and felt his warmth. This was my baby, but I wasn't sure what to do with him. The nurse rescued me. He was expected in the Special Care Nursery for tests and monitoring. I reluctantly let go of my little bunny and waited for further instructions. As my exhausted husband curled up in the bed next to mine, we stared blankly at each other. Where would this road lead us?

A few days later, free of the tube collecting my urine, I arduously made my way to the bathroom on my own. A self-administered morphine pump had become my constant pain-relieving companion. I learned to pump the colostrum from my breasts every two hours, day and night, and to maneuver my wheelchair slowly down the long corridor to feed my baby. I held him next to my awaiting nipple and simultaneously pushed the syringe full of drug-permeated milk down into his nose tube.

Miraculously, by the fifth day all of Jordan's tubes were gone. We weren't out of the woods though, for soon he needed bilirubin lights on his very jaundiced skin.

After four days, I developed an infection in my wound and they had to reopen me. When the freezing around the wound wouldn't take, my agonized screams were augmented by my need to release some of the pent up emotional anguish I had held steadfastly within over the past couple of weeks. The intern packed me with gauze and started an intravenous drip with nine different antibiotics. I felt nauseous and dizzy, and sweated profusely 24 hours a day. The nurses changed my sheets three times each night. My husband slept upright in a chair by my side as I slipped in and out of delirium. By the second week, I still had not passed stool, so I stood in a line in the hall each morning to receive my ineffectual stool softener as I was effectively holding on to everything. Little did I realize how much this was a harbinger of things to come, not so much for me, but for my precious son.

I was so numb, so bewildered, so emotionally shut down that I didn't think about what all these substances were doing to me, let alone to my premature baby who

lay waiting for the next syringe full of my medicine-contaminated milk. In addition, I had been on antibiotics twice during pregnancy as a last ditch effort to combat sinus infections so severe that I wanted to bang my head against a wall to relieve the pressure.

I was finally released from hospital and went home without my son. I set alarms around the clock to mechanically pump my breasts in order to encourage my milk to come in. In between the two visits a day from a home care nurse who was still attending to my open wound, I would rush to the hospital with my little bottles of two to three ounces of butter-like colostrum and feed my baby who was just starting to suckle effectively. It was one of the most dismal and pitiable times in my life. I felt so torn between caring for myself so I could heal, and mothering him. I ached that I was not with him always. I wondered if he would suffer issues of abandonment as a result of the circumstances. This increased my anxiety tenfold.