

Melissa Assilem

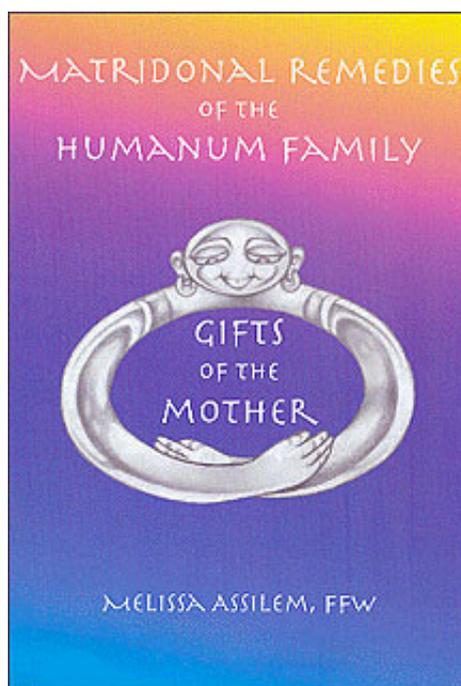
Matridonal Remedies of the Humanum Family

Extrait du livre

[Matridonal Remedies of the Humanum Family](#)

de [Melissa Assilem](#)

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INTRODUCTION

This book tells the story of the homeopathic remedies of:

THE HUMANUM FAMILY THE MATRIDONAL CLUSTER

LAC HUMANA –Human milk

FOLLICULINUM – Human oestrogen

PLACENTA HUMANA-Human placenta

VERNIX CASEOSA HUMANA-Cheesy varnish

AQU AMNIOTA HUMANA-Amniotic fluid

UMBILICUS HUMANUS - Human umbilicus

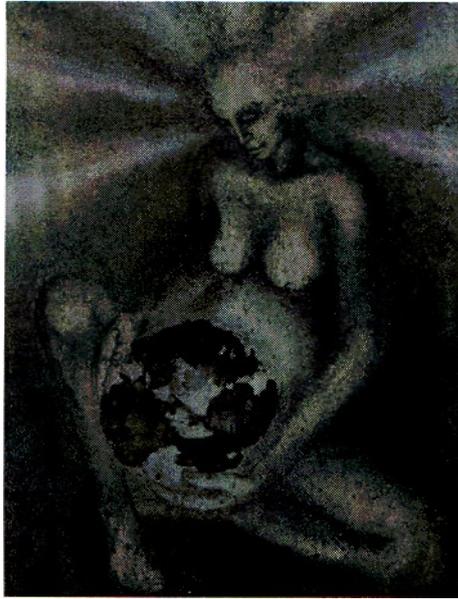
MATRIDONAL IS LATIN FOR GIFTS OF –
OR. FROM - THE MOTHER

These remedies are as old as we are. They have been responsible for our evolutionary journey from our very beginnings. There is much we can learn from them.

As with the homeopathic order of things these remedies are arranged to go backward in time. With the exception of the last two I will not be giving the entire picture of these remedies, as there is much written about them elsewhere. This is a story told - through these remedies - of connecting with the earthly journey of our soul.

THE MOTHER FROM WHOM ALL GIFTS COME

Here I am speaking not only of our own human mother, who holds the crucible of life within her body, but also of the Archetypal Mother, the all-embracing Universal Great Cosmic Mother.



She is the Creatrix.

Life is the matrix

on which She weaves

Her patterns

Hers is the womb from which all things come. All that She has created is of Her, as the child is of its mother's substance, and this means that the whole of creation is divine, and divinely connected.

The female egg, even before it merges with a sperm, generates an electrical field that becomes the shaping energy of the embryo as it develops into an independent being. This is the Universal Mother energy manifest, the all-containing crucible, the shaping force, and the materializing substance. Our own mother is the child of The Mother. We and our mother are two beings evolving in and from

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the same body, the same rhythms, the same dreams, in this truly sacred journey.

*We are born knowing The
songs our Mothers sang
Her melodies of joy
Her medleys of sorrow
We know this music
Within our cells
Seeding our fibers
Passing through us
To those who will come again.*

The Universal Mother is both organic and magic. She imparts Her Self into Her creations. She is time, yet She is timeless. She is infinite as well as intimate; She can whisper in our ear but Her voice is also the cosmic wind that turns the planets and organizes the galaxies. She is the power of attraction that holds the stars together. Her cells are our cells and our cells are Hers. She is all these things. Yet She is not remote, as we can hear her voice enchanting us as she hums Her lullabies, and we feel Her hand reassuring us as she rocks of our cradle. She is both comforting and capacious, filling us with contentment but demanding grace from our lives. Her arms are longed for when we feel abandoned. Her wisdom sought when we feel bewildered. She is not separate, but her voice and her divinity can be lost to our awareness. These remedies seem to let us to hear Her calling again as she tells us we are She, and She is we. She cries that we are unique and holy. She tells us that we have a sacred reason to be here and she provides us with a Guardian Angel to help us remember our way.

These remedies are indeed *Gifts From The Mother*.

The book is about the insights these remedies give us into who we are and how we were and are shaped. The knowledge these remedies bring to us is about our story as human animals, our evolution, our genesis, our struggle to incarnate and the possibility of a reconnection with our purpose.

Five of these remedies come from extra-embryonic material. They are relinquished and become redundant after we are born. They

are the substance of our creation. (Mother's milk continues the miracle for a time afterwards.)

As we come into being in the primordial soup, our soul and spirit dance their ancestral pas de deux, entwining and spiraling, like impassioned lovers. Our mothers become the unwitting choreographers of this balletic miracle. Her body performs feats of astonishment, previously unimaginable tricks assisting in the intricate intertwining of the souls message, the ancestors' code, and the animating spirit.

