

# VICTORIOUS Mother S

Natural Remedies to Help Your Child  
Win the Mental Health Battle

*by Carrie Liebich*



ROYAL CASTLE

Published by Royal Castle, Inc.

Victorious Mother:  
Natural Remedies to Help Your Child Win the Mental Health Battle

VictoriousMother.com

Copyright © 2020 Carrie Liebich

ISBN: 9798640976571

All rights reserved. No portion of this book may be reproduced mechanically, electronically, or by any other means, including photocopying, without permission of the publisher or author except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews. It is illegal to copy this book, post it to a website, or distribute it by any other means without permission from the publisher or author.

#### Limits of Liability and Disclaimer of Warranty

The author and publisher shall not be liable for your misuse of the enclosed material. This book is strictly for informational and educational purposes only. The author and/or publisher do not guarantee that anyone following these techniques, suggestions, tips, ideas, or strategies will become successful. The author and/or publisher shall have neither liability nor responsibility to anyone with respect to any loss or damage caused, or alleged to be caused, directly or indirectly by the information contained in this book.

#### Medical Disclaimer

The medical or health information in this book is provided as an information resource only, and is not to be used or relied on for any diagnostic or treatment purposes. This information is not intended to be patient education, does not create any patient-physician relationship, and should not be used as a substitute for professional diagnosis and treatment.

Opinions expressed in this book are solely the opinions of the author and do not express the views of Young Living. Young Living does not endorse, is not responsible for, and makes no representations or warranties regarding such content or its accuracy. The reader shall verify the explanations and opinions presented. Young Living shall not be liable for any harm resulting from or in connection with reliance on any such content.

#### Publisher

Royal Castle Inc.  
Scottsdale, AZ, USA

Printed in the United States of America

# DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to every Victorious Mother out there.

I believe in you!

Hold on to my belief in you  
until you believe in yourself.

When you believe in yourself, don't give up, and  
don't settle for less than the very best.

You will not only reach your dreams,  
you will leave a legacy!



# **FOREWARD**

Are you a mother tired of watching your child suffer from a mental health condition and desperately looking for hope? Would you love to sit and learn from a mother who has fought the fight and won, using natural remedies? Are you looking to become a Victorious Mother in the battle of mental health? If so, *Victorious Mother: Natural Remedies to Help Your Child Win the Mental Health Battle* is a must-read for you!

I met Carrie in August of 2019, and the first thing I noticed was her incredible passion for children who suffer from mental health conditions. She naturally has an infectious personality, but once she begins teaching about winning your child's mental health battle, it's hard not to be moved to tears. She puts her heart and soul into every story, every piece of advice, and every word of encouragement.

As a mom, it's easy to relate to the sheer determination Carrie shows when she shares about wanting to take care of her babies, and to trust her own instincts. On more than

## *Foreward*

one occasion, I found myself at the crossroads of choosing to either follow my own motherly instincts or the advice of a professional.

Carrie is a natural at making you believe in yourself and teaching you how to tap into your maternal instincts to be able to help your son or daughter. Spend one hour with Carrie, and you will have a renewed sense of energy to get back in the fight so you can get your child back both mentally and emotionally.

*Victorious Mother* is a riveting story of hope, empowerment, and wisdom that she learned from the school of hard knocks. This is not your typical mental health book. This book is written in a way your heart will instantly be knit together with Carrie's heart, and the two of you will walk hand in hand down this very difficult path. As she walks with you every step of the way, you will feel her love and passion with every word so carefully written on each page. This book is her love letter to you, and it is fabulous. Carrie has such an incredible gift to share with the world.

I highly recommend Carrie Liebich and her book, *Victorious Mother*.

*~Angel Tuccy*

**Victorious Mother and Best Selling  
Author of Eleven Books**

# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To my beloved husband, **Bill Liebich**, your love, encouragement, support, and sacrifice that you have given in making this book happen means the world to me. I am so very thankful to have you in my life and to be with you while we go through this journey together. You are a constant source of joy to me, and I am grateful that I said “Yes” to you over two decades ago. You are an amazing man of God, and I love you and appreciate all that you do every day!

