

IMAD... LIVING ON THE STREETS.

Imad was brought to me by his mother, Kamila, at the age of 4 ½ years old. She is very worried about him, her friends and family were insisting she should be taking him to a child psychiatrist. She has seen one, after getting a reference by their family doctor, and the word “autism” really scared her. So she is turning to homeopathy instead.

On the form Kamila has filled-in for Imad, she wrote:

He suffers from respiratory difficulties since birth, and received a diagnosis of asthma since he is 9 months old. Has had several bronchitis episodes since, and he is also allergic to eggs. Medication: Flovent and Ventolin (asthma).

Behavior disorders: impulsive, is often talking to himself even in the presence of others, answers are irrelevant to questions asked, always chewing objects or clothing, can't stay still.

When Kamila enters my office with Imad, he doesn't seem to notice me. But he does see the children's corner in my office, with the little table, chair and toys. He goes directly to them. I say “Hi Imad!”, but he does not look at me or answer me.

I question Kamila about the symptoms and issues she wrote down on the form. Tell me more, in detail, about Imad's behavior. His behavior is strange. He often speaks of being nice or bad. He'll say to himself: “I'm not nice”. And even more often, he'll say: “Bad car! Or bad this, or bad that! When he is angry, he bites things. He bites and chews his collar, sleeves, hat.

How is he with people? He is not “with” people. It's like he's in his own little world. Like being always in the moon. No contact whatsoever. Since how long? I would say always. Like there was never even any eye contact between us.

He can't concentrate on anything, he's always elsewhere. Where, I do not know. Most often he imitates what we do, what we say, like repeating, I would say. We don't have conversations with him.

He does understand the words you say? Oh yes, and he speaks the words well. He started saying words, then some small phrases, all of a sudden, around 4 years old. He understands everything. It's just that he does not answer questions. No, actually he can answer, but it is completely incoherent. Nothing to do with the question asked. This really worries us. But he speaks a lot to himself. He seems to have an imaginary friend he speaks to also. Reno, he calls him. But what he says makes no sense to us.

Kamila goes to Imad, and speaks to him. Asks him what he is doing, what the animal he is holding is called, then if he wants to go some place after the consultation, etc. Imad does not answer some questions, and seems to answer others, but with sentences and words that have nothing to do with the question at all.

He's very irritable, if things don't go the way he wants, he gets angry very quickly.

He doesn't like to do new things. Like what, for example? Well, he won't want to play new games. (I watch Imad playing with the Fisher Price farm, in the corner. Most of his game is taking out the farmer or animals, looking at them closely, turning them around in his hand, putting them back into the farm again. Does he often like the same games at home? He absolutely loves playing with little cars and spends most of his time at it. He doesn't seem interested by much more. As soon as I try to introduce something new to do, he ignores it or turns away.

He doesn't like his hat to be tied, and doesn't like tags in his clothing. Any other situation he doesn't like to be in? He can't stand tight clothing, he couldn't stand to be tied down in the stroller or the car seat.

Having people at home over stimulates him. He becomes agitated, throws his toys, becomes very excited. He can't remain sitting still on a chair, during meals. He's always getting up, constantly. When I was nursing him, until he was 2 months old he woke every 20 minutes to nurse, I did not sleep ! Oh, and another thing he does in front of people, is touch his genitals.

FEARS: He never liked swings and he was afraid of sand, at the playground. He's better with that now. He also reacts to noise, like the hairdryer or vacuum cleaner. He is afraid of public toilets since the time an automatic flushing occurred. Now he'll go only at home.

You mentioned earlier his having an imaginary friend? Yes, always talking about "Reno", this imaginary person. Reno is always the good guy, or the villain.

Now I try to create contact with Imad: I speak his name: Imad! then louder: IMAD! but he does not even look at me. I approach Imad, who has moved the farm to the floor, banging it regularly by lifting it high up, then smashing it on the floor, repetitively.

Imad, can I play with you, and the farm animals ? No response. Nothing. I am not surprised, I would have been surprised if it had been the opposite. I do not exist for him... He cannot allow himself to be in contact with me. A usual sign of autism, of course.

But I know he adores cars. And there are no small cars among the toys in my office, and none in the waiting room. Then I do remember seeing a small car on the shelf near the secretary's desk in the waiting room, left behind by a little boy the month before. So I go fetch it, it's still there!