We cannot encompass this phenomenon with our minds. It is indefinable, and so outlandishly, inexplicably mysterious that we have to reach for metaphors. We dream the metabolic messenger into form, to grasp the ungraspable and devour the indigestible. Perhaps these remedies represent the metaphorical voice of our guardian angel whose job it is to remind us that we are a mechanism through which the life force, the source, the divine spirit experiences itself.

In Elaine Morgan's book *The Descent Of The Child*, she puts forward the premise that our evolutionary artful dodging is down to the profound shape-shifting of our embryonic selves. It does seem as if the whole nine months of our inter-uterine development is a fast-forward of our entire evolutionary journey. We go from single celled protozoan, to jellyfish-like blastocyst, to fish-like sprogs, to froggy tadpoles, all the way to the complicatedness of our humanness.

Physiologically, the period of gestation is the perfect place for our evolutionary characteristics to unfold. It is here where plasticity is so plausible that the true trial of our shaping takes place.

All through the eighties and much of the nineties, I was inspired by Alice Miller and her beautiful and meaningful explanations on how the wounded child, the inner child, lives in us still and longs to be recognized. I wrote about this in my first book *The Mad Hatter's Tea Party*, in 1992. Alice Miller showed us how the child still manifests itself in our lives and is calling out for recognition. I

used this as a model for the way I practiced, sometimes prescribing for the child within, helping my clients to recognize the wounds, and in this way letting go of self blame and self hatred, resulting in a freedom from the old patterns.

Since working with *Lac Humanum*, *Placenta* and especially *Amniotic Fluid*, I have realized this is not something that happens only after birth but in fact from conception. The patterns of our inter-uterine experience lie deeply seated in the shadows of our psyche. Should we call it our inner fetus? Maybe that's a bit twee, but it is, in a way, an accurate description. How absolutely wonderful, that we now have remedies that will help us know these patterns. It is through getting back to this place, the place of our corporal creation, that we can remember the reasons why we have come here.

There is not one way to use these remedies. Much of what I have described here, is the energy of the remedies. Conveying their spirit, and their unique metaphor. Each person will have a different need for them. Each practitioner will have a different slant on them. This is how it should be. These are universal remedies in that each of us has rubbed up against all of them. They are great equalizers.

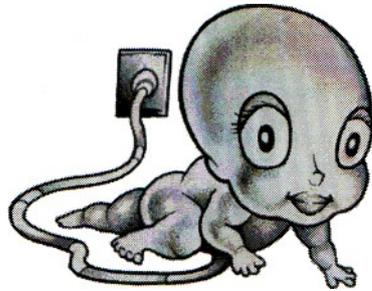
These remedies have a poetic and ancient language. It seems to me that our job as practitioners is to listen to the words of our clients and feel out their yearnings, then to prescribe remedies that reflect all of this back to them. I muse sometimes, wondering if homeopathy might not use the mirror neurons in the brain as a channel of entry for the remedies.

As I have worked with clients and these remedies over the years I have come to believe that the most profound gift we as humans receive is the sense of self, and that in its earthly form it is first bestowed on us in the womb. Could it not therefore be true that when this sense of self is lost it can be retrieved through the very materials that gave it to us in the first place? These substances are made for the creation of our humanness. It is their sole purpose, as they are discarded as soon as we no longer need them.

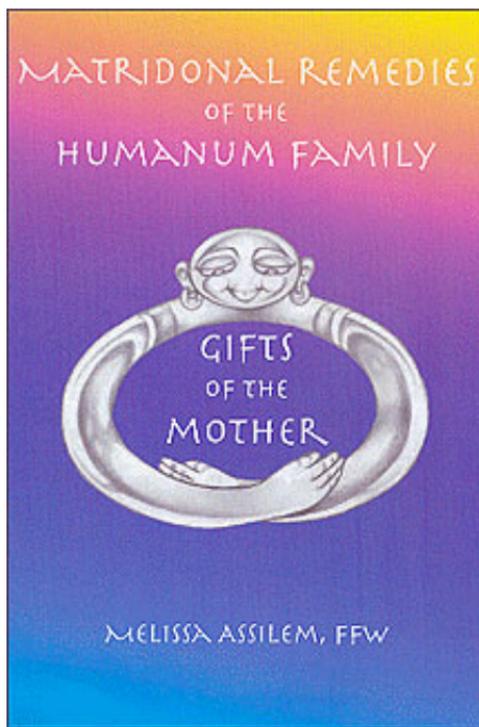
In this book I have put together a lot of different ideas and thoughts. I have used the research of evolutionary biologists, psychologists observations, philosophers pondering, been inspired by clients spiritual awakenings and been awed by the willingness of proofers to go into these remedies in such a deep way.

You will not find very many cases put forward here. I have a real problem remembering cases, where the remedy has been a result of intense and very deep level communication between my clients and myself and the revelations happen in the moment almost as if channelled. (This is not the time to pick up one's pen.) Then the moment is gone, never to be repeated. It's like soul talk, meant for the moment but then passed back out to the universe. The feel of the cases are however, embroidered into the tapestry of this book.

I would like to introduce you to Freida/Freddy Fetus.



S/he will pop up to illustrate each remedy. S/he will be telling us about the journey from zygote to newborn and beyond. S/he and the other cartoons were created by my dear friend Adam Domville-Onasis. I have known him since he was twelve. He began to draw illustrations for some of my materia medica lectures in 1995 when he was fifteen. Until very recently and his family were my neighbors on the Greek Island of Lesbos. See illustration credits at the end of this book for more about him and where you can find him.



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Gifts of the Mother

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