

Eczema

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Currently in the park relaxing. Not doing anything super exciting, really. As I sit on a park bench, I begin to meditate on what it means to have eczema. As random as it seems, yes, this is what I am thinking about. I observed a middle aged couple walking down the path. They were not going super fast, but not super slow either. They walked in harmony with each other. My guess is that they are not really love birds. They were not holding hands, but taking long strides with precise balance to the other's step. Did this couple realize the pain that affects so many? That causes just one step to be a challenge? Did they know what it is like to be in a state of irritation that permeates the entire body?

So, this is where my thought process begins on this Wednesday evening. Just observing life and writing about eczema. Two boys pass me on their bikes. They seem totally carefree..like their biggest concern is to get as much riding time as they can before the sun goes down. All of these people, one after another, driving by, walking by, all in harmony with life. Meanwhile, my mind drifts to a young man who visited my store about a week ago...

Marques first visited us with his mom, dad, grandmother, and aunt (or so I guessed). At first glance, nothing appeared out of the ordinary. Just some folks looking to spend some time at Arnold's Way- sit down, have a meal, and maybe talk to me as owner. As time passed, however, my perception began to change. I began to notice Marques more closely, became aware of his every gesture, hand movement, facial expression. It soon became apparent that Marques was experiencing total irritation. He could not relax and was constantly scratching. I saw his arms, legs, and face. I saw that nearly every square inch was covered in blemishes. By definition, Marques had eczema. His body was breaking out and there was nothing he could do. He had to live every moment with this pain. He needed help now. He wanted his youth back, his happiness, and he was willing to do whatever it takes to get his life back.

It is at this time that I began to talk to Marques about his condition. I asked about his diet. He shared with me what he eats everyday for breakfast: milk and cereal. For lunch: processed bread and packaged food. He ate meat regularly as well. After hearing Marques' words, we started talking about body love. We talked about the 75 trillion cells in his body and how they worked together every single moment of his life towards a continuous goal of perfection. On a dietary level, the body is analyzing every food that we ingest to determine if it is good or toxic. I explained to Marques that there is no gray area. Our body either sees food as acid waste, which is unusable, or alkaline, which our body can use.