Imad, look what I found! He does not look up at me. Imad, it's a car, you love cars, don't you ? I look towards Kamila. Kamila, what does Imad usually do with his toy cars, I would like to see him play, since this is what he always want's to play with. He doesn't seem interested by my car at all...

Kamila says: Well, there are no streets, no roads. At home, we have a flat carpet with streets drawn on it. If there are no streets, I'm afraid Imad won't play with the car. Sorry. You mean if there are no streets, cars don't interest him at all? No, sorry...

Hmmm.... This requires a bit of imagination. If I want to access Imad's reality, see within his own world, I need streets!

OK Kamila, I will be needing your help! If I want to be able to help Imad, I need to see him in this game he always plays. Let's try and pretend there are streets, see if Imad becomes interested in what we are doing.

So I take the car, and sit in the wide armchair, and get really close to Kamila's armchair. Then I take the car, and start making car noises, rolling the car on the arm of Kamila's chair. It is wide enough to play on, but narrow enough to pretend it is a street.

Look, Kamila, the car is on the street, it wants to go up the hill, in back of you. I wonder if the engine is strong enough to get up there?

Right then and there, Imad let's go of the farm, and runs to Kamila's chair, sitting between her and I. Wow, thank god my armchairs are as wide as they are! He seems to want to take the car, but doesn't dare touch my hand. I let go of the car, leaving it on the arm of the chair. Imad picks it up, and starts making engine noises. Oh good! It's working! He then rolls it up the back of the chair, then along the back of the chair, behind his mother's neck, and gets up, goes toward the back of the chair, and begins to roll the car down the other arm of the chair, on the other side! He picked up on it, he is imagining that there is a street, going up a hill, and then goes back down on the other side.

Now let's just observe and listen. Kamila then says: Now I can help. I can interact with Imad to show you this game, always the same one. I'm the only one he allows to participate, in a way. Or do you prefer I let him be ?

Whatever it takes for me to see him play his game. You know him well, so I'll rely on you to know when it's time to intervene. So Kamila starts by letting him play on his own. 10 minutes have passed, surely. So she says: Well, he can be rolling his car for quite a while, before "the usual situations in his game" will happen. If it takes too long, I'll create a situation to provoke him and make it happen faster.

Time goes by a little, and Imad is still rolling his car along the imaginary street, following the arms and back of the chair. After a while, Kamila decides to act. She just puts her hand on the arm of the chair, creating, I guess, some kind of obstacle. When Imad's car gets to the obstacle, he stops. Kamila whispers to me: Now he'll start speaking to himself, asking questions and answering them. I nod.

Imad starts to speak, it is obvious he is not speaking to us, he is clearly speaking to himself...

Imad: "Reno did something that was forbidden. The police will come and stop us. Oh! He always wants to know what this means! He wants to pass... but he can't. The street is closed!

Kamila: "He can pass, look, the obstacle is gone now, the road is open".

Imad: “No Reno, don’t go! It is forbidden, the street is closed!

Kamila: “No it’s not, look, the street is open again now”

Imad: “Is it closed?” “Yes, Reno is not allowed. The street... no! (He has moved the car a little closer to where Kamila’s hand was). Don’t pass Reno, it is forbidden! Oh! But is it really open now? I don’t know! But it was closed, so it must be forbidden to pass! The police will come to stop us!

Then Kamila puts her hand back on the arm of the chair.

Imad: “No Reno, don’t go, you see the street is closed! You are mean, Reno! You are so mean! You want to pass anyway, but you should not! Will you pass, Reno? Do you think we should? If you do... watch out, danger! You are so mean! You are not nice! Forbidden, you know! Bad car!

Kamila: You see Linda? This it was goes on with cars and streets every day. It is always the same story.

What happens if you don’t interact and put something on the street to create an obstacle?

Kamila: He’ll do it himself. I’ve just made the situation happen faster than it would of.

Have you noticed other situations where Imad mentions “nice and bad” or not being allowed to do something, or maybe the word “forbidden”?

Kamila: Recently we needed to take an elevator together, and he would not enter. He kept saying: “It is forbidden with Reno”.