To my wonderful children, **Ezekiel, Abigail, Bethany, Rebekah, Jubilee, Malachi, Hosanna, and Solomon**, you are a constant source of joy, laughter, and fun. I enjoy watching you explore life, learn new skills, master difficult tasks, and figure out solutions. I’m amazed at the care, love, and support you show for your brothers and sisters and your willingness to help. You are the reason I began this journey to become a Victorious Mother and would never settle for less. Your health and quality of life is that important to me! I love each and every one of you, and I am proud of you!

## *Acknowledgements*

To my family, **Don & Arlene Kent, Brian & Tanya Liebich, Jim Liebich, Roger & Rosemary Liebich, Georgeann & David Wellfare, Karl & Lauren Wellfare, and to my extended family**, thank you for the love, care, guidance, and support you have given me! I appreciate the faith in Christ that you instilled in me and your continued prayers for my well-being and success. I always enjoy and look forward to our time together. Your encouragement, positivity, and belief in me has meant a great deal to me. Thank you for helping me always do better, push myself, and not give up. I love you!

To my local church family at **Vail Christian Church and my church family all over the world**, thank you for praying for me and my family, asking me about my book's progress, testing my knowledge and abilities, and being a source of encouragement.

To my friends, **Tomya Arroyo, Bethany Brown, Dawn Brownwell, Troy & Wendy Cameron, Donna Cettolin, Ben & Marissa Christensen, Betsy Clark, Guenivier Crankshaw, Gordon & Corie DeVries, Nicole Franklin, Laurel Dobson, Sarah Harnisch, Aaron & LaCage Henderson, Jennifer Holland, Heidi Hovan, Diane Jenkins, Sera Johnson, Sara Jokela, Beth Kiefat, Frank Kemberling, Tami Lewis, Brain & Skyla Mann, Michael & Carrie McVige, Allison Moore, Sarah Penner, Brent & Sarah Reimers, Reuben & Amanda Rog, David & Lightmoon Squire, Gabe & Amanda Uribe, Cheryl Vandegrift, Teresa Valmonte, Oliver & Ellen Wenker, and Sami Woolf**, thank you for your friendship, your trust, explanations, prayers, concerns, joys, and knowledge. All of these things are what keeps me

moving on when we have had hard times, and I appreciate your questions, stories, and encouragements that made this book a reality.

To **Amanda Uribe**, thank you for being willing to share essential oils and chocolate with me in the hospital on that frozen January night. You changed my life forever that night, and I will never forget your love and kindness. My family is eternally grateful for your courage and your gifts. Jubilee and Ezekiel are alive and thriving because you answered God's nudge to come visit me that night. It is because of you, this book became a reality!

To **Tami Lewis and Marissa Christensen**, back in our hotel room that night after the seminar, you insisted this book was worth writing. Had you not done that, I would have gone back home, and it would have become a distant memory. You both have been instrumental at holding me accountable and making sure I finish what I started! I am forever grateful!

To my book cover designer, **Reuben Rog**, thank you for taking my vision and making it a reality. I knew I could count on you to execute perfection.

To my editors, **Bill Liebich, Allison Moore, and Donna Cettolin**, thank you for the countless hours you have spent reading, correcting, and formatting. I know this book could not have happened without you! And quite honestly, if it weren't for you, I'm convinced this book would have never been printworthy. I am so grateful you helped me get this book into the hands of Victorious Mothers all over the world.



# **TABLE OF CONTENTS**

Introduction: You're the Hero	– 3
Chapter One: The Beginning to Empowerment	– 9
Chapter Two: Put Out the Fire With Frank	– 41
Chapter Three: Put Out the Fire With CBD	– 55
Chapter Four: Essential Oil Basics	– 71
Chapter Five: Calm Down and Sleep	– 93
Chapter Six: Focus and Clarity	– 119
Chapter Seven: Communication	– 137
Chapter Eight: Emotions	– 153
Chapter Nine: Diet	– 173
Chapter Ten: Toxins and Poisons	– 207
Chapter Eleven: Cleansing	– 239
Chapter Twelve: Victory Pose	– 267



