

# Wichmann / Doerges

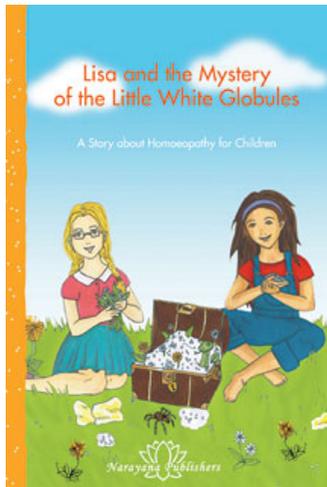
## Lisa and the Mystery of the Little White Globules

Reading excerpt

[Lisa and the Mystery of the Little White Globules](#)

of [Wichmann / Doerges](#)

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## Foreword

It is a curious thing about homeopathy that people want to know how it works. They want to understand it, perhaps because it has an aura of mystery about it. After all, how can many different types of medicines all come in the same packaging – Lisa's Mysterious White Globules? Allopathic medicine comes in many differently shaped and coloured pills and syrups, in injections and creams; often delivered by somebody wearing a white coat. Somehow there is seldom the interest in this type of medicine to match the interest in homeopathy with its seemingly arcane secrets.

In *Lisa and The Mystery of the White Globules*, Jörg Wichmann, who has a homeopathic practice in Germany, where he treats many young children, has written a book for his little patients which explains how homeopathy works. Quick-witted and curious, Lisa enlists the aid of her thoughtful friend Fiona to find out about the homeopathic globules she is prescribed for her very itchy skin. Lisa notices many differences between her homeopath and her allopathic doctor, not least that he asks her directly a lot of questions, and really listens to her answers. She is instantly at home with him, as she also has a lot of questions to ask.



The story is light in tone, but covers many areas, showing that homeopathy can work on animals as easily as on humans. In a disarmingly simple sentence the homeopathic globules are likened to “little memory cards in a computer. They store what healing properties there are in a plant. And our body is able to read it.” This is Lisa’s insight. She later goes on to unravel the mystery of how the remedies are made, and starts her own research project, with Fiona.

Jörg Wichmann has worked for many years as a homeopath and lecturer. He himself likes to understand how life works, and to bring that understanding to others. This story, for children, delightfully illustrated by Melina Meyer and arranged by Corinna Doerges, delves straight into the mystery, and appeases our curiosity.

A perfect mystery for a curious young homeopathic patient.

Jenni Tree

(Editor of *Similia*, Australian Journal of Homoeopathic Medicine)

Fulbeck 2011



**Hi, my name is Lisa!**



I am in Year Three at school. I like school, at least most of the time. In the afternoons I love playing outside, biking or building huts in the forest. I live on a farm with a lot of animals. And I got this skin disease, a kind of silly itchy rash that comes back again and again – well, I mean that I did have it, because now I am well again.

The story of my rash and how it all happened, is what I would like to tell you about. All of it began around one year ago, when I had just started the second form.

My brother and I had been jumping in the hay that my parents had just brought in from the fields. It has such a wonderful aroma then and it is very soft – and it is great fun rolling and jumping in it.



But the next day my skin was itching all over and the itch wouldn't stop. Not even after a shower. I don't even like taking showers and try to avoid them, whenever I can. Still, even that didn't help.

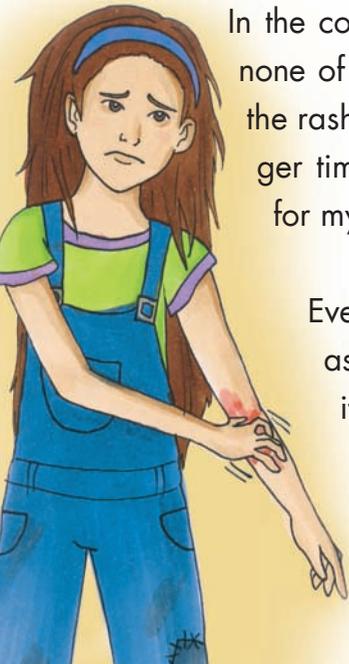
My skin turned red everywhere, itched and burned, and I could hardly go to sleep at night. In the mornings I would often have bleeding spots because I had scratched too much. After a few days my mother took me to the doctor's.

There we were told that this skin irritation is called dermatitis, which means that my skin inflames when it is irritated. It had probably started because of our playing in the hay. Later it would start under different circumstances as well, for example when I was sweating.

