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## I'd dragged my autistic son to Mongolia to be healed by horses and witchdoctors. Had I totally lost my mind?

By Rupert Isaacson  
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**In a new book, Rupert Isaacson tells the story of his son Rowan, who disappeared into his own lonely world after being diagnosed with autism, which also plunged him into wild tantrums. On Saturday, in our first extract, Rupert revealed how meeting traditional shaman medicine men, and a horse named Betsy, finally helped Rowan begin to express himself - and inspired a remarkable journey in pursuit of lasting healing...**

Exactly how I had pictured our arrival in Mongolia I don't know. Straight off the plane and on to the steppe, I guess, with wild horses waiting for us, smiling nomads cheering, cattle, goats and yaks doing some kind of Broadway number in the background and wolves and bears accompanying on sax and trombone.

Certainly not sitting in a second-rate hotel room in the ugly scar of Mongolia's capital, Ulan Bator, trying to work out where on Earth I could find chips for my five-year-old autistic son. For the millionth time, all my fears about this trip came flooding back.

What had possessed me to drag my emotionally and physically incontinent son Rowan and long-suffering wife Kristin halfway across the world in pursuit of some crazy dream?