# INTRODUCTION

## You're the Hero

*"I am victorious!"*

By the time the three of us had entered the room and closed the door behind us, the familiar full-blown rage had started. Ezekiel's face was beet red, and he had entered the "claw-at-your-face" stage. My husband, Bill, quickly sat down on the floor, pulled Ezekiel into his lap, and bear hugged him. My job was to help Bill keep Ezekiel's hands and nails away from his face and to limit the number of times he was able to kick Bill. Ten minutes turned to twenty minutes, which then turned to thirty minutes. Sweat was pouring down everyone's face. The familiar thoughts entered my mind once again. *How can anyone scream and rage for so long? This is longer than last time; please, dear God, make this stop!* Then, like

## *Introduction: You're the Hero*

a switch being flipped, everything changed. Ezekiel's body completely relaxed; he drew one long, deep breath, turned his face towards Bill, and said, "I'm thirsty; may I have some water?"

"Yeah Buddy, you can have some water." Bill replied.

With the sweetest face ever, Ezekiel smiled, stood up from Bill's lap, and walked to the bathroom to grab a glass of water. Bill and I, still sitting on the floor, looked at each other, and as a tear escaped my eye, we both drew what little energy we had left to get up and follow after him. It was over. Peace was here once again for at least another hour.

I remember clearly those days. I was a mom desperate for help. To no avail, I searched high and low looking for someone with a similar story, anxiously hoping for guidance on this path to help my son have better days. Daily, I would stare at the cabinet full of medication he was already taking and cry out to God, "There has to be a better way. Surely someone out there has written a book and shared their struggles and triumphs."

Ezekiel is eighteen years old now, and I ended up having to become my own expert. I've spent the last seventeen years looking for remedies to help him, and eight years ago, I finally found answers. The results were miraculous, and soon my natural-remedy-minded friends begged to hear my son's story. They also begged me to write a book, but I always shrugged it off. The world seemed happy with using medication to treat mental health.

Then one day, I was at an event held by Brendon Burchard, the world's leading high-performance coach. As he

was talking to the audience, he pointed his finger at the crowd and said, “You have a story to tell, and the world needs to hear it!” He repeated this three times, and each time, I replied in my head, “Nope, I don’t. They’ll eat me alive, and my son will be ridiculed for the rest of his life. You don’t understand; I can’t tell my story.” The third time, it was as if he pointed directly at me, and in that moment, a light bulb went off in my head. I had connected the dots.

I have been telling my story to one person at a time since 2013, but in that moment, I realized all I had to do was write my story as if you were over for coffee asking me questions I answer every day. When I imagined sitting across the table from you, all of the fear washed away. I’d do anything for you, and of course I’m going to tell you my story, no matter how many naysayers are lining up to mudsling. Behold, an entire book was written, because I “know” you. I don’t know your name, but I promise this book was written for you, and one day I want to meet you and give you a hug.

Figuring out how to organize *Victorious Motherhood* had to have been my biggest challenge. This book was not written in the order I would tackle the mental health battle, with the exception of starting out with Frankincense and CBD. But I had to put myself back in the time when I’d given up all hope and was desperate for results. For me, this meant that everything I tried needed to have immediate gratification. Back then I was too tired, too emotionally hurt, and too close to the verge of a complete breakdown to not have immediate results. I had already had so many failures; I needed a win. The first part of this book was written to show you everything I tried that got results quickly. I wanted to arm you with some powerful natural weapons before you tackle the harder issues in the second half of this book.

## *Introduction: You're the Hero*

I'm the kind of person that likes to know how challenging the course will be before I put on my running shoes. If you're anything like me, here it is: depending on how far along you are on the natural remedy path, some of these chapters could be considered very challenging. It will grow you and stretch you in ways you did not realize were possible. Ultimately, you may never have picked up this book had you known all of the challenges you were about to face. Take it one day at a time, changing minor things as you are ready, and eventually you will be at the finish line. The reward is sweet, and the blessing is huge. When you've arrived on the other side, you will look back and say, "This is absolutely worth it!"

