# PRESCRIPTION DESCRIPTIONS

**Loudest Jaw Bone Crack I've Ever Heard ~ 2nd Visit = DEEPER ~ Self Cracker ~ ASMR Chiropractic TMJ.**

"TO THE BATCAVE"

I see your fire...

Sometimes presented as a gentle solitary flame on a candle, dancing playfully with the slightest whisper of wind.

Other times you're like an escaped glowing ember that catches flight on an idea or piece of music, finally landing on someplace very suitable for GROWTH... You begin to spread and your intensity heightens... The light brightens... Getting hotter as you devour movement with your dancing.

And my favorite: When you're a morning campfire left over from the night, coals smoldering, seemingly harmless until...

BOOM!

Forest Fire...

Now it's 5:31 in the morning and the birds outside my window are whistling a chant. And I have deciphered their message for you.

Solitude opens the pathways towards inner truth.

All that it takes is a deep dive past the superficial thoughts of the surface mind.

The dive is likened to that of a shamanic death. The vehicle can be the drum or plant medicine. The shaman delves deep into the unconscious world of symbolic language and hidden meanings to find the cure. And when the pearl is found, he emerges. Born again.

According to many Native American totem structures, the animal symbol for this process is...

The bat.

*SIDE NOTE: In case you didn't know, the bat is the most likely reservoir for the Coronavirus.*
*Poetic.*
*Side note over... Back to the bat.*

Her time to fly is in the night. She is blind to the information carried by light waves. She uses the reflection of sound to guide her journey, singing and dancing through the darkness.

Then like many other mammals, she returns home to her family.

And unlike many other creatures, finds rest as she hangs upside down.

The bat has a unique physiological adaptation to make this happen. When most mammals make a fist it takes muscular energy to grasp and tighten. However, the closed position of the bat claw is the resting position. So as the bat flies up to the roof of the cave, she exerts energy to open the claw and then *relaxes* the muscles. The claws automatically grasp the ceiling and she is free to rest and sleep.

The inverted position also allows for an easy take-off, because little bat's legs are too small to run, and her wings are not designed to lift her against gravity. In the upside down position, she is ready to fly. *All she has to do is let go*

Just like a human being in utero, assuming the head-down position, waiting to be born into the (new) world.

Just wondering... has your world been turned upside down recently?

The legend of bat is here to teach all of us the mystical ritual of rebirth.

And Julia is here for a follow up to teach us that *second* visits bringeven *deeper adjustments.*

It's no coincidence that this channel features people getting their first adjustment. 90% of the American population has *never* been adjusted. Aside from making top-notch ASMR videos, there has always been the intention to demonstrate a medical art form that is both *effective and saf*e. Thus, making it less scary for the people out there who have never been cracked. Or sometimes, cracked in the wrong way.

Last week's episode with Skylar was a great example of such. And Skylar (who makes a brief appearance here) was brought to the office by her friend, Julia.

NOW... In this follow up video with Julia we see several examples of how the spine can potentially change from the 1st visit to the 2nd visit.

Her reaction to the pelvic adjustments... She literally vocalized the difference between the first and second visits. She also pointed out how it differed from her own self cracking... Another population that I intend to continue communicating with.

And you can hear it in her neck adjustments as well. The cavitations are thicker and crispier.

In the thoracic spine... Oh what a treat. Julia's first visit brought some noise in the upper T spine but the lower thoracic was tough. We used several maneuvers to

finally get the release. But here the upper T spine was relatively quiet. Just a few pre-cracks which are the superficial "do it myself" kind of cracks.

But once you get past the surface...

As seen in the Lower T Spine...

And the TMJ...

BOOM!

Forest Fire.

From my experiential perspective what we are seeing here is *change*. The easy cracks are more stable and the deeper cracks have been released. Maybe for the first time ever.

It's the same spine... Rebirthed.

NOW...

The sun is rising, my friends. And most of the humans in this part of the world are finding their daily rebirth rituals of breakfast & tea.

The fire is being lit.

I'm headed off to the yoga mat to practice handstands...

And to look for the pearl.

