

Thousands of Gigabytes of Memory...

Philippe Servais*

Liga Medicorum Homoeopathica Internationalis (LMHI), France

*Corresponding author: Servais Philippe, 18, rue Littré, 75006, France, Email: servais@club-internet.fr

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Opinion

A 65 year-old hydraulic engineer who worked freelance for 30 years, Mr. M. had a doleful look in his eyes and greasy hair falling over his shirt collar. He had an appointment with me about his state of chronic depression, hopeless hypochondria, and severe memory disorders. "I'm paralyzed." "I'm afraid of collapsing intellectually." (When he was 30, that's all he was already thinking about, his ex-wife told me!)

"I am increasingly inhibited and unable to act, like a horse balking in front of an obstacle." For years he had been passive and was no longer really looking for work: "I'm afraid of jumping in." As soon as there was any stake involved, he would throw in the towel and say: "It's pointless, it won't work." As soon as he got turned down, he would get stuck, so he anticipated being turned down. What he preferred about his work was conceptualizing things (not acting on them).

Constantly insecure, he lived in fear of failure, even for a simple professional meeting. Even sexually, he was blocked, could get no pleasure out of sex. He also suffered from an enormous feeling of abandonment, particularly by those he loved or liked ("you don't like me"). His children had to watch out for him: "I'm in a constant state of expectation; if my children come to see me for only an hour, that's not enough for me; I can't stand to be let down." He had his old mother under his care (with whom he had a fusal relationship) and devoted a lot of his time to her in the province. Oddly, he could not hold back his tears when he saw (on television, for instance) a person being helped, supported, praised, or recognized by others. This was an expression of his great need of recognition. He was not opening his mail or paying his bills, putting himself in serious danger. He was unable to take the minimum necessary steps, professionally speaking.

He was living on his memories. A hoarder, he kept everything, even the oldest of magazines or useless things. Nothing in the house was to be moved. According to his wife, he had turned his apartment into a cave, completely filled with objects and books bought at the flea market, in which he took refuge and in which he had locked up his family for years. He had withdrawn into solitude, increasingly unable to stand seeing anyone but his children. "I'm afraid for my memory, which is why I've accumulated so many books." He felt old,

constantly repeating that he was old. He did nothing but read or does research on the Net: he has a passion for history, mythology, and study of traditions (accumulation of memories). He hated to be disturbed during his studies. "Discovering unknown spaces is something that motivates me." He travelled on the Internet for not having been able to make his youthful dreams of exploration and adventure come true. In fact, his old sailboat had been dry-docked for about thirty years!

He talked and talked and listened to no one, not even to me during our session. His ex-wife complained about this: "Mister Know-it-all; I am the greatest, the most intelligent, the strongest. He doesn't even brag about it, it's just a fact. Besides, he's very paranoid: anything anyone says is necessarily against him. Or else he says: you don't love me, you keep the children from loving me. He's prone to fits of anger and he shouts." Apparently the prescribed remedies- Sulfur, Natrum muriaticum, Potassium phosphoricum, Vipera berus, Picricum acidum- had no positive effect. I have to say that it was very hard for me to analyze the effects of the prescribed remedies, because the patient let too much time go by between appointments, and when he came back, "he couldn't remember"!

In May 2013, I finally prescribed Gingko Biloba 30ch. I saw him again in November 2013. He was miraculously better (chronic depression, mental dynamism, memory, etc.). He had fixed up his apartment to rent it (and to move to the family home)! Another dose of Gingko Biloba is 30ch. He would begin to travel again, something he had not done for more than twenty years: two months on his own in India, then the USA with his two older children, then Greece for his "archo-astronomical" research (?). He rigged up his old sailboat and sailed off to Malta. He was already planning a crossing with his eldest son between the USA and Guadeloupe, as well as a future trip to Galicia.

His very debilitating hallux valgus was no longer painful! He had lost 12 kilos (from 95 down to 83 kg). He told me with passion about his many adventures and was "working on the February 3 date, of Paleolithic origin, and on certain synchronicities." One year later, on November 12, 2014, his progress was even clearer. I prescribed Gingko Biloba 10000 K, then, on April 15, 2015 and on February 16, 2016, again a 10000 K dose. He is still, today, infinitely better. It is something of a true resurrection. Only some memory



disorders remain (“70% progress”) and, something I still observe, he still has trouble listening to others, still interrupts me constantly!

Mind-Delusions-Man-Old Men-Being An Old Man; Mind-Forsaken Feeling; Mind-Going Out, Aversion To; Mind-Indifference-Duties, To, Mind-Quiet, Wants To Be; Mind-Sadness-Company-

Aversion To Company, Desire For Solitude; Mind-Sadness-Work-Shy Persons, In; Mind-Taciturn-Sadness, In; Mind-Disturbed, Averse To Being; Mind-Memory-Weakness Of Memory.