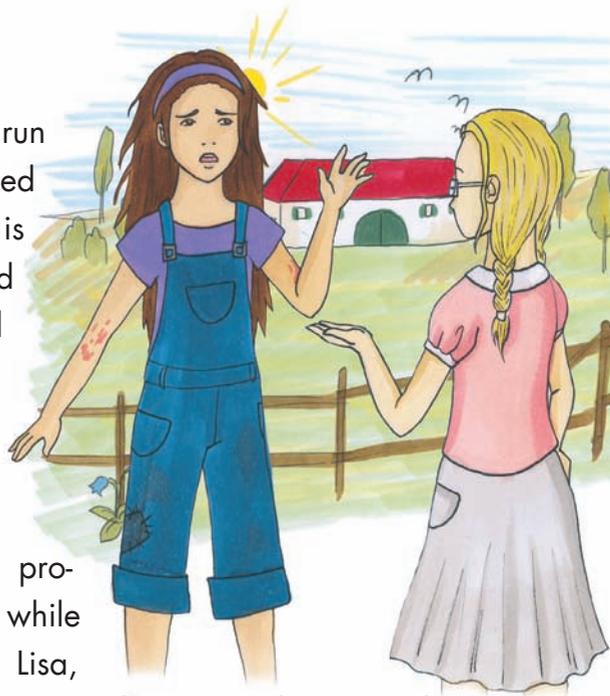
First I was examined for allergies. The doctor took blood from me, which was then tested, and I was 'pricked' to find out what I was allergic against.

In the course of time I received different ointments, but none of them really helped. Except one that removed the rash very quickly. But I may not take that for a longer time, my mother said, because it was not good for my body.

Eventually my mother became quite frustrated – as she calls it. And I felt really unhappy with my itchy and burning skin. We didn't know what to do anymore.



Then, as I usually do when I run out of ideas, I went and talked to my friend Fiona. Fiona is much quieter than me and she is a good listener. And most of the time she has useful ideas after having thought about a problem.



So Fiona listened to my problem, considered it for a while and then said: "You know, Lisa, maybe you should try and visit my doctor. He does something special, which is called 'homoeo...-something'. Have to ask my mother again. Years ago he helped me a lot. You remember when I was suffering from those anxieties and nightmares in kindergarten? And he also healed my Grandpa's asthma." "And what is so special about what he does?" I asked her. "Don't know exactly," Fiona answered. "Anyway, I hate injections – and I never get one there! The doctor only asks loads of questions, about all sorts of things. But this is so long ago. I don't quite remember now."

Later at home I immediately talked to my mother: "Hey Mum, Fiona says, they know a doctor who treats with a special method, something with 'oeo...'. Could you please call Fiona's mother and ask?"



So my Mum rang her Mum: "Hi Susan, our daughters apparently talked about Lisa's eczema. And Fiona told Lisa that you knew an alternative doctor, who does something with `oeo..`." Mum laughed out loud. "Was she talking about homoeopathy? – Yes. – We had already thought about this. But we don't know anybody personally. You can't just pick them from the phone book, can you? So tell me!"

Mum listened to everything, Fiona's mother had to say about that doctor. She asked Fiona's mother several questions and looked quite happy in the end. "Lisa," she said after she had hung up the phone. "I think we are going to give this doctor a try." "And what is he going to do?" I asked her. "How can he help me?" Mum explained: "He will ask us – mainly you – a lot of questions. And then you will get a few small white globules, little sugar pellets. And if you are lucky your skin disease will disappear." I trust my mother. She takes good care of us although there is so much farm work for her to do. And she rarely does anything strange. So let's have a try with the pellet doctor, I thought. As I went to sleep that evening my mind was busy wondering what these mysterious white globules might be all about that were supposed to help my skin?

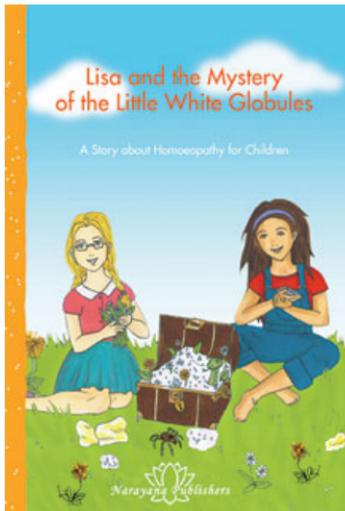
At night I dreamt about lots of white balls that were dancing around me and laughing with me. I was wearing a white skirt and my skin was beautiful. In the background there was a man who was laughing as well and throwing more white balls.



In the morning I thought: Well, if that doctor is going to ask me questions, then I will have some questions too, that's for sure.

And so it happened. A few days later we visited that homoeopath, my Mum and me, and Fiona as well – since she already knew him and because I felt safer with her by my side. The doctor, Mr. Hawkes, looked a bit like the funny man I had dreamt of. So I could easily talk to him. But I can talk to people easily anyway – and too much, Mum says sometimes.





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