4990/5000

**Facial Paralysis After At-Home Neck Crack. Adjustment? Chiropractic 4 Shoulder Pain + Migraine ASMR**

HEINOUS EASTER MANIPULATION

On Easter Sunday I found a large bag of old children's shoes. It's pretty common to get a sense of nostalgia when I'm cleaning up after my kids (especially when they're at their mom's). I noticed a tinge of guilt... It was Easter and we weren't eating chocolate out of plastic eggs.

Which is ridiculous because we don't celebrate Easter. We honor the season change at the equinox with a candlelight ceremony, sharing gratitude for *what was* and intentions for *what will be*. But the religious holiday programming runs deep in my neuronal network.

I was starting to get hungry too.

My numerology report for the day was clear that "today was a family day... don't plan it, just do it."

So I swallowed my pride and texted their mother... Because in my eyes there's no reason we can't all hang out.

"Hey... If you don't have any plans for today I can set up an Easter egg hunt for the kids... How about if I order some Masala and you, D (her current partner), and the girls come over later for an egguinox hunt and some Indian cuisine."

She agreed.

But I had no eggs and no chocolate.

Just a bag of shoes.

So I raided my change jar and put quarters inside the shoes. Some I left empty, some had a little note saying "One Ticket for Dinner at a Restaurant of Your Choice."

I made little scavenger checklists.

They had to calculate their findings to determine if they found all the shoes. They had to make pairs with each other to earn surprises. They had to make decisions about future dinner plans.

There wasn't any chocolate... But they found some math practice, sibling cooperation skills, and hope for a future when we can leave the house again.

I also took the opportunity to ask their mother to decide which shoes could be donated or given to friends. And since she has all the mom group connections, I sent the bags home with her.

Did I mention... I also asked her to pick up the food on her way over?

The shoes were sorted and destined for new feet, dinner delivered, and I got extra time with my kids on a day I don't normally see them.

At the end of the day, I wondered if I was being manipulative... Scandalous even.

SHIFTING TOPIC ENTIRELY..

Skylar's video provided a mountain of content for all sorts of audiences.

The ASMR here is top-notch... Even with Julia in the room we were able to sink into some deep silence and quiet verbal exchanges, which really accentuated the joint cavitations and crinkly face paper.

This time, I didn't forget the non-crinkles during the cervical adjustment

NOW... when a patient tells me they've had facial paralysis, loss of vision, hearing, and "one time passed out" after a neck crack, THIS IS A RED FLAG.

I performed the VBAI tests, Maigne's & DeKleijn's to determine safety. I edited them out because the camera was pointing nowhere useful and, to be honest, I was more concerned about medical due diligence at the moment more so than the video.

Her prone cervical examination revealed a moderate to severe degree of soft tissue adhesions in the upper cervical area. Given her age, and the age at which she experienced her symptoms, the probable mechanism for her neck extension facial paralysis is most likely soft tissue... not atherosclerosis. EXTREME CAUTION was taken in the upper cervical adjustment.

And now we can ask one of the most important questions in chiropractic:

Can an adjustment cause a stroke?

I've been through the literature, my friends. And I've read enough to say that there has yet to be a conclusive, definitive study that can produce an accurate statistical occurrence for what is known as: vertebrobasilar artery incident (VBAI). Which occurs on its own even without a chiropractor.

According to malpractice insurance statistics, a chiropractic adverse event (AE) has 3 components:

1) Lack of knowledge and diagnostic error.
2) Lack of technical skill.
3) Lack of rational clinical attitude.

Anything can happen at any time, but a VBAI AE only occurs when a specific patient type gets a SPECIFIC type of adjustment. And a good doctor of chiropractic knows how to identify and mitigate the risk

Otherwise... 1 in 8 million, in my humble opinion.

SHIFTING TOPICS...

It was a sincere thrill to demonstrate "auscultation of the musculoskeletal system."

It is not taught in school and is rarely practiced.

A PubMed search brings some fascinating history of old-time physicians listening to joints for arthritis. One doc even designed a special microphone for conducting examinations. lol

Which brings us to the end, or really, the beginning.

"Paralysis after Neck Crack" is a great title, isn't it? I hope it pulls in some hopeful chiropractic patients who are also fearful of neck crackings.

Is that manipulative? Scandalous?

