

Extracts from the book "L'OSCURITÀ, MA IO HO UNA LUCE" (working in progress) by Loredana Denicola

I was too sick to leave my bed.

In fact, I was too weak even to lift my head from the pillow.

I had lost 16 kilos: I looked skeletal.

How many times — I cried.

So many times I accused myself of being neglectful.

I didn't have veins; I didn't have liquids in my body — I was shrunken and de-hydrated.

It was awful.

I could only breath.

But ... I was still alive.

I knew I had a choice — to get control of the situation, or to leave that same control to others.

I chose to go forward, and heal myself. I chose 'life'.

When slowly, slowly, I felt a bit better (... and it took me 6 months) I decided to get information, to study my 'disease': I read books on biochemistry, to know how my internal chemistry worked, and to find a solution; I learned about nutrition, aliments' combination to help digestion, and yoga and qi gong, to calm my mind — discovering other, 'alternative' ways to help my body, my mind and my spirit: to accept my sickness, that I only had created, and to accelerate my healing.

Health is a choice. Illness is not a disease.

It is an imbalance in your body, which tells you that something is wrong — and that you can help yourself to grow or to recede.

If you give your cells what they need, and if you care for your body, which is your temple, and for your mind, which is your will, and for your spirit, which is your strength, and further, if you care for your emotions, you will not become sick.

Conventional thinking can trap us: why do we accept that stress can make us sick, yet have difficulty in embracing the idea that love, laughter and a balanced life can make us well?