From one Victorious Mother to another, as you go through your journey, be wary of believing everything you've heard or read. The modern trend of many bloggers and other news article writers is to write very compelling opinion pieces which leave you fearful of natural remedies, and even of the companies that provide the natural remedy solutions. These opinion articles create fear, present the information as undisputed fact, and are rarely sourced. The times I've followed their source links, they once again point to another unverified opinion article. Remember, you need to be asking to see their source, so you can verify if what you've been told is actually the truth. Search out content which is heavily sourced, scientific, double-blind studied, and/or full of verifiable facts.

This is why it's so important for Victorious Mothers to think, connect the dots, read between the lines, verify sources, and use their God-given instinct and common sense. Victorious Mothers are highly intelligent thinkers who pull from multiple verified sources to draw logical conclusions to win the mental health battle.

Throughout this book, I use the pronoun “he” or “him” just to keep things simple. I fully understand that there are many wonderful Victorious Mothers out there with precious girls looking to win the mental health battle as well. I see you Victorious Mother. This book is just as much for our precious girls as it is for our wonderful boys.

Now that we’ve gotten that out of the way, grab a dry erase marker and write on your bathroom mirror, “Victorious Mother.” That’s you! Read it out loud every single day, every time you use that bathroom. I know you can do this; I know you will do this. You will struggle. You will have days that you want to throw this book at the wall, but remember who you are – you are victorious. The battle is not won in a single day; it is won by small, consistent effort applied daily. You are part of something bigger than yourself, a movement which is sweeping across the nation where mothers join hands, stand together in unison, and with one voice say, “Enough. I am enough. No matter how hard the road, my child and I will win this battle!”

Say it with me – “I am victorious!”

Are you ready to go deeper? Good. Let’s go!

*Carrie*



# CHAPTER One

## The Beginning to Empowerment

*“I swallowed the doubt and fear, and then jumped.”*

---

If knowledge is power, then I was once the weakest mother on the planet. I was thrilled about becoming a mother when I found out I was pregnant with my first child just days after the horrific September 11<sup>th</sup> attack. Like many first-time moms, I went into full blown “protection mode” over my unborn child. I read all the books I could get my hands on and interrogated every mother who would enlighten me. Fortunately for me, mothers love giving advice, and people love writing books, so by the time my sweet baby boy arrived, I was confident I could handle the calling of “motherhood.”

## *The Beginning to Empowerment*

But this begs the question – why did I see myself as the weakest mother on the planet back then? Because in my search for knowledge there was not one person, including my OBGYN and my son’s pediatrician, who was ever able to educate me on raising a child with a serious mental health condition. It either wasn’t known back in 2002 or it wasn’t “something people talked about.” Hindsight 20/20 - people knew, but shame kept them from speaking.

All “good” parents of children with mental health problems kept their children out of the public eye, lest anyone find out and sit them down for another heart-to-heart education on how “you just need to give him a swift spanking,” or “if you keep letting him act up and treat you poorly, you’ll end up raising a monster for all of ‘us’ to have to deal with since you won’t!” For the next four years, Bill and I navigated uncharted waters ... completely alone. Don’t worry, though, we were “good” parents; you probably didn’t know me back in 2002, but I’m positive, if we did know each other, we rarely met.

After an uncomplicated pregnancy, my baby boy, Ezekiel, was born through induced but otherwise normal labor at forty-one weeks, weighing seven pounds, thirteen ounces. He was circumcised within twenty-four hours of birth and stayed up to date on all of his vaccines. He never missed a well-baby visit, and per doctor’s orders, before and after every vaccine, I administered acetaminophen. He was breastfed, and he slept through the night for eight hours by seven weeks old. He was so happy when he was awake; he loved catching my eye and breaking out into the biggest chubby grin ever. He hit all of his milestones early, until his six-month vaccines, when it all came to a screeching halt.