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**Very Crackly + A Dinger. Chiropractic ASMR CRACKS & RELAX.**

<u>In Traditional Chinese Medicine... EVERYTHING is connected.</u>

Energy moves through the meridians of the body. Each meridian is connected to an ORGAN. Each organ regulates a specific EMOTION.

With my eyes closed, I look at the world.

I notice the movement caused by the invisible forces of air flowing in and out of my lungs.

That's when I realize the symbolic meaning underneath this global respiratory distress condition...

And the imminent importance of understanding the process we are all undergoing together, and how it relates to the lung and the emotion that is governed there...

Which is GRIEF.

The grieving process is usually identified with that of loss. Deaths, relationships, possessions, status, etc. It cautions us to become aware of the normal tendency of the human being to... Hold on.

Which of course, only makes the transition last longer.

The classic stages of the grieving process look like this:

1) Denial
2) Anger
3) Bargaining
4) Depression
5) Acceptance

Now, this isn't a sappy, overly worded blog article... It's a poorly punctuated description to a finely crafted ASMR chiropractic video. : -)

So I don't need to detail each stage with definitions and examples filled with fantastically dramatic scenarios that are illogical and random, bringing your mind past the boundaries that you would go yourself...

OKAY, maybe just 1...

There you are... Standing on the side of a mountain, hungry and naked. You've just given all of your clothes to a young alligator who came swimming up the trickling, icy creek crying a story of how he lost his grandparents and his puppy. You feel the warmth of his smile as he wraps himself in your cotton clothing and you ACCEPT your current position.

But only for a moment... Until you see the alligator parents coming up the creek... With their other 2 dogs and a picnic basket.

Of course... You're in total DISBELIEF that you just got scammed by a croca-child. Of course, you're PISSED. You immediately begin to NEGOTIATE terms to get your clothes back. Even worse...The parents are negotiating too. "Shouldn't they just be teaching this little con artist how to behave according to normal human being rules of society?", you wonder.

So you're PISSED again.

But since there is no way out of this situation (because alligators are ferocious) and the emotional rock and the physical hard place are squeezing your chest so tight that it becomes difficult to breathe...

You slowly slip into a DEEP SADNESS that evokes a type of pain that can't be examined, bandaged, or medicated.

A time when Hafez says, "You may pull out a ruler and measure every angle in your darkness, the beautiful dimensions of a heart you once trusted."

That's when you know you've reached DEPRESSION.

Where the only remedy is the condition itself.

Hiding from it with substances only sends it to the other room, where it does push-ups and drinks performance enhancement beverages... Waiting.

And the moment when you think you've successfully "self-medicated" ... You'll find yourself staring into the eyes of someone who truly cares for you, wants you. It's TRUE LOVE... and BOOM! you are unable to return that love because YOU ARE STILL SCARED of what once happened in your heart.

...

I'm not entirely sure if that's accurate. I just looked up "stages of grief" on the internet and that was the first thing I found.

The point is:

The 5 steps don't have to be taken in order. You might skip around. And some steps go quicker than others or repeat themselves.

HOWEVER, I may offer the potential possibility for you to choose...

When you reach the SHU...

You HAVE TO FEEL IT...

Before you can head down the path of acceptance.

Speaking of paths...

Bri is on the path towards law enforcement. A perfect job for a Sagittarius who calls it like it is without emotional baggage. That's most people with a Sag sign, not just her. She's pretty badass, though.

But her spinal mystery will stay hidden in the story of "when I was a kid I popped my vertebra out of place."

That could have been anything

Hats off to the mindful deadlifter. I've seen a lot of deadlift blown discs and the story is always the same. "Felt a little twinge ... Kept on going...", then they can't move for a week.

It's just another example of needing to give something up before you REALLY HAVE TO GIVE IT UP.

You settle for your underwear and a sandwich.

And the medicine is in your tears.

Now wipe them away and let them go.

Because the grieving process of LOSS does not mean that you yourself have died.

Death is only for the way of life that no longer serves your highest potential.

Mission Complete.

And now it's time for you... ALL OF US, to get ready for the next chapter.

5000/5000

**CHIROPRACTIC For Headache, Migraine, Back Pain. Stay Safe from COVID 19.**

Have You Ever Been In...Sane?

The word SANITARY is derived from the Latin word "sanus" which means "healthy, sane."