Imad was still going on with his game, saying: “Careful, you forgot your seatbelt, it is dangerous! Here, it is not too much forbidden. Here it is very forbidden. Don’t turn there, you can’t! Reno, don’t go there! He has seen it is forbidden. Do you know it is forbidden? You do? (Imad’s car goes back the other way. Then turns again). He passed anyway! Oh no! It was forbidden! Oh! He saw it was forbidden! He passed! Danger...He has disappeared in the forbidden!”

Kamila: You can pass here, Imad. Look, pass here.

Imad: No, here it is not too much forbidden. Here it is very forbidden!

Imad, who is Reno? Surprisingly, Imad answered me. Or maybe it was not an answer, Kamila said when the name Reno is mentioned, he speaks, he answers, but she does not think he answers really, since it is incoherent. It’s just that it seems to create a response, a reaction in him.

But as soon as Imad heard me say Reno, he started talking, blabbering, saying all sorts of mixed up words and sounds. I could grasp only a few words. And yes, it was clearly incoherent, completely. And while saying all this, he started walking really fast, going

from one wall to the wall in front of him, back and forth, back and forth, touching the wall each time when he got to it, and the name Reno kept coming up.

Imad (walking back and forth): A lit volcano, fire. A forest, no street. Reno! Reno! It can fall, because of another exit. (Then blabbering....) Reno! If forbidden, we will go elsewhere. (blabbering again for quite a while... and then): if forbidden, we will no be the bad ones.

Imad, what about Reno? (I could almost swear he looked at me for a moment, made eye contact, as he stopped).

Imad: Reno is nice sometimes. Reno is mean. Reno... and more blabbering. (He looks toward me again, in the eyes really this time): Reno is here. He wants to do things forbidden. (And he just stops, and goes back to the farm again).

Kamila: What I have noticed over time, is that maybe it's as if he wants to allow himself, he would like to allow himself to go where it is forbidden. In his games, I mean. You have noticed his reaction when you said Reno. He always reacts when we say that name to him. But if we speak about it, without speaking directly to him, it doesn't seem to trigger anything.

Does he often go back and forth like that, and touch the walls once he gets there. Yes, he does every time when we ask him about Reno or if he says things about Reno. I would say he becomes agitated, but yes, it is always in this same way.

What about volcanos, or fire, or forests? No, the only thing that always comes back is Reno being nice or bad, and the forbidden part. And it always seems to have a link with cars and streets.

What about the police coming to stop them, in his games. Yes, not always, but sometimes.

Since when did you notice Imad loving cars so much ? Since always... since he has toy cars I guess. And he always made noises and blabbered to himself even before he knew how to speak, when playing with them.

May I ask you questions about your pregnancy? Yes, of course, please do.

Do you remember any situations which could of have affected you? Anything you still remember, and when it happened, you went through a strong emotion. Something which could have upset you, worried you, made you sad or angry, anything... Well I do remember something. It was during my pregnancy, I had just started a new job, as a manager. I would like to make it clear though, first, that when I went for the interview for this job, I did mention that I was a Muslim, and needed to stop for prayers. And so instead of taking breaks with the others, I would retreat and use this time to pray, and at a specific time of day. I did make this very clear. So when I was hired, I knew that they knew this and accepted it. I always make sure, before I take on a job, that this is allowed. Or else I would refuse the position.

And so when I started to work there, I would retreat for my daily prayer. I could see that some felt bothered by this. But I didn't let it intimidate me and went on with my prayers. And then, one day as I was going by to go pray, I heard very distinctly a woman say to another: "Funny breaks! She shouldn't be doing this!" The other woman said she felt the same.

Did this affect you very much? Well, yes, as I said, I did make sure during the interview that this would be OK with them. But they made me feel like it was not right.

What did you feel emotionally? I guess I felt judged. In what way? Like I was doing something I wasn't supposed to do, that I couldn't do this, go pray instead of taking the regular breaks like everyone else.

This woman, did she say you couldn't? Not in so many words, but it felt the same! I went to see her about it, she said she was sorry, but I did not want to work in an environment where I did not feel respected.

Respected in what way, about your religion, or...something else? Respected about the fact that I don't do things I'm not allowed to do. I would never do something I'm not allowed to do! Never!

