

Homeopathic Clinician Sujata Owens

By **MOLLY A. DANIELS-RAMANUJAN**
Epoch Times Staff

When the lawyer making my last will and testament suggested that I consult homeopath Sujata Owens, I said skeptically, “Great homeopaths don’t grow on bushes.”

But then I heard from a woman of Swedish origin who had multiple surgeries for cancer and was now attending Owens’ clinic. This homeopathic clinician, I learned, saw 25 people a week, 48 weeks of the year. Most of them had “tried everything else” and were now looking for complementary medicine. They had heard of her or had attended one of her lectures.

“They are seeking a humane approach either because of side effects of drugs or the feeling that they are getting sicker and not better,” Owens says.

Owens, who says she is best able

to help people who are self-aware, explains that her practice has raised her own self-awareness, changing her consciousness to “a higher vibration.”

“Each time, I am able to find the perfect match or bull’s-eye remedy, I experience it as a flow, and I am one within the moment,” she explains. “I experience something profound. The result is amazing when we match the state of the person with the state of the remedy.”

In her work, Owens follows these principles of healing: Energy governs everything. Mind and body are different forms of energy, interdependent and interconnected. The form of energy common to both is called Vital Force. The whole is composed of parts, but the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. To understand the whole, first understand and then decode the secret code that governs the individual and drives the disease.

Next, use this decoded, deeper understanding of the person to find a perfect match—a substance from nature that is dynamized into a homeopathic remedy. (“Homeo” means similar, and “pathos” means suffering. Thus, homeopathic healing is based on symptom similarity.) Homeopathic remedies derived through this process bring about powerful transformation and lead to a state of health and harmony.

Sujata Owens was born in Pune, India, a city of 3 million, about 90 miles from Mumbai, which has attracted many visitors from abroad. Growing up in this city known for its great educational institutions, her father’s vision for her was that she would have her own practice in the field of medicine.

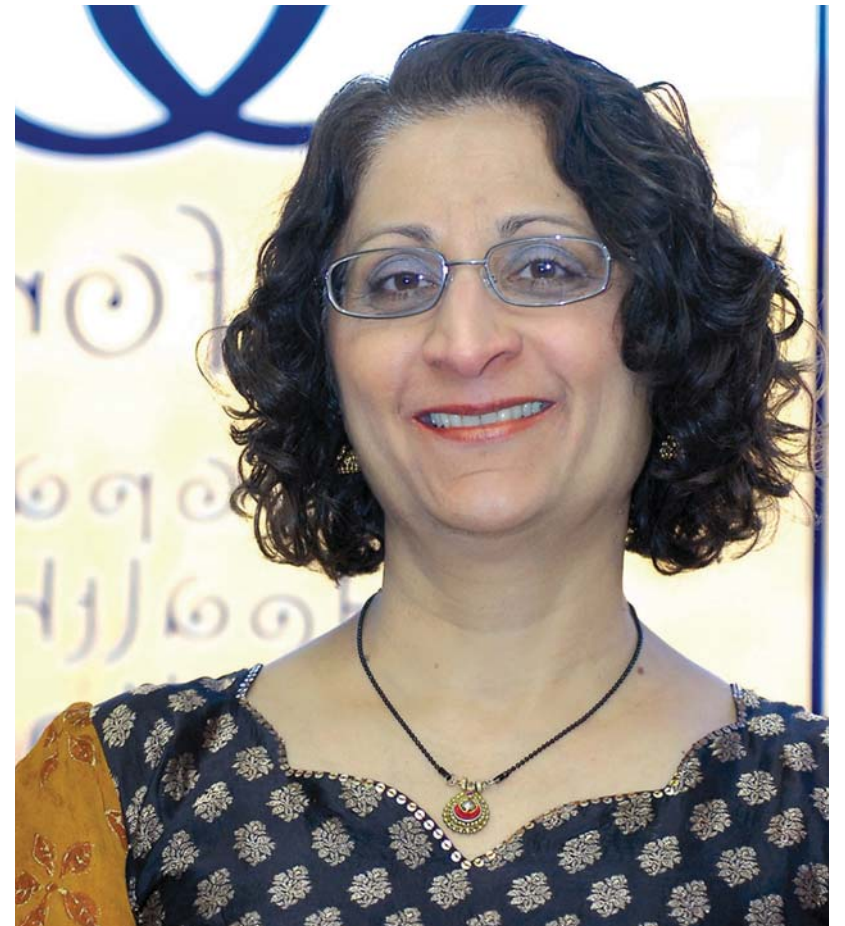
Sujata entered the homeopathic medical school in Pune. When she graduated as a gold medalist in homeopathic medicine, the vision appeared to be on the way to

being prophetic, but no successful life is without its tribulations. The turmoil of her first marriage was so untenable that her father, brother, and extended family wanted her to get out of it. But Sujata’s mother still believed that she should make the marriage work. For that reason, Sujata tried her very best for two more years.

Then, when her practice was going well, her life took an amazing turn. In Pune, a mutual friend introduced Sujata to John Owens, who was revisiting Pune but had come to India in 1972 as an exchange student. The friend suggested that Sujata and John should marry.

Theirs was a made-in-India marriage, and for 22 years in the United States, it has been a stellar partnership.

SUJATA OWENS: As a homeopath, Owens seeks a humane approach to medicine
THOM CAYA



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I Wish I Had Been Home Alone

By **JOYCE L. FAIOLA**

There are two kinds of people: those who wake with (or before) the birds and those who need a bulldozer to get them out of bed. This may seem unimportant, but when summer vacation means sharing a place with three generations (all related to you), it becomes very important.