From the Latin root "SANE" we find the literal derivatives of "sound & healthy" and the figurative phrase "of sound mind, rational."

Poetry.

Hand washing, sanitizers, face masks, and social distancing are the new normal. But if we told people at the onset of 2020 that our immediate future would look like this... They might have said, "that's crazy."

Don't be a fool. Regardless if today is April 1st.

The precautions are simple and effective... But expensive.

Many people are going to miss a paycheck, maybe two.

I trust that a year from now that most people will be able to look back and say, "everything turned out okay."

People are moving. Some are forced from their homes.

Let's all pray for them.

Banks are giving loans. Forgiveness programs implemented. Stimulus checks.

STIMULUS: originally a medical term that meant "something that goads a lazy organ"

I also see that NO NEW COUNTRY, REGION, OR AREAS have reported a case of COVID-19 in the last 48 hours. Is the spread slowing, I wonder?

A U.K. panel has downgraded COVID-19 from an HCID (high consequence infectious disease), but the stay at home recommendation stands.

Today I went past the stats from WHO and PA.gov.  I came across this sound piece from REASON.com reporting the testimony of British epidemiologist Neil Fergusson. Worth the read, in my humble opinion.

https://reason.com/2020/03/27/no-british-epidemiologist-neil-ferguson-has-not-drastically-downgraded-his-worst-case-projection-of-covid-19-deaths/

And today, I re-open my office with newly implemented procedures to keep people...SANE.

Because pain can take a lot out of a person. It uses up precious energy. Energy that could be used for patience, tolerance... Keeping calm.

Waiting room magazines have been removed. We've cut the number of appointments down and are seeing urgent cases only. (Like Rachel, who called in agony with a mind splitting migraine.)

All payments and scheduling are being done via telephone, as Erin works the front desk from a remote location. I've got facemasks, gloves, sanitization supplies.

And I've set forth my own stimulus package for people out of work, offering low to no-cost care to those who need it most.

The medicine is available, my friends.

Music, puzzles... Playing games.

Reading, writing... Stimulate your brains.

And stay away from the ugly monster of sensationalized language.

SENSATIONALIZE:  "aiming at violently exciting effects."

People are dying. But that's no different than any other day.

It's quite the conundrum.

The most important thing we can all do... Is stay sane.

In your own personal asylum.

ASYLUM: From the Latin word ASILE meaning "place of refuge, sanctuary"
From the Greek word Asylon meaning "safe from violence, inviolable"

Have you ever been in... Sane?

It's a lovely place actually.

Although it's difficult to get there quickly.

Because they don't have any airports in... Sane.

..

You have to be driven there.

..

In this week's episode - SOT (Sacro- Occipital Technique) trumps Gonstead.

Cheerleaders and ballerinas will forever be the most difficult cases to stabilize. An already hyper flexible body is given a set of athletic movements that perpetuate instability.

It's not like football, baseball, or basketball. Where players are taught to stand with a low center, knees slightly bent to encourage adaptability and buoyancy, arms out front and ready for impact.

"Stay back" is the creed in almost all sports. In baseball, you're taught to wait for the ball. Basketball players "let it come to them" before swiping defensively for the steal. Football players crowd the scrimmage line waiting for the 7 seconds of the relatively low accelerated impact that comes after the hike.

Cheerleaders: "We're going to throw you 20 feet in the air, you'll flip twice with a pike twist... don't worry, we'll catch you."

Ballet is even worse. Standing on your tiptoes is physically improbable. But if you practice enough you'll be able to do it for 9 minutes with intermittent jump splits.

Ouch. Just like the thought of "headaches every day."

I'm thinking whiplash leading to chronic tension headaches, traumatic brain injury, and subsequent migraines.

And that's the priority.

Rachel needs the proper exercise regimen to stabilize her hips, but she needs to feel good enough to do it. Headaches can really damper your motivation.

MOTIVATION: From German "motivieren" meaning "the inner stimulus for action."

Action... Something we'll all need plenty of... When this is over.

I mean... not like that, c'mon guys...

4999/5000

**A Story of Mastery w/ Dr. Brent Binder of Chiropractic Medicine ~ University + Germany + Tedx.**

Does Anyone Know What I'm About To Tell You?

