

Sacred Spark

Written by Lisa Sykes, Rev. MDiv

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Sunday, 01 March 2009 00:00 - Last Updated Friday, 10 January 2014 11:03

showed high levels of mercury. Unlike many other parents, who did not know when their children were dumping mercury because they had no outward sign, I always knew when Wesley was because the rash would appear on the backs of his knees. Because of Wesley's rash, the luxury of good insurance, and an amazingly supportive spouse, I amassed a comprehensive clinical record on Wesley's poisoning.

There was no doubt that this particular cycle of chelation was worse than most. After three days of lethargy and an upset stomach for Wesley, the cycle ended. After one full day without medication, Wesley's head finally lifted from its pillow and a hint of his sweet smile showed about the corners of his lips. The return of that enchanting smile caused tears to gather in the corners of my eyes. With my help, Wesley got up slowly and came down the stairs. It was then I knew something had changed. Instead of two-footing the stairs, allowing one foot to catch up with the other before advancing another step, my son was alternating his feet upon the stairs, one step at a time. Suddenly, my child was descending the stairs as I did, and as he never before had. He was certain of his feet, and poised with his balance, and I was dumbfounded by the change.

This first revelation was followed by a second, while Wesley and I sat on the front porch relaxing after our ordeal. Wesley loved to sit out on the rocker in the breeze, whatever the season, and so I took him there, hoping the caress of spring would soothe him. When Wesley sat down, this autistic child who had always had a bewildered look on his face seemed to gaze with clarity at the world around him, and at me. I puzzled and puzzled over what had changed, unable to discern at first what was so markedly different and yet ironically, too, so subtle. It was then that I realized: Wesley's pupils had contracted in the bright sunlight. All of the months and years in which he had carried such a horrific amount of mercury, his eyes had registered his toxic state by their dilation, a clinical symptom of mercury-poisoning. Mercury had kept the pupils from shutting down, so that Wesley's eyes could not limit the amount of light that entered on a bright sunny day. Is it any wonder that he would sometimes fall to the ground and scream when moving from inside to outside? At times like that, I had been powerless to stop the light from momentarily and painfully blinding Wesley.

But now, in the softness of full daylight, Wesley did not construe the sun as his enemy. Instead, the light gave impetus for his eyes to react as they always should have, and only now could, because a substantial amount of mercury had been pulled during those three long days. I guessed, and Mary would later confirm, what Wesley had regained was his depth perception. How long had it been since the world made any visual sense to my son? Did the mercury from the Rho(D) shot lodge in his brain before birth, corrupting his light3

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Now, after an unusually large dump of mercury in Wesley's urine, Seth and I watched in amazement as our little boy sat gleefully in the tub and splashed in the water as he once had in infancy, before mercury fully invaded his brain.



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