



SKIN – DRY HANDS

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“My hands are fine and I am confident that they will remain so!”

During the winter of 1992, my company transferred me to another work location. Several colleagues and I had the mandate to reconstruct the site. This task required that we train new colleagues as well.

In our old circle of collaborators we had a very intimate and close relationship to one another and it was customary to reach out for a handshake when we met. This was a habit that the newcomers quickly adopted as well.

Unfortunately, there was one colleague who had a problem with his body hygiene. I really don't want to go into details here.

To touch his hand was for me so incredibly uncomfortable that I had to invent for myself more and more tactics to avoid this simple act.

However, when ever it came time to replace him on his shift and when – of necessity – I had to give him a handshake, I thoroughly washed my hands as soon as he was gone, and I also squeamishly cleaned my workplace. The idea to eat my breakfast after shaking hands with him practically filled me with horror. This is why I procured some dishes, for my sole use, and I always locked them up to make sure I was the only one to use it.

Since then, every year when the cold season started, I had problems with my hands. They became rough, developed small fissures that then opened up and started to bleed, the fissures swelled up and healed with quite a lot of pain. However, what was affected was only the outside of the hand, the back of the hand, knuckles and outer surfaces of the fingers. Absolutely nothing helped, no ointments, no creams, nothing. During the summer, I had no problems with my hands because in the summertime, I could always refuse to shake his hand under the pretense of sweaty hands – without appearing to be impolite.

In the Spring of 1998, I was transferred to another work place, to a similar open-plan office, as I was previously used to. I never saw that colleague again.

But at this new work location, the practice of busy handshaking continued as before, and during the winter of 1998 I also had fissured and rough hands.

In the following year, I took a Sabbatical starting in November of 1999 until March 2001. During this time, I got to know about German New Medicine.

I was absolutely stunned when I discovered that neither during the winter of 1999/200 nor the subsequent winter of 2000/2001 did I get the familiar problem with my hands.

When I researched the above-mentioned situation on my own and combined my findings with the knowledge of German New Medicine, it became instantly clear to me that I had suffered a separation conflict of “wanting to separate” (involving my hands in a defensive way) – proven by the fact that only the outside of the hands was affected! After all, for me to be in contact with that colleague was sheer agony.

I quickly identified my “tracks” as being the “office”, the/a “colleague”, the “cold season”, the “shaking of hands”. I therefore informed my colleagues that, for the time being, I would not shake hands with them. Everybody accepted that.

Now we are in October and my hands are fine and I am confident that they will pass the winter unscathed!

Translated from the original German document

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