It's 4:21 PM and I've got pots of fusilli pasta, homemade tomato sauce, and some frozen veggies on the stove.

My youngest just came in the kitchen with a coy smile across her face asking if I know where the walkie talkies are. Which can only mean one thing...

I'm about to get spied on.

Snickers are coming in loud and clear from the living room and I'm wondering at what age children become conscious of the volume of their voices.

Definitely not 7. But the eldest, at 9 years, is getting more inconspicuous by the day.

Still obvious though.

I yell to the other room... "Dad's just going to be in here minding my own business... With this funky music turned way up, busting out sick dance moves like I was James Brown."

And the pots begin to simmer... Be right back.

NOW.

6:21 PM.

Dinner was made, eaten, and kids are packed and gone away. I'm sitting here with the full report of my activities in the last 2 hours. I'm actually impressed.

The sadness of watching my kids leave every Saturday to go with their mother still lingers like a  papercut that has sliced my hand after finishing a masterpiece. After 3 years I've befriended this sadness as a part of my humanity, because a great co-parenting situation and the FACT that we are all better off this way has been my mantra for more than 200 weekends straight.

But that's a story for another time.

Tonight, I present Mullah Nasruddin and a beautiful lesson on the path to mastery.

This story is (usually) told before the first examination at Penn State University. It was also told as part of the intro at the seminar in Germany last year (which was sold out). You can tell I was nervous by how close my elbows were to my body... Rookie move. During this seminar intro, we also hit the topic of "the phenomenon of simultaneous discovery" which was a part of my Tedx talk in 2018. So I cut that in here too.

Then some of my bio regarding the foundations of my name.

Which is pronounced BIN-DER (rhymes with Tinder). lol.

And no, I'm not on Tinder...

Anymore.

But I do highly recommend looking up the origin and meaning of your name... First, middle, and last.

A great deal of self-awareness was revealed from that research. For the first time in my entire life, my name was relevant. And I've found that when I research the meaning of other people's names... IT'S ALWAYS RELEVANT FOR THEM TOO.

Over time this has led me to believe that parents don't actually name babies. It's more like we come with the name imprinted on our soul and parents just intuit what it is.

And after teaching university students for more than a decade I've noticed the recurring archetypes of people, their names, and their classroom tendencies.

Like... Stephanie the Virgo who always sits in the dead center, front row.

Or Josh the Aquarius, right fielder on the baseball team, with long hair and no books, who always sits in the furthest seat from the podium.

On the first day of class, I'll ask questions like, "Who here is a musician?" Students raise their hands and I point to them and call out their instruments. I can always spot the pianists, violin players, and drummers. Not sure why the guitarists elude me... That's my instrument.

Then I'll ask, "Who here plays a sport?" Students raise their hands and this time... It's almost too easy. With a bit of archetypal awareness, physical profiling, and trust in my intuition, I'm 50% accurate on a bad day.

This semester I was 10 for 11 in both categories.

Their faces were priceless.

Then I'll ask...

"Now... How did I just do that?"

And they don't get the answer until much later in the semester.

Also contributing to this semester's highly accurate intuitions was the technology of my beard (already shaved by the time I shot this clip). But on the first day, it was there in its full glory.

My teaching mentor, the late Tom Eberlein, once told of some research that was done with combat soldiers. They investigated what qualities would best predict survivability in battle.

They measured age, strength, skills, training, etc.

But in the end, the only factor that was statistically relevant was whether or not a soldier had a beard.

Which makes perfect sense given that hair is derived from the same embryonic origin as the nervous system.

It's like EXTRA perception.

I've also read stories about when the colonists "converted" Native American Indians, cutting their hair and making them wear shoes, they would lose their ability to track. They became clumsy and lost control of their finely tuned hunting skills.

I'll let you know how I do on the first day of next semester, sans beard!

4999/5000

**12 Years of Back Pain & Digestive Strain HELPED. Chiropractic ASMR Cracks & Relax.**

STAY SANE.

It's 10:15 in the morning and I'd normally have had my hands on a dozen spines by now. Instead, I'm setting up home school activities for the children while squeezing out this last-minute "video description" so I can get back to reading the details of the Senate bill that was passed last night.

This is what quarantine life looks like... So far.

