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AN UPDATE ON GRAND SOLAR MINIMUM

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I am back to file a report on my progress, since I continue to get emails from readers suffering similarly. My paper on Grand Solar Minimum apparently struck a loud chord worldwide, and many people are happy to know their malaise is not completely mysterious. Of course, my state and symptoms may not match yours, since we have lived different lives and swim in different waters. But I like to list my findings nonetheless, since they may be of use to someone.

As you will remember, my main and almost only symptom has been morning nausea, sometimes joined to a slight weakness in the legs. But it is a nausea of a sort I have never felt before. I have always had a stomach like a goat, so I have rarely had nausea of any kind. When I did feel nauseous, it was always from food, and I usually felt like I was going to throw up. For me, that is previously what nausea meant. But this nausea isn't like that. I never feel like I am going to throw up. Nor does this problem seem to affect my bathroom, since I haven't had to deal with diarrhea or constipation. It is a nausea not caused by food, since it comes on after 8 hours of sleep. Also, I have no trouble falling asleep, and normally feel my best late in the day. Only the mornings are bad.

This nausea is like a pit in my stomach, which seems to be linked to a mild feeling of dread. I am pretty good at keeping that feeling in check, and compared to others I believe I have avoided the worst of it. I have never been plagued by fears or dreads before, and I have little reason to believe this could spin out of control. My mind keeps a pretty tight reign on my emotions, when necessary, and always has. I can normally cut them off like a faucet, which is useful at times like this.

Since I have been fighting this for many months, I have come to understand it a little better, and I haven't had morning sickness in several weeks. I am not sure if that is because Solar charge is rising or because I am doing some things right, but I will tell you what I think. I think it is a combination of the two. I think I am getting better at managing this, and I think charge is rising as well. I think Valentine's Day was the turning point and that we are in for better days ahead.

About that: I have opined before that Valentine's Day was not placed on Feb. 14 in the US by accident. In other countries it comes in different months, but here I believe they placed it in mid-February for a reason. There is a charge weakness at this time *every* year, not just in Solar Minimum. So placing a love holiday there is more than a bit perverse. People are feeling their worst, and for that reason alone will be more likely to be grumpy and belligerent. You are *most* likely to break up with a lover at this time, which of course makes a forced love holiday that much more cruel. And if you are living alone, Valentine's Day in February is like a kick to the ribs of an already crawling man.

You may think that is all just an accident and that I am being paranoid, but as we have seen, there are few accidents of that kind. Love hasn't just accidentally taken a beating in the past century. Cupid has been stalked by the merchants, gang-tackled, and pummeled unmercifully. If he weren't immortal, we would fear for his life.

But back to it. These are the things that I believe have helped me, in order of importance, least to most. First, Tulsi has helped a bit. This is a herb that acts as a very mild tranquilizer, with no side effects. It is for people like me that wouldn't even think of taking a tranquilizer promoted by the mainstream (like Valium or Xanax). Admittedly, it doesn't zap you like I assume the famous pharmaceuticals do. Its effect is barely noticeable. But, combined with a raft of other mild and natural sedatives, it can make a difference.

Magnesium also seems to help a bit. I quit taking my multi-mineral because I couldn't find one without Potassium and Iodine, but since my bottled water doesn't have much Magnesium I thought I might be coming up a bit short. Also, Magnesium is known to have a calming effect, one that I have been able to notice. It isn't strong, and you have to strain to notice the difference, but it is there, I think.

[Now may be the time to tell you I suspect that Iodine in salt is a trick like Fluoride in water. Iodized salt may once have made some sense (or not), and it is possible some poor countries may benefit from it (or not), but in the first world there is no shortage of Iodine. The normal diet is broad and rich in Iodine, so the continued promotion of Iodine is strange, to say the least. We are told that Iodine helps IQ, but my guess is that—like Fluoride—it does the opposite. Which would explain its illogical levels of promotion. Back in the 1950s they probably promoted Fluoride as making you smarter, sexier, and more attractive. These people will stop at nothing, as we should know by now.]

Staying off the computer helps, as you will not be surprised to hear. The internet is mainly a vast wasteland of mental illness, like real life but concentrated and distilled into a noxious nectar. I don't have to keep the TV turned off, since I have no reception, but if you do I recommend you unplug it and throw it out the window immediately. No amount of tranquilizers or anti-depressants can counter its harmful effects. Same for Hollywood and its flims.

Although I have normally avoided alcohol in my life, I have recently begun drinking half a glass of organic red wine late in the day instead of coffee. I used to sometimes have a second cup of coffee in the evening, since coffee never keeps me awake, but I don't anymore. Many days I have no coffee at all, and this is also easy since I don't get headaches when I stop. Anyway, the red wine seems to me to be working in at least two ways. One, it is calming. It is so calming it makes me sleepy immediately, which is a bit of a problem. I don't want to go to sleep at 8pm, so I have to force myself to pass through that window. It usually passes in about half an hour, and I no longer feel sleepy. Two, I think the red wine may be working like grape bitters, possibly flushing my liver or kidneys and helping them function. Grand Solar Minimum seems to be making my kidneys torpid, and the stress may also be short-circuiting my thyroid in minor ways. The wine seems to help in this regard. I recommend organic wine, since if you are stressed you certainly don't need the nitrates giving your kidneys more work to do. You might as well be imbibing fetid water.