And these women, they are employees, right? Not your employer, not the person who interviewed you? Yes, I know, but they made me feel like I was not allowed to go and pray. So you know you were allowed, but they made you feel you were not... Yes, exactly. I couldn't stand to feel like this, so I could not stay.

Tell me Kamila, have you ever been in other situations where you felt you were not allowed to do something? I must say I have a tendency to always ask permission. Permission to do what? Things in general... Permission to make sure I have the right to do something.

So not only concerning prayer time? Oh no! It's like I have this fear of infringing, transgressing something. I'm not afraid to express myself, or say my opinion. I'm just very careful about what I do and say. As much as I feel we are oppressed, and wish freedom to do as we wish, we don't want to rebel against things.

Why not? For fear of the risks involved. There is a part of me who seems always worried of not following the rules. And very guilty if I'm doing something I'm not supposed to be doing.

Can you give me an example? Like parking in the street. In Montreal, it is always a problem for us. We have been living here for a few years now, and it is still very complicated to park the car.

Describe to me what you mean... It goes like this: My husband and I go somewhere. Then we want to park. We look at the signs, look at each other: "are we allowed to park here"? Sometimes, there are as much as three or four signs on the same post! One says you can't from December to March on certain days. Another says you can if you have a permit, so I guess you need to be living on this street to be allowed.

But then my husband says: "Look, if you don't have a permit, you can for a 2 hour period. Then I say:" Yes, but the 3rd sign says you can't on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Then the fourth sometimes mixes all this up! How can you even be sure that you are allowed to park there? Then if there are no signs at all, you can't even be sure you can park at all! You can't imagine how complicated it gets.

Are you worried about getting a ticket? It's not just the ticket! It's being somewhere you're not allowed to be. I wouldn't feel right! Maybe you won't believe me, but very often we go somewhere, and can't figure out the signs enough to be sure, I tell my husband "no, it's uncertain that we can park here", so we just turn back home! We've done this many times! Linda, my life is about things I can and cannot do.

I gave Imad a dose of Plumbum 200.

IMAD - CASE ANALYSIS

Imad's respiratory symptoms have been present since birth and his mother says she has always found him to be in his own little world, with no eye contact whatsoever.

We can see very evidently how the emotions Kamila went through during her pregnancy are so similar to Imad's reality when he plays with his little cars on the carpet with streets.

It is in relation with this situation only that his words have all their meaning. Of course the car is not important, what is important is **his right or not** to pass. The need to create this situation, and Reno the imaginary friend, who does something forbidden, which is wrong, and so depending on Reno's choice to pass or not, he is mean or nice. Reno seems to represent Imad's subconscious, asking him if he will pass, and saying: you want to pass anyway? You should not, it is forbidden. And then ends the game by saying: Oh no! He has passed anyway... it was forbidden!

So we find the subconscious creating a situation where he is wanting to do something forbidden, and taking the decision to do it anyway. He knows he should not, but he wants to do it, and so he does it anyway.

His mother Kamila, during her pregnancy, is hired for a new job and is very sensitive to how they made her feel about "**not having the right**" to pray during her breaks. **She felt she was not allowed. "It's like transgressing something"**, she says. "**I would never do something I'm not allowed to do! Never!** It was so intense for her, going through this, that she resigned from her job. We can see, just in the example of being allowed to park somewhere or not, how she is sensitive to having the right to do something or not.

In many cases, I have found that if during pregnancy, the mother is affected by what triggers her the most, the newborn child will carry the same core of suffering. Imad's case is a wonderful example of this.

KEY WORDS USED FOR THIS CASE:

FORBIDDEN / ALLOWED / RIGHT / ILLEGAL (IN SAME REMEDY AS) TRANSGRESS / VIOLATE / DEROGATE (IN SAME REMEDY AS) GOOD / BAD

As my colleague Guy Loutan stated before:

Plumbum seems to be the gut intolerance to limitation in his choice, his decision, his movements and his freedom. The principle itself of limitation, interdiction provokes and induces him to transgress what is forbidden. He then cannot control himself anymore, the temptation to break the rule takes the better of him as soon as he sees it or feels it. He then does what he should not do. His consciousness is overwhelmed and the mastery of self becomes impossible when confronted with this sensitivity to what is forbidden.