I’ve now concluded that the July 4th, Labor Day, Thanksgiving, and Christmas holidays are the maximum number of days families should get together. During this year’s vacation, I found out that a day at the beach with my little niece is like a day in purgatory. I secured her life preserver and took my eyes off her for 15 seconds. When I glanced back toward the water, she was MIA. I quickly scanned our blanket, and there was her life jacket—by itself with no kid.

My forehead began to sweat. I ran down to the water. The waves seemed bigger than I’d ever seen them, and I screamed her name until I was hoarse. I searched the length of the shore and was ready

to grab the lifeguard when she sauntered into view with a pailful of sand gathered from somewhere out of sight. Fifteen seconds. Gray hair #495.

I need a vacation from my vacation.

Synchronizing meal times all week was pure negotiation, reminiscent of Churchill and Stalin at the Yalta Conference: “Ok, if you eat a little cereal at 10:00, I’ll eat a bagel at 7:00 and we’ll all go out for a big brunch at 12. But, if the weather’s clear, we won’t go out for brunch, we’ll go to the beach instead and eat a light lunch at one of those hamburger stands and all go out for an early-bird special at 4:30.”

I am now ready to live aboard the USS Nautilus—nine people, one showerhead, six nights. No one dared leave a towel in the bathroom for fear of seeming too territorial (but everyone’s cosmetics and bathroom sundries cautiously lined every available square inch). I spent my whole week drying my face with toilet paper because I kept forgetting to carry in a towel.

Hauling beach towels off the

clothesline on our last evening, I looked up toward the bathroom window. Horrified, I discovered that our neighbors had enjoyed a nudist camp lineup when it became embarrassingly clear that our bathroom window’s sheer curtains and overly bright ceiling light had left nothing to anyone’s imagination.

Whale watching is not for the pessimist. For \$25 per person, you spend three hours five miles offshore convinced that you’ll be the first to spot the “big one.” Even skeptical dolphins dove around our catamaran mocking us.

Two hours into the cruise, my sister lay asleep having come off her optimistic high and camera alert. (We’ve got great photos of whitecaps.) My niece got seasick and felt better after four bags of potato chips. The rest of us took a snooze and got leg cramps and itchy sunburns.

The highlight of my week was when I got to tour a 3-million-dollar historic mansion while it was being restored. Unfortunately, while running down the stairs from the widow’s walk (a restricted area that was off-limits), I fell into (yes, INTO) a floor of wet tile grout. I cut my leg and ruined my new sandals, while my expensive Italian straw bonnet flew out the window and landed three floors down in a pile of muddy water. I guess when a sign says “Keep Out” it’s for a pretty good reason.

I need a vacation from my vacation.

Humorist and freelance scribe Joyce Faiola is a consultant and designer for the hospitality industry and lives in New England. Her e-mail is JL-Faiola@Juno.com

A Man’s Point of View

Do men have strong emotional support in their lives?

By **BRUCE SALLAN**

Do men really have good support for emotional issues on a regular basis? When a man reaches a certain age and he’s depressed, he’s struggling with his place in the world, he’s going through family problems or a divorce, or financial and job worries, and the like, where can he turn?

Add into the mix that he’s a single dad and has no immediate family around and you have my situation a few years ago.

When my marriage first broke up, I was blessed to find a circle of men who supported and guided me through the horrible ups and downs that followed. No, it wasn’t some beer-drinking group of women-haters, nor a drumming in Indian war paint, a Robert Bly-type of thing. It was regular men, with regular problems, getting together and talking about the real stuff.

I’ve stayed with this group through various incarnations of men leaving and joining, for almost eight years now. Unlike the stereotypical beliefs of men’s groups, ours completely supports parenting and a man’s relationship with his spouse and children. But, unfortunately, this is unusual, as men don’t tend to maintain their close male relationships after they marry, have children, and get further into their careers.

This is a classic case where the

men and women differ greatly, since women, even if they’re working, tend to maintain their female friends, which provides a regular outlet in which to vent, to discuss, to get feedback, and to get help. It isn’t always healthy to go to your spouse with every question or concern you might have. As women tend to be influenced more by their feelings, it’s really helpful to us male slugs that they can bounce something off their friends before hitting us with it.

Let’s say, for instance, that one spouse has gained a considerable amount of weight. This is clearly a delicate subject, and how the thinner spouse approaches this completely determines whether there’s any chance for success.

Let’s face it, certain subjects always seem difficult, like talking about sexual intimacy or money issues. Our communication can often be based on assumptions and things that have nothing to do with the other spouse. This is where the feedback from the men in my group often seems to save me from myself before I swallow my foot whole, in the process of making a fool of myself with my wife or boys.

As this relates to parenting, I believe it becomes equally important for men to have other men to turn to. Dads and moms are role models for their children. Study after study con-

firms the importance of both mothers and fathers in their children’s lives. We teach our children how to be the best men and women they can be. Support from our same-sex friends is a useful form of checks and balances that our own instincts won’t always get right.

It’s natural to react to our spouses and take it personally, but it’s better to talk it out with your male friends before doing something rash or impulsive. In this regard, I credit the men in my circle with saving my dating relationship with my wife during the rocky times, getting me to the altar before she completely blew me off, and improving my relationship with my boys.

So, this column is a call to men out there to seek more male friendships, apart from male friends within other couples, foursomes at golf, other sporting associations, or via your work. How many of those men really open up to you or vice versa?

If you men don’t have men friends that you can really talk to about your life, then get out there and find them. Start your own group at a local coffee house, away from the women, or through your church or synagogue.

Make the topics of discussion personal and don’t talk just business, which is the fallback talk position, after sports, for most men. The men in my life support me, but they don’t coddle me or tell me what I want to hear. They tell me what I need to hear. We all need that.

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