



FACIAL PARALYSIS

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“Losing half my face was not a viral infection after all”

For the longest time, decades in fact, a certain mystery had occupied my curiosity. It was a strange “disease” that had suddenly afflicted me, without any warning, back in 1964. My entire immediate family was almost amused by this unusual affliction of mine because it was so unlike my personality and character.

Why do I know that it was in 1964? Because I was 27 at the time, and I had been working for a large Electronics company whom I had joined in 1957. After seven years, I had made it to the coveted position of Supervisor of Installation and, frankly, I was quite proud of my achievement and, as might be expected, I was eager to share my good fortune with my parents who, at that time, lived in the Eastern Townships (of the province of Quebec).

One fine Saturday morning I packed my two children, dog and wife into my modest car and we drove two hours from Montreal to Sutton, QC. My father and mother greeted us with the usual enthusiasm and we settled down to what I thought was going to be a relaxing afternoon; but this was not to be – and I explain ...

Surrounded by my family and my parents listening intently, I told my father and mother that I had finally had a promotion and was looking forward to my first important professional assignment. Before I had a chance to further explore the possibilities, my father looked at me very seriously and said in a grave voice: “I am amazed that your superiors would make such a blunder because when they will find out just how incompetent and mentally handicapped you really are they will surely either demote you or fire you outright!”

I could not believe my ears! This was my own father speaking, disclosing to my whole family just what he thought of me, his own flesh and blood, and I felt like I had been emotionally brutalized, had lost face in front of my whole family and was publically ridiculed in the worst way. This I could not take sitting down.

Abruptly I got up, gathered my family and headed to the car in silent protest. It seemed that I did not even have the energy or willpower to justify myself to him. How could he do this to me, his own son? While we were driving back to Montreal I was fuming on the inside but outwardly was unable to verbalize this unspeakable insult and public exposure of something I had not been aware of – my father’s perceived opinion of me.

That evening, I noticed that I was talking in a strange way, I stumbled over my own words and felt a certain strain on the *right* side of my face (I am right-handed!), and later that evening I was told that my face was distorted and weird – my right eye was wide open and unblinking, my right lip was strangely sagging and even drooling, and when I smiled, my left face was perfectly normal but my right facial side was like a mask, unmoving, and it eventually paralyzed.

Naturally, my family was alarmed and quite sympathetic. The next morning the situation was no better than the previous evening, and I started to seek an explanation for my unusual affliction. A “viral infection of the facial nerve” was the best my doctor could come up with, except that he felt it necessary to say that often this situation resulted in a “permanent disfiguration” (his words, not mine). He diagnosed my condition as “Bell’s palsy”.

Imagine me going to work this way, meeting people, talking to people – it was a nightmare! A week went by and eventually my mother apologized for the unspeakable callousness of my father’s behavior, and I shoved the unpleasant episode under the carpet. That’s when I slowly felt life coming back to the right side of my face. There was no longer any reason to worry about any permanent consequences and life returned to normal for me.

40 years later, in 2004, I learned about German New Medicine and with increasing knowledge I started to connect the dots and, for the first time in more than four decades, the circumstances surrounding my “Bell’s Palsy” started to make sense, and I realized that my father’s thoughtless and cruel words had made me feel ridiculed because I seemingly had “lost face” in front of my own family. This loss of respect and “status” resulted in a right facial paralysis that only disappeared after I shrugged off my father’s remarks as something unworthy to even think about.

I am grateful to have finally received closure in this matter, thanks to GNM, and being aware of the consequences of spoken words, even though in this case I was on the receiving end.

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