Extended early morning yoga sessions followed by daily Corona Statistics.

I check the WHO and calculate the death rate. We're still at 4.4% globally which has been consistent for as long as I've been tracking. Then I check the "Situation Report" which gives rolling updates of the virus spreading and the actions taken by the WHO. Keep scrolling and you'll find statistics for every country and territory. The U.S. is listed as having a toll of 1%.

Then I jump over to PA.gov and check local stats. Only 13 cases in my county with 0 deaths.

And I remind myself that these numbers are only going in one direction.

Up.

And that's why I shut the practice... Down.

Because the numbers can't go in the opposite direction. But the number of new cases...

And therefore deaths...

Can be slowed.

AND, a new statistic is now making its way to other media sources.

CASES RECOVERED! :-)

I've enrolled in several online training modules from the WHO. Some are designed for health care workers. And some designed for volunteers of the "Strategic Preparedness and Response Plan."

I'm not sure why I spent 2 hours on the latter.

But I'm now all read up on the clinical presentation of the virus. I'm fully stocked with supplies to disinfect and sanitize the office. I've got orders into my natural medicine suppliers to help distribute the minerals and herbs that have been identified as "potentially effective."

"Potentially" because we actually know nothing about how this virus responds to natural medicines.

Pending the unlikely move towards complete societal shutdown, I see myself back up and running sometime in April.

AND... JUST FOR YOU... I am working on 4 new videos.

First, I will disclose the natural medicines recommended, by the sources I trust most.
Second, the at-home spinal care stretching video featuring MY PERSONAL spine care routine...

Which is way overdue.

Of course, I plan on keeping the usual Thursday video release schedule. I've got videos in the cue, patients on the schedule, gloves, and face masks at the ready.

In addition to the normal Thursday chiropractic jam sessions, the Corona Remedy Edition, and the Spine Care Stretches, I've got 2 extracurricular videos in the works as well.  Stay tuned.

And to finish off this morning's tea (and... cookie?) is my humble opinion on the "Stay Safe" rhetoric that is going more viral than the ‘Rona itself.

Not that we shouldn't "Stay Safe." Obviously, I concur.

But equally important to the constant reminders to wash hands, social distance, seek care if you develop a fever, cough, and difficulty breathing...

Is the peacefulness of your mind.

I highly recommend leaving the sensationalized news media out of your mental diet. And if you're getting your news from the memes in your feed scroll, you are leaving yourself susceptible to a different kind of virus.

And if you've gotten stuck in the conspiracy theories surfacing from underground "sources" let me offer you my hand, and this video description to bring you back into sobriety.

This global quarantine is like nothing else, ever.

One day you'll be trading "survivor stories" and telling people where you were during the 2020 global epidemic.

So maybe you're warm with the comfort of your preferred streaming platform. Maybe you're on the front lines delivering packages, stacking food shelves, or seeing patients. Maybe you're like me, and your children are teaching you how to "show your work" when adding 20+20... (What the?)

But hopefully, this story has the same ending for all of us.

The world connects and takes an unprecedented step towards unity.

Stay Sane Everyone.

4400/5000

VIDEO NOTES:

Like many other people in the world, Boris self adjusts. I want you to know that in my world we call that... chirobation.

And the common "1 time a year I throw my back out" condition: I'm calling it The "Bin-der-don-that"

Speaking of comebacks, I hope you enjoyed the resurrected subtitles.

And if the "vampire bite" discovered on inspection didn't remind you of the "Halloween Special" I did a few years ago...

I wouldn't be surprised. lol

Looking forward to comments on the twisted suspender.

And The Dinger(™)! This is before I moved the table. Since then I've pulled it away from the window allowing for higher velocity and maximal decompression.

So Stay Tuned.

4999/5000

**Soft Spine ASMR Relax (sans cracks). No Mid Roll Ads.**

THIS DESCRIPTION CONTAINS GRAPHIC CONTENT:

It’s 3 AM and the rain is tapping a soft jazz melody on my window. I’m looking out at the garden beds being fed a delicious, liquid midnight snack. Behind me, one of the children is sleeping in an asymmetrical posture causing her to snore. But not the kind of snore that sends a sleepless spouse into rageful hate. It's cute. In 2 hours the birds will be singing their morning ragas and I’ll be finishing up a session with my lover, my solace in the otherwise dead of the night... Hatha Yoga.