For some people, the wine may also help keep your heart-rate down. Some are complaining to me of a racing pulse, which is of course a normal side-effect of dread, however caused. Solar Minimum dread, caused by insufficient charge, can also cause a racing pulse. It is not one of my symptoms, so I don't have any stories to tell or advice to give, but be just be aware of the likely cause. You are not having a heart attack (most likely). Your body is just panicking from lack of charge. Hunger can double that

panic, which is why someone like me gets edgy in the morning. I have no food in the system, and insufficient charge, and possibly insufficient water and minerals, so the body begins to panic.

For this reason, I have found it best to eat every four hours, instead of every six. When I get up at 6am to feed my cats, I have a couple of mouthfuls of bread before going back to sleep. Even that small amount is enough to keep the demons at bay.

You may ask why I stop at half a glass of wine. Well, to start with I don't like feeling drunk or even tipsy. Although other people swear by it, the feeling has never appealed to me. Another reason is that I have always had brachycardia, which is an abnormally slow pulse. My resting heart rate has held steady at about 48 since I was 25, and at night it dips down into the 30s. Alcohol can suppress that even further, at which point I feel dizzy or faint. So it is not something I want to be fooling with.

Now, last but certainly not least, is my cat therapy. You can skip this section if it gives you hives, but some of my readers will be interested. For much of the year, I have kitten therapy, meaning my momma cats have kittens which keep me entertained. Much preferable to TV or Youtube, I assure you. But in the winter we don't have kittens, so I rely on my furry people in other ways. My three-year-old female is a beautiful fluffy faux-ragdoll, unvaccinated and unfixed and therefore blooming with health, and she loves to cuddle. I have learned the magic of the kitty-rub from her. Most people think that thing cats do, kneading you with their paws, is just an oddity, but I have since learned otherwise. It is a natural thing they do innately as kittens, kneading momma to hypnotize her into letting her milk down. Grown cats continue to do it, since it reminds them of that lovely time as a kitten. If you become their mother-surrogate, you will be lucky enough to be on the receiving end of it. I say lucky, because if you learn to submit to the process, I think you can benefit from it immensely. Since they purr while they do it, it is truly hypnotic, and I now treat it like the laying-on-of-hands by a prince or princess—which it may well be. It is possible the Egyptians didn't treat cats as incarnated goddesses by accident. Whatever you think of that theory, I have felt a real calming and healing effect flowing from the cat. They generally perform their ritual on your chest, and the purring and kneading vibrations permeate all your vital organs (if you let them), creating a little nirvana. You can almost feel the biophotons moving through your torso, creating new order.

For this reason, I can strongly contradict the opinion of rabbis, who have told us cats are noxious creatures with no use to mankind. Just the opposite is the case, and in my opinion only demons or trolls would lobby against cats in any way. Dogs and some other animals are also blessings to any household, spreading health and happiness throughout it (if they are allowed to). [About the only videos at Youtube I can abide are the animal videos, where you can witness the unbelievable sweetness of animals, both domestic and wild.] But there is something special about cats.

Which leads to my closing commentary, which is admittedly a bit of a digression. Because I have viewed a few cat videos on Youtube, the Kitten Lady's channel is now being pushed on me. Her subscribers seem to love her, but I don't care much for her. Why? Although she promotes herself as a great animal lover, she recommends neutering kittens at eight weeks. I will be told she is just parroting the mainstream line, but that doesn't excuse it. Attacking the sexual organs of kittens isn't just outrageously inhumane, it is horrific. It should be outlawed. I can't imagine the mindset of “doctors” who would perform such an operation. They must know they are irreparably damaging these creatures longterm health, so we must assume they just don't care. Cats should never be neutered that early, and there is absolutely no reason to recommend it. Most cats don't become capable of reproducing until eight months, and those few that mature at six months would make that the earliest date necessary for neutering. So why recommend neutering at eight weeks? Laziness and crypto-cruelty. They think the

first owners should get the fix, I guess, since the second owners may not. But by that argument, the hospitals should inject human infants with all vaccines in the first two days, lest their parents should later decide to pass. I probably shouldn't suggest that, since it may actually come to that. And in some ways it already has. The perversity of the human race truly knows no limits. Remember, we are the ones who embraced circumcision.

The Kitten Lady also likes to scold people for having kittens. How can she not see the irony and the contradiction there? So, only she gets to have kittens? All kittens should pass through her first? Her audience parrots her self-righteousness, seeing themselves as the kitten police of the world. In one video the Kitten Lady actually stops and scolds complete strangers for having a "free kittens" sign in their front yard. It is beyond belief, really. These aren't meth-heads in downtown Detroit, selling kittens to snakefarms for drug money, these are country people living out in the boonies, giving healthy kittens to their neighbors. But the Kitten Lady stops and reads them the riot act. I am just surprised she didn't call animal control, or inform the Presidential Commission on Kittens Unsanctioned by the Kitten Lady.

You can immediately tell how good the Kitten Lady's judgment is by the tattoos covering her body. In tribal cultures, tattooing may just be body decoration, but in Modern America, I have come to regard tattooing as an almost certain sign of incipient or rooted mental illness. It is hard to judge in that regard, I admit, since almost all young people now seem to me to be suffering from greater or lesser levels of noticeable dementia. If I want to talk to someone with an unclouded brain, I normally have to seek out someone under 14 or over 60. Most of those born after 1960 can't even remember a time of relative normalcy, and the only thing they will have witnessed in culture is ever-increasing insanity. So how could they not be insane?