IMAD – Follow up 6 weeks later

Kamila comes in first, Imad being in the washroom when I go to meet them in the waiting room. We start without him.

Kamila: His asthma has ameliorated considerably, but not entirely. He was able to stop using his Ventolin and Flovent, but has needed them twice this week. He was really better the first five weeks.

Then, something completely amazing happened! Imad walks in the room and I see Kamila looking at me intently, observing my reactions closely.

Imad looks at me, says “Hello!” and goes once more to the small table and toys. Kamila starts talking to Imad, asking him questions, but keeps glancing at me. Imad stops playing, comes to her, looks at her and answers.... Coherently! Everything made sense! All his words meant something! After one single dose of the remedy.

Kamila is radiant, very happy. She says to me: Do you see this ? Do you find him coherent now when he speaks? Talk to him, you will see.

Yes, of course I do see it! Good, because I keep thinking I am in a dream. At first I was wondering if this was possible, if I was imagining all this. My husband is so glad too!

So I start asking Imad some simple questions, and he is looking at me straight in the eye, and yes, he can answer me and I do completely understand him. He is not agitated with the toys either...

Kamila, lets go over his other symptoms. The first three days, he completely stopped chewing his clothes, then he started doing it again, but less then before, only if he was tired. He chewed on his sleeves and a blanket.

Now, he can sit quietly for quite a while, and finish his drawings. He can stay 30 minutes, concentrated on one thing. He tolerates noise so much better too. We can listen to music at home, like we wish to.

What about Reno? He just simply does not seem to exist anymore.

Imad, have you spoken to Reno? Reno's not here, he's gone somewhere. Imad is looking and answering me. He is not running from one side of the room to the other, because we are speaking of Reno. I look at Kamila. She shakes her head, meaning "no".

Where has he gone? Don't know....he shrugs his shoulders. It's my imagination.

Kamila, has Imad spoken about Reno since taking the remedy? Only the first few days, then no more. I tried asking him about it a few times, but it just seems unimportant now to him. And he doesn't run across the room, back and forth anymore when Reno's name is mentioned.

What about the cars, and obstacles? He still really likes to play with cars. But I have not seen him play this game about it being forbidden to pass or anything to do with Reno. It's just normal playing, he still plays on the streets on his carpet with roads on it, he still seems to enjoy it a lot. But it is calm and peaceful now. Would you like us to pretend there are roads like last time ?

It would be really interesting to try, I would like to see how it is now, but the little boy has come back since then and left with his little car!

Then Imad looks at us, saying: You want to play on the streets ? And in his hand, I see he has picked up the little green tractor, from the Fisher Price farm.

Oh good Imad! I didn't even think of the tractor last time we played!

So the tractor went up the arm of the chair, over the back, then down the other arm. His mother waited a little, then put her hand to prevent him from passing.

Imad: Mommy, take you hand away, I can't pass!

No Reno... No more: "No you cant...it's forbidden!" No nothing. Just a tractor on a make believe street. It was wonderful to see... Kamila was so happy, she could really be with her little boy now.

So after this, Imad went back to playing alone, and with Kamila we finished exchanging on the remaining details.

Imad did sometimes become very reactive, a few times when he was tired and had not had his usual nap. He also seems sensitive to not succeeding in doing certain things: New things, like learning to skate. He fell a lot, and didn't want to continue anymore. The next day, he was in a bad mood.

Kamila: I also have noticed that now, he follows rules. Before he used to get really upset if he couldn't do as he wanted. He has stopped wetting his bed at night, which was a regular problem. He used to keep it in when he was playing before, until he couldn't wait anymore. Now he can stop playing and go, and it's OK. Sometimes he did not make

in time. I find him so centered, so peaceful now! And I've seen him play with others, before he would not even try, he was in his own little world. He has mentioned he would like a little sister, or brother.

That day, Imad received a second dose of the remedy. He was so much better, but his asthma wasn't cured, and had been worse in the last week, and he also started chewing his clothes again. His respiratory symptoms cured 100%.

Since then, Imad remains well, he has had no relapse. And I will always remember Kamila's joyful words: "Linda, I've been wanting to say, I am so happy... Imad is living with us, his family now, he is no longer living on the streets!"