We ended last week's description as I began the day. A friend entered the office 9 months pregnant and was ready for a pre-birth adjustment.

Then several days later, I was holding this baby's body... Breathless... Lifeless... Praying his soul was at rest with God.

The father of the unborn child is someone who I consider family.  A month ago he invited me to the birth. I wasn't entirely sure why, neither was the mother, but he's the kind of man, full of intuition and magic, that requires trust more than understanding.

When he called me Saturday night at 10:02 crying, "The baby's heart stopped."

Then I understood why...

"My Hero Bares His Nerves."

Births are a mystical occurrence. The entire process. From the primal attraction of 2 people to... The presence of tiny little snoring nostrils that mimic a defunct trumpet... That's as far as I've gotten anyway.

Right now.

Oslo didn't get a chance to experience the breath. The light. The noise. The sensations of the physical world or the emotions of the inner realm. He stayed safe in the quiet, dark, womb of creation... The perfection of his mother's nurturing... and the intelligence of procreational technology that was designed by Love.

And so he basked in the glory of that Love until his time of delivery.

I arrived at the hospital well after visiting hours. Security was tighter than usual due to Covid19. I'm not family, but I'm wearing weird pants and odd jewelry that

matched the story of “Spiritual Counselor.” The men with badges gave me an eye roll and a head nod towards the elevators.

Contractions were a few minutes apart. The midwife and doula were sitting next to the mother whispering words of encouragement. They sounded like angels delivering tiny miracles. Their soft-spoken words filled the room with light, like candles burning in the dark.

I sat in silent support of their work. My hands on the father's shoulder. Eyes closed. Focused on the living prayer of my breath.

In an hour the scene would change. More nurses would come. Then a doctor. More noise. More procedures. Reminders to fill out...

Paperwork.

...
...
...

It is what it is.

I surrendered and noticed my breath saying...

“This moment did not lose any of the ceremonial sacredness... It’s just less noticeable.”

The mother... She was a warrior... Emotionally, physically, mindfully, and therefore, spiritually. I’ve witnessed strength before, but I’ve only heard stories about humans who displayed this magnitude of fortitude.

I was just breathing... Humbled by her moment.

And then Oslo was here. Cord marks spiraled around his neck and body... Which as you know from this channel... Is a sign of the shaman.

Mom and Dad held him with an emotion across their faces and arms... That I've never seen before.

"Though lovers are lost, Love is not."

He was blue. Just as many deities of the Hindu pantheon are depicted. Blue represents the divine, like the wisdom drawn from the vastness of the sky, and the mysteries swirling in the depths of the ocean. Or even deeper hues... Like that seen in the dead of night when looking out into the endlessness of space.

And sweet Oslo did not rage against the dying of the light. He went so gently in the middle of that good night.

Like a true master.

Bringing medicine to our lives.

All of us.

...

And now the rain has stopped playing its song.

The Garden is quenched.

Life after death.

And I hope this video brings you... Even a fraction..

Of the restful peace..

Where Oslo now rests.

4400/5000

**She Does The Chiropractic Happy Dance + ASMR Cracks & Relax.**

Every Now & Then I See A Shooting Star

And it reminds me...

That meteorites carrying the comic dust of exploding stars seeded this planet with the building blocks to make...

YOU.

And Jenny B. too.

Every now and then, the universe sends in a being who is filled with medicine that is meant to heal the world... And also me.

Jenny has charisma, confidence, comedic intuition. Everything that I would expect from a native of my home state, New Jersey.

WHAT?!? I NEVER TOLD YOU THAT?!?

The details of my birth are a little fuzzy, but my mother says I was born in Princeton Plainsboro Hospital. The very same facility where Dr. Gregory House M.D. works. Mom says I was sick. They immediately rushed me off and kept me in a quarantine bubble like the wounded healer archetype that I am. My arrival was two weeks after the due date, already stating my independence from chronological expectations. Do not rush a perfectionist, you will miss the beauty of an art that is being carefully unearthed from a profound depth.

