

Acid Reflux from Birth to the Grave?

My poor little mother....how horrifying it must have been to have her first born child reject her own mother's milk. She had dreamed about having her first baby since she was a small girl. It would be such a wonderfully nourishing experience to hold her new born child while suckling her breast. What normal mother has not enjoyed these fantasies about child birth? She was so young and delicate and naive.

I had been a most difficult birth. She, of course, had wanted to deliver me in the most natural way, but the doctors had to resort to cesarean section. She was in a much weakened condition when we left the hospital.

The very first time that she breast fed me, I screamed with great pain, pursed my little red face and spewed sour milk all over the room, rejecting that precious natural gift of love. She tried over and over again to feed me. I was an eight pound baby boy and was ravenously hungry. She was all alone and desperately afraid for my well being. WW2 was just ending and my father, who was in the Coast Guard, was stationed five hundred miles away, in Florida.

Lucky for both of us, my great uncle Everett was a pediatrician. He knew exactly what to do. He instructed my mother how to correctly prepare Cream of Wheat for a new born child. It had to be cooked in a double boiler for at least two hours in order for it to be soft enough for an infant to digest. My mother said that when she fed me that Cream of Wheat, I smiled for the very first time.

I did grow out of my acid reflux condition. By the age of two, I had no symptoms at all. In fact, I was gerd free for more than thirty years. But something changed and I started gradually suffering from indigestion again. It happened to me after a particularly stressful period in my life. I had become an accomplished cook and consequently I was eating food that was far too rich with fat. I had also become somewhat of a wine aficionado, as well. The combination of the stress, food and wine simply did me in.

At first, I would drink baking soda dissolved in water and try to regurgitate, when heartburn became overwhelming. After

resorting to this too many times, I realized that I had developed a hiatal hernia. This, of course, compounded the situation. My doctor scolded me and prescribed antacids. Little did I know at the time that antacids contain more aluminum than even baking soda.

I then graduated to proton pump inhibitor drugs (PPI). My doctor prescribed Prilosec. It was truly incredible. I could eat anything that I wanted and never have indigestion. It was a cook's dream come true! I was the American Dream personified – a person who could abuse their body and never feel the pain or inconvenience of doing so.

Everything was going along just hunky dory until one night, after a particularly huge French dinner in New York City; I had an atrocious case of acid reflux. I was abruptly awakened from a deep slumber by the acute pain of acid regurgitating from my mouth onto the bed linens. I was horrified. I was three days old again and in pain. This couldn't be happening to me!

I went back to the doctor and he told me to double the dosage. After two months of this, I became increasingly worse. I realized that the PPI drug was not working anymore. I did some research and found out that you are only supposed to take these drugs for eight weeks at the most. I had been taking them for years with my doctor's approval. After further investigation I found that there are hundreds of potentially harmful side effects associated with PPI drugs.

I was very confused as to what to do. My doctor said that surgery was the only answer, at this point. He also advised me that this surgery was not always effective and was very dangerous. The procedure is called fundoplication, which entails removing the damaged part of the esophagus and attaching the remaining section to the stomach.

That did it. I was now determined to find a natural way to beat this terrible condition. It wasn't easy, but after a great deal of research and experimentation, I did cure myself. I talked to everyone I could find who knew anything about the subject. I read hundreds of books and articles. I scoured the internet for new breaking information. I tried every method I could find; herbs, tonics, special foods, plant extracts, exercises, Chinese formulas, yoga, and meditation – you name it and I tried it!

I finally found the correct combination of items and methods. They were all safe and natural. I was astounded to discover how easy it really was to actually cure acid reflux. Herbs like marshmallow and slippery elm not only have a soothing affect on the throat and esophagus, but aid in the healing process. Certain meditations actually can alter the PH factor of the body. Plants like ginger and licorice can reduce the acid in your stomach, naturally. The list goes on and on. I now live a normal life with healthy eating habits and I don't depend on harmful drugs.

So, you see, I will not carry acid reflux to the grave. Had I listened to my doctor, I would probably already be there. I would encourage anyone not to resort to drug therapy or surgery, but to explore the natural possibilities that can be used to cure the acid reflux condition.

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