

# Torako Yui

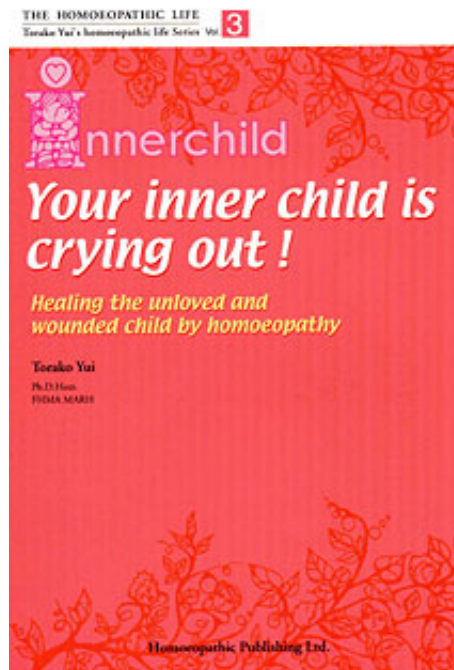
## HL Series - Your inner child is crying out - Vol 3

Extrait du livre

[HL Series - Your inner child is crying out - Vol 3](#)

de [Torako Yui](#)

Éditeur : Homoeopathic Publishing



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also kept that injury secret. The wound ached for about a year. At home I played a scatterbrain. When I do something ridiculous for a laugh, then my mother would laugh, saying "What a silly child you are!" If something brought laughter to my mother, I repeated the same thing every time. However, beneath that, my heart was filled with sadness, and about to be torn away.

The mask worn in order to survive will gradually become our own face, and we forget that it is a mask. I became unable to whine. Unable to say, "it's hard" no matter how hard it is. I have become such a person.

### **The one who is not loved is a worthless human being**

In this way, I have continually believed "Such as myself who is not loved is worthless, and does not deserve to be loved." Therefore, in order to become such a person who is worthy of love, I became a child who works hard and who studies hard. Even after I had grown into adulthood, I had constantly been working hard without ever concerning myself about my body. If my boss was pleased, I did anything for him, and if my friends were pleased, I did anything for them, always putting others before myself. I worked so hard twenty-four hours a day, and even if I had a fever or even if I had menstrual pain, I

never attended to my body, but sweated hard. Then, eventually I developed a serious disease called ulcerative colitis, and became incapable of walking even a step. My body screamed, and stopped me from bullying it further.

"Torako, I can do no more than this. Please stop!" the scream from my body was from the illness itself.

In order not to become an unwanted child, I had become a perfectionist. Working twice as hard as the others, and being capable of dealing with anything perfectly. I never entrusted any job into the hand of others and I never whined. I did everything myself. On the other hand, I feel it may be the case that, because I had learnt to do all things by myself, that I was also able to spread such a strange thing as homoeopathy in Japan. In order for such a thing as homoeopathy that goes against the common sense of our society to be accepted and spread, it required an intense horsepower-like-energy in the beginning. It needs to be launched at one burst, and I believe that I could do that because I had such a predisposition to do all things myself. Without this horsepower-like-strength, homoeopathy would have never been spread. Ten years ago, when I spoke out that fever is a blessing, diarrhoea is a grateful thing, rashes are grateful things, pathogens are grateful beings, aggravation is a blessing or vaccination is dangerous, it wasn't really easily accepted. I had to work so hard in order to make people understand this idea. As the

result of our hard working, and having continually pointed out this to the people that symptoms are not illnesses, the idea has now spread widely.

Until I came to know about homoeopathy, I had been working in a workplace that is typical of a man's world, therefore, never wanting to be defeated, I worked as equally hard as a man. I never made an excuse for having menstrual pain, and I carried heavy loads same way as men do. That was why I have become a person people take a back seat to. I gradually made such an environment in which I will never be told again that I am an unwanted child. However beneath my brave mask, there was much in my self that was crying, much in me that dislikes myself and much in myself that blames my own self. Then still a feeling of helplessness sprung out. No matter how much I was praised by others, I still felt as if there was a hollow in my mind, through which the wind was passing through and around the area of my heart. Hollowness was still there. However, I constantly tried not to look at this part of myself, and made myself extremely busy so that I could climb straight into my bed at night and fell asleep immediately. Still though, no matter how much I bluffed, or how much I whistled in the dark, there was always much within myself that felt helplessly insecure and lonesome. However, I wasn't able to display the SOS sign.

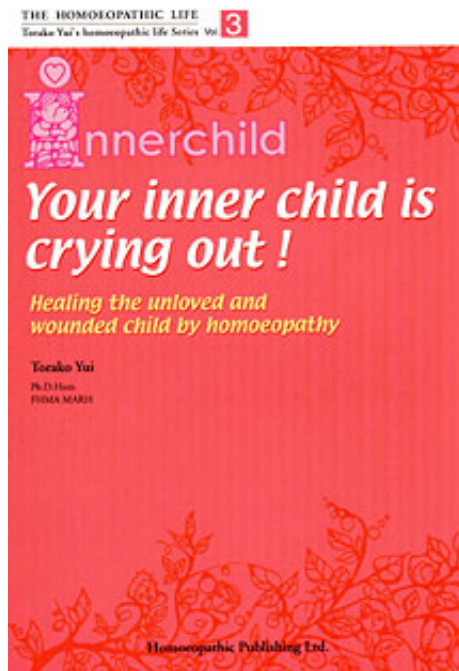
Those who cannot whine are the weak people. Those who

cannot weep in front of others are weak. One male client of mine about fifty years old once wept in front of me, then I told him "You are a very attractive man." When man cries, I find it very charming. For I think that those who are able to whine in front of others are much



stronger than those who brace themselves like, "I never cry out!" People who work frantically are the ones who have a low self-esteem, which is why they tackle things frantically. It is because they didn't receive unconditional love from their parents. Their parents did not recognize their worth. As a result they changed to become the person that best suited the expectations of their parents, believing that unless they are superior, they are not worthy, therefore they drive themselves beyond their limits at work.

Perfectionists are born from thoughts such as "I don't want anyone to criticize me!" or "I won't get hurt anymore!" Those who condemn themselves as insufficient, and won't recognize their value will become a perfectionist. They have always been doing things correctly, and failure was never allowed. Therefore, even in their adulthood, they continue to keep this habit from their childhood. Very often these people will in



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Healing the unloved and wounded child  
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262 pages, broché  
publication 2009



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