And right now I'm digging. Like the shaman who swallows medicine and goes into the underworld of the unconscious, unknown, and unseen to find the pearl. They emerge from the journey with the EXACT medicine that unties the restraints which suffocate the patient's innate healing impulse.

Perhaps you've already noticed in this episode... The light touch skin rattle and whistle sesh is overlapped with gongs and the chacapa palm rattle. It was a happy accident... If you believe in accidents...

The pink bowl... That big beautiful basin of vibrational medicine...

BLEW OUT MY MICROPHONE!

And it left a horrid, arhythmic clicking in the recording that was NOT ASMR friendly. I feared that if I kept it in the video... Some of you may have been driven into absolute mania.

Then I improvised, and as a result, I found the pearl.

Glancing down at the clock in THIS EXACT MOMENT OF TYPING it's 3:33 am and I am off to meet my one true lover... My yoga practice. In exactly 11 hours I'll take lunch and finish what I started here with you, the mistress of my lover, these late-night medical slam storytelling sessions.

...

It's 2:33 pm and this world is still filled with paradox and mystery.

Some Shamans don't give any medicine at all, they take it themselves as a tool to amplify their healing vision.

Chiropractors don't give medicine either, they give adjustments... Which release the already existing medicine that is restricted.

Sometimes it's the patient that shows up with the medicine from their inspirational story.

And one time... I forgot to put a patient in a gown before their spinal exam.

..

Of course, we all can blame someone else... In any situation. We could even blame ourselves. It's just not productive.

And one practice that I've found to be very beneficial in producing positive future outlooks, experiences that incite growth, and results that last..

Is the CAREFUL USE OF LANGUAGE.

Our mouth noises reveal the posture of the mind.

And just as your core is ACTIVATED & STRENGTHENED through the meditative act of balancing your head over your shoulders, over hips, over feet…

The finite, neurological layers of your very own persona are ACTIVATED & STRENGTHENED through the meditative act of balancing your thoughts, carried through to your words, and then to your actions.

And there you are, writing the script for your own character in the story of your own life.

I know Jenny B. gets it.

And since we are all here together... Flying on this rock through outer space... We might as well practice our posture. Body and Mind.

In the meantime, I've made this video for you. Because life can be complex and sometimes we need a little medicine that makes it feel simple. And because I know you are trying to learn and grow. And, because...

Some of you are like me & Jenny B., surrendering something in your past that you thought was right for you. But it was not. And here we are now, moving on, all together. Just spinning through outer space.

And I am filled with gratitude that you spend this time reading, watching, and listening.

Humbled. It's perhaps one of the most potent medicines I have ever taken.

And Hungry... Because I can't eat a sandwich and type at the same time.

...

Now it's 3:23 am, 13 hours later. Which means I've got 10 minutes & 100 characters to say goodbye for now.

Today is my brother's birthday!  Go check out his channel too.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XkcixMCowVk

And my 1st patient tomorrow is 9 months preggers.

The theme here is... BIRTH.

**ASMR Cracks & Relax ~ 33 Minute ~ 1 Mid Roll Ad ~ Chiropractic Sleep & Focus Medicine.**

It's 3:33 am And I'm Wondering...

What it means to be "in love."

My brain bounces from the left hemisphere of biological data regarding oxytocin to the right hemisphere and the works of my favorite Persian poet, Hafiz.

I use a Carl Jung technique that was given to me by a patient, and psychologist, as a tool to create new pathways in understanding the duality of any concept.

Hold the 2 opposing ideas in your mind simultaneously. Equally. Not giving one more weight than the other. Hold them together like 2 magnets with the like poles coming together. Feel the resistance, the push.

Hold them there, even though they oppose each other. Even though they resist. Hold... Hold... Hold...

Then let go.

And...

BOOM!

A third, NEW pathway is created.

Your mind has EXPANDED. Your awareness has INCREASED CAPACITY and the two ideas can exist simultaneously, beyond your personal bias and experience.

And now...

I'm eating a delicious slice of leftover vegan pizza.

I've got no answers, unlike Andrew who gave us a great health history. He answered every open-ended question with all the precise data that an examiner looks for.

Onset.
Provocative factors.
Palliative measures.
Quality, timing, and an exact diagnostic location for our primary suspect.

He said, "1.5 mm disc protrusion" and that makes me want to cry.

And with his