

# About Me

[DMBHEALTHCONSULTANT · WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 2018](#)

I am the type of person that believes in, and treasures, accountability. Therefore, I feel I want to be accountable to those who have followed my journey over the last many years.

For those who maybe haven't followed my journey, you may have seen in recent posts where I refer to "7 years ago" (2011) which is when my health journey started. My doctor wanted to put me on cholesterol meds because it was supposedly high (runs in the family), etc. I said to him and to myself, there has got to be a better way. I picked up a book from a thrift store and couldn't put it down. The book was by Susan Powter "Sober: And Staying That Way." The odd part was, I'm not a drinker. Can count on both hands how many drinks I've had in my lifetime. What intrigued me was she talked about hypoglycemia (something I had seen mentioned once in all the self-help books I used to read - and that was just a passing mention). That started my health journey. I couldn't put the book down.

Let's backtrack a little here.....

While my health journey may have started 7 years ago, that was just the beginning of untying the metabolic knots that became known as Diane over the last 49 years.

I've been able to retrace most of my issues to something that happened when I was 7 years old. I was riding my bike on the road in front of the family home with one of my brothers. We lived at the top of a hill, and we had it timed so that if we saw the roof of a car come up over the hill, we knew we had enough time to turn into the driveway safely. Well, what I didn't take into account was if the car was going faster than I planned, like 75MPH (I was told) .....BAM! Next thing I know I'm on the pavement looking for my glasses that had flown off. Couldn't find them, so I got up and started running and crying for my dad.

I remember my parents driving me to the hospital and the doctors swabbing some iodine on my face. My mom had to leave the room, as she wasn't good with anything that had anything to do with blood. No broken bones. Nothing. My glasses didn't even break. They kept me overnight for observation. I spent the weekend at the hospital. Something happened that day, but not something that could be seen from the outside. I remember feeling very isolated and I didn't want to see my brothers and sister and told my parents so. After I got released from the hospital, I remember the schools running their hearing tests. (I think I raised my hand before she was even pressing buttons) lol!! They said nothing was wrong, but I noticed that my hearing on my left side was different. A little irritating at times, as I would have to turn my head to hear what someone said if they were on the wrong side of me, but, really, nothing notably wrong.

Fast forward about 30 years (as nothing was really going on in that time except normal childhood drama). It probably wasn't until I was in my mid thirties that I started to have nightmares. Not your normal childhood nightmares (I had those

too - like can't remember your locker combinations, falling off a cliff, running and getting nowhere), I'm talking throw-myself-off-the-bed-to-get-out-of-the-way-of-the-car-that-was-trying-to-run-me-over-in-my-dreams. Try to scream, but can't do anything but mumble.

Fast forward another 10 years, and I'm not only throwing myself off the bed and trying to scream, but now I'm running for the door (reliving the accident, sometimes almost nightly). Talk about freak my kids out!! They had to warn their friends that if they hear me scream, not to worry. Eating sugar on top of my crappy SAD diet wasn't helping. I didn't need drugs, as any time I ate anything with sugar, I would hallucinate in my dreams, just like in the spooky movies where you see things in the shadows, shadows crawling through my windows, things hanging from the ceiling. Quite the trip!!!

Here's where the 7 years ago blurb comes in to play, with changing my diet. Gave up sugar first. That felt really good, but not good enough for me. I gave up wheat, but tried to hold on to other grains. That lasted about 4 months, and then I took the nose dive and gave up all grains. I was grain-free before grain-free was cool!! lol. Lost about 30 pounds of inflammation/water in the process..... Vanity wasn't my goal, but BONUS!!!

I recently got asked this question..... "Diane, if you have eaten so "healthy" for many, many years, how can you be so out of whack??" The answer my friends is this.....I was focusing on macro-nutrients and how I felt and many books with conflicting views of what to take and what not to take. Up until about a year ago,

that was fine. But I got interested in learning more about the electron transport chain in our bodies. Folks.... that is a whole different language!!

To make a long story short, even though I started focusing more on minerals and healing at a quantum level, I was still guessing. I wanted to learn more, but felt like I had hit a roadblock in direction of learning. I was looking around at different ideas. My sister had gotten sick and that incident tipped the scale for me to get more serious with my studies. FDN?? Health Coach??? Wheat Belly Course??? Lots of ideas were flying through my head. I wanted to learn more about HTMA, as I had heard about how it can help people. The only problem was that one qualification was that I needed to have a degree in medicine in order to be accepted by the labs that did the hair testing! Well, at my age, getting a medical degree was out of the question!!

UNTIL..... my mentor, Morley Robbins, mentioned he was going to start a school devoted to mineral metabolism. I had been following his group Magnesium Advocacy Group on facebook for over a year and had learned a lot and seemed like a good place to start. I took his 16-week Copernican Training course over the summer and took the plunge to do the HTMA on myself. N=1 you know!! At least for me!! The neat part was that almost all the books, authors, doctors that I had read and learned from in my journey were the same ones that Morley had studied also - the fathers of the naturopathic movement.

EUREKA!! Last week I had a eureka moment and made an important connection. Morley mentions in his RCP video that after we turn 40, we pass the

criss-cross of magnesium and iron, and we start to accumulate more iron as we lose more magnesium the older we get. That was about the age that my nightmares started. What I learned in class is that iron loves damaged tissues, and although there wasn't any visible damage on the outside from getting hit by that car all those years ago, it is my belief that my head got knocked pretty hard (I did have an egg on my forehead for the longest time - really until recently). I think because my head got knocked, that iron accumulated in my brain which is what is causing my nightmares. I'm also under the belief that the shortness of breath that I feel in my mid back is possibly an area of impact from the car accident also. That also didn't start until recently.

Now I have a plan of attack. I am in recovery!! I need to dump that excess unbound toxic iron, bind what is usable along with any usable copper. Raise my ceruloplasmin to make the two behave!! And make sure my magnesium is optimized!! It's a little more entailed than that, but that is the basic gist.

Some of you may be able to understand these charts on your own, but I needed training to help me interpret them. I have practiced reading these charts on a couple handfuls of friends and family and think I am to the point that I may be able to help some people, that are looking for help, get a better grasp on their health. If you don't mind learning together with me, we can make a pretty good team against your health problem.

If you are seeking to change/improve your health and are tired of "guessing" what is going on inside of you, maybe you would like to give this a shot!!