

Recovery from Chronic Fatigue

My Return to Life

by Mary Reilly
RN, BA, Wholistic Aromatherapist

Feeling as though I was swimming upstream against the current, frightened that if I stopped swimming, I would sink at any moment, yet I had in fact lost the will to swim. Conscious, yet not conscious. Tired of the obstacles, weary from the battles, hurt by the injustices, frustrated by the ignorance, disheartened by the rejections, crushed by the judgement, disillusioned by the falseness, feeling the pain, living the pain, suffering the loss.

After loss, life goes on, they say. For me life was something separate from myself as if it were somewhere ahead which became a constant task for me to keep up with. Life became such a task that 'fatigue' set in and gradually took over my whole body affecting me on every level from my outer to the inner core. Only on reflection, through my recovery, could I know the true meaning of my chronic fatigue and my oblivion existence.

From my practical awareness perspective I recognised my ill health and sought advice from both orthodox and natural health practitioners; in fact, from three doctors and four naturopaths over a period of twelve months, all of whom came up with varying conclusions to my presenting symptoms, acknowledging some symptoms, discounting others, unable to connect and see the whole picture.

My personal use of aromatherapy became my lifeline. Oils to treat my

bowel and bladder problems, skin rashes, arthritis, hair loss, headaches, poor concentration, muscular aches and pains, coldness, tremors, tiredness, anxiety, depression, insomnia, red eyes, menstrual problems and immune deficiency, as well as oils simply to nurture.

The non-conclusion of my health state left me floundering and yet created an opportunity for me to build a facade of denial of "I'm O.K.", which took an enormous amount of effort to maintain, but was a necessity for my survival in business.

I was recognising, yet not recognising, and not practicing what I preached, so to speak, as an aromatherapy practitioner.

Suggestions by well meaning practitioner friends, who knew of my daughter's death through AIDS two years ago, implied "it's all emotional", which left me feeling guilty but made me look deeper and broader until I finally came to the conclusion myself that I had chronic fatigue.

Then with the help of a naturopath/



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homocopath I was able to put the pieces together.

I very cautiously chose a doctor who specialised in nutritional medicine who promptly confirmed my chronic fatigue, post-viral infection and hypoglycaemia.

He recognised my fragility and treated me in a very caring manner. He supported me in my use of aromatherapy and helped to restore my physical health to a substantial degree with Vitamin C & B injections, vitamin supplements, and a diet which enabled me to manage my food intolerances and put weight back on. This kept me going until I was able to sell my business and focus more completely on my healing.

It was time to focus on the inner and restore my depleted life-force.

Very timely information came to me regarding Philophonetics Counselling, thanks to a very dear client of mine. I gave a sigh of relief in reading the brochures on Philophonetics (meaning love of sounds and in the broader sense a conscious relationship to one's experience) and thanked God, knowing the approach was right for me and also intuitively that the counsellor would be non-judgemental and supportive in facilitating my healing.

I previously had some prior knowledge of Anthroposophical Medicine and Rudolf Steiner's philosophy on which the counselling is based, so I had faith at last in what I knew to be a true wholistic approach which included the spiritual aspect.

At this stage I had decided my treatments would be the counselling, my personal aromatherapy treatments, as well as regular aromatherapy massage and acupuncture by a doctor, who unbeknown to me at the time works closely with my counsellor (intuition again). The consultation with this particular doctor left me with a contented feeling of being in control of my own healing through the experience of rapport, questioning of my own expectations of the treatment I had chosen and through explanation of this treatment, the acupuncture. Wonderful! All approaches complementary; working on the inner, working on the outer.

Over a period of six weeks of counselling I began to feel, heal and understand. My energy levels progressively improved over that time and my remaining symptoms abated. My doctor was impressed, but my counsellor was not surprised as he had witnessed such recovery many times before. He patiently guided me to follow my feelings, listen to them, acknowledge them, express them in the way that only I could express through my own self-disclosure, which entailed an enormous amount of trust, somehow made easy through his

sensitive caring and encouragement, as well as the use of my own individual processes. This involved the senses, movement, sounds, imagination, visualisation and at a later stage the incorporation of the fragrance of specific essential oils.

In between consultations my aromatherapy self-massage was very nurturing for me and helped me to get in touch with my feelings; feelings which contained a story, a history, memories of specific traumas both recent and long past, but yet deeply embedded within my soul, depriving me of my vital energy.


I found myself feeling the pain located in my heart area, describing the pain as something crushing my heart, making a wish around that pain, shedding the tears, expressing what lay behind the tears - the sadness, the hurt, shaping it with my hands.

Stepping back and looking at myself as if from the outside and asking what is

it I'm needing? 'LOVE'. Embracing myself, expressing the love, feeling the love and lightness in my heart and whole body, feeling the warmth, feeling the glow.

Such was one of the many layers unfolding during the counselling sessions, enabling restoration of 'the will'. Not simply a matter of needing to 'let go' or 'cut the ties' as they say, but rather weaving a path and creating an environment where true healing could take place by the true healer, me, my inner source, from the inner to the outer. Not a matter of 'let's get the virus'; the wounds went deeper than any infection, the outer reflecting the inner. The healing required support on every level.

The journey and unfolding continues but with a meaning and a purpose, with a light from within leading the way and with a restoration of faith and trust. I am grateful to all who met me where I was at and not where they thought I should be. ▼



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