

## **Menopause...a Personal Journey**

Covers on, covers off. Covers on, covers off. It had become my nightly mantra. "What does that sound like," I wondered, the rhythm so familiar... It took hours to recall. The Karate Kid – wax on, wax off. Mr. Miagi. "Who played that part? Oh yeah, Pat Morita. Is he still alive?" So go the ramblings of my mind, filling the silence of yet another sleepless night. Hot and cold, wide awake. As inane as these thoughts are, they are preferable to what follows; when I begin to realize how long I've been awake, and the anxiety sets in about how I will function the next day. "How long will it take my head to clear?" I don't know anymore whether my fuzzy thinking is from sleep deprivation or a natural byproduct of menopause.

Menopause. Much like menstruation, I learned about it when it was upon me. I was watching an episode of Cybill, who spent the show coming to the realization that she was going through perimenopause. As I watched her humorously negotiate each of her symptoms, I came to the same realization. I sat quietly after the show, trying to grasp the meaning and feeling a little foolish for not knowing sooner. What followed were months of sitting quietly in the evening, reading books on menopause, experimenting with herbs, keeping a journal... anything I could do to help make sense out of what was happening and ease my sense of helplessness over the changes I was experiencing. In time, I found a variety of things that worked, gathering piles of information that I passed on to anyone else who needed help with the process.

On my fiftieth birthday, I sat in tears with a paring knife and split in half the tiny pill which was to provide relief from symptoms that had become unbearable. I had read the warnings on the product insert that accompanied the hormones and wondered how anyone in her right mind could ingest anything with such a potential for harm. I hoped that taking it in pieces might somehow lessen the effects. Relief came quickly, however, and I returned to being a rational person. Hormones became something to be reckoned with. I spent as many years weaning myself from them as I did actually taking them. The same doctor who wholeheartedly prescribed them had a change of heart once several studies proved that they were not the panacea everyone thought. Maybe she failed to read the insert.

But that was years ago. Since then, I've learned to manage. With the help of Quantum Techniques, I learned to balance my hormones and sleep through the night. So why now? Why now do I lie awake at night, concocting stories to pass the time and spend the day trying to clear my head? Why aren't my hormones staying balanced? "Why now?" is a very important question that can give you clues when you are losing treatments. During a consultation with the Daniels, I was reminded of toxins that knock out hormones, especially sex hormones:

**Soy**

**Corn**

**Non-organic Meats and Poultry**

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## Cooking with Teflon

I had recently added a lot of soy to my diet, thinking that it would be ok, since soy is not something that tests toxic for me. However, during the consultation, the Daniels asked me to test it after touching and focusing on my uterus. Soy then tested toxic. My neurotransmitters were also out, contributing to my fuzzy-headedness. While there are a number of things that can destabilize hormones and knock out neurotransmitters, for me, soy was the culprit.

I experienced a moment of shock and irony, thinking back to my menopause research days when soy was touted as an alternative to drugs for menopause. That was followed by some hesitation as I considered another change in my diet. It was brief, however; just enough time for the child in me who balks at any kind of limitation to be soothed by the adult who understands long term gain. My thoughts moved quickly to alternatives for soy.

This was not always the case. When I first became involved with Quantum Techniques and learned that I would have to make changes in my diet, I labored through the stages of grief, particularly the stage of bargaining, trying to avoid the depression of loss. My body was consistent in its response, however, and I soon learned to accept its limitations. Menopause can carry its own kind of grief. In *Women's Bodies, Women's Wisdom*, Christiane Northrup, M.D., speaks of the "unfinished business" that often accompanies menopause as we prepare to move into our wisdom years. This may consist of anything left over from the first half of life that needs to be reexamined and completed: Losses never fully grieved, accomplishments left undone, children never born. The simple recognition that you are in the second half of life can change everything, as time takes on a different meaning. To encumber that process with grief over my diet seems like a waste of what has become very precious time.

What my child can relate to is magic, and that is what seemed to happen with only one Quantum Techniques treatment. I slept through the night and awakened with a clear head. Magic! Like stepping out of a fog, everything came into focus. I marvel at both the simplicity of the technique and the complexity of the systems that drive it. As I consider the implications, I reflect on the symbols given to women for their passage through life: Maiden, mother and crone. Even before I knew what a crone was, I reacted to the word. It conjures gray hair and isolation. I read about the Crone's Year Away, a time of solitude to turn inward and respond to your own needs. While I welcomed some shift of focus away from others, I have never had a child, and the leap from maiden to crone seemed too great. And the connection between the crone and the instability of menopause seemed too close.

Most of my friends are close to my age and experiencing the negative symptoms of menopause. One of them has attached a long chain to the ceiling fan over her bed so that she does not have to get up to turn it on and off, because she has to do it so

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frequently throughout the night. When we gather, we joke about losing things, hot flashes, crying over “phone home” commercials on TV. Beneath it is the anxiety over a sense of loss of control and an unknown future that the jokes barely conceal. “What’s next?” we wonder. When I begin to speak of a simple technique for balancing hormones, the conversation changes. “What else can we do?” “What else don’t we know?” And the scripts become rewritten as we consider how to tell the story differently.

There are many ways to deal with menopause. Quantum Techniques offers three universal codes in Truth Techniques IV for balancing hormones with instructions for their use. In the accompanying CD, the Daniels also speak to the issue, mentioning the toxins listed above as well as others (virus, bacteria, fungus and parasites). You may also need to deal with your beliefs around aging, unresolved grief and trauma or other emotional issues. If using the codes in the manual does not solve the problem, a Quantum Techniques Practitioner can provide a more detailed scan to see if something else is interfering with your body’s ability to maintain hormonal balance.

As for me, I’m reading labels on products and looking for more creative ways to feed myself that satisfies my taste for food and avoids what I know to be toxic for me. And I’m dreaming. I’m dreaming of what was and what can be, of the possibilities for healthy change, of the tales we can spin for our daughters, their daughters and on into the future. All because of a good night’s sleep!

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