I remember the day so clearly. I was elated! My body was finally feeling normal again, and I had become a master at nursing in public! This was a huge accomplishment for me, because I spent the first few months of nursing trying not to give up. Oh, I made plenty of milk; after nursing Ezekiel until his little belly looked like a soccer ball, I would pump off another ten ounces from each side! With so much milk came many yeast infections and mastitis the first few weeks/months. I made several trips to my OBGYN back then for fungal creams and antibiotics. But my sweet, chubby, happy, “perfect” baby boy was doing so well, my suffering was worth it.

Let’s get back to “that” day. His well-baby visit went fine, just like all the rest. I spent fifteen minutes answering a pre-typed milestone form; the doctor made sure I checked all the correct boxes; Ezekiel’s vitals were taken; and then the doctor did “the turkey’s done” test. You know the procedure, right? They take off the diaper and rotate the hips checking to make sure ... actually, I don’t know what they are checking, but I swear it looks like the same thing I do every Thanksgiving when I check to see if the turkey leg pops off easily, indicating to me it’s done cooking. Ezekiel passed this test too. He was “done.” He confirmed his “doneness” by shooting poop across the exam table when the doctor moved both legs up and towards his full belly.

If you know me, then you know I commented. Without breaking into a smile, I said, “Given the fact you didn’t even flinch when “Rocket Butt” aimed and fired, I’m thinking you expected to be shot with poop, and this is pretty routine for you.”

## *The Beginning to Empowerment*

He didn't even lift his eyes to answer; he just folded the diaper back up and said, "All part of my job. Your son is a healthy boy. The nurse will be in shortly to give him his shots."

There we were, my super happy baby, feeling rather proud of himself for relieving so much pressure, and me standing there trying to keep "Rocket Butt" from falling off the exam table while I one-handedly cleaned up the poop blast. Good times. I had mostly cleaned all of it up before the sweet nurse walked in and commented, "Oh, look at all those rolls! I love chubby babies. This is going to hurt a little; did your mommy already give you Tylenol?"

I smiled, nodded, and replied, "Yes, Ma'am," and then she squeezed his chubby thigh and poked him with the needle. Of course he cried, but I was quick to give him his pacifier, and he somewhat soothed.

"All done," she said, as she threw away the needle into the nearly full biohazard container, "You can make his next well-baby visit at the front desk. Goodbye, chubby baby. Goodness, I love those baby rolls."

Quickly, I gathered what felt like four hundred pounds of baby gear and my sweet but now fussy "chubby baby, rocket butt" and fumbled to the front desk. Somehow, I managed to make his next appointment while rocking and whispering to him, "Shhhh, you're okay. Mommy's here, shhhh."

The receptionist, trying to reassure me, said, "Oh, poor baby, you must have gotten your shots today? You'll feel better soon, little man."

For the next hour, Ezekiel alternated between sucking on his pacifier with a slight fuss to a full-blown back-arching scream. It's not like he had never cried before, but this cry was so unfamiliar to me and put such fear in my heart, I remember pulling the car over to check on him twice on the short drive home. To myself, I said, "Just get him home." I was still a very new mom, and although I thought I was rocking this "new mom" thing when I walked into the doctor's office, by the time I was walking out, my anxiety was at its peak, or so I thought.

Once home, I was quick to get back to my routine. No matter what I did, he continued alternating between calmness and screaming, even during his naps. I remember hearing one of his blood-curdling screams over the baby monitor and rushing up the stairs two at a time to check on him. By the time I had gotten to the side of his crib, he was sleeping peacefully again. "What in the world is going on? Lord, help me," I'd pray. This went on for the duration of his nap and the rest of the day. At the time, I truly believed it was gas pain and tortured myself trying to figure out what I had eaten in the last twenty-four to forty-eight hours that could have caused such a dramatic change to my once happy baby.

Before you throw this book into the fireplace, let me make myself perfectly clear, I am not anti-vaccines. In fact, during the time this took place back in 2002, I was one hundred percent pro-vaccines, and – this is important, pay attention – I never, ever considered Ezekiel's fussiness and all that was about to unfold as being connected to the vaccines he was receiving. I loved his pediatrician, his nurses, and everything about Western medicine. I was, at the time, the perfect model for how a parent should think and act according to the American Academy of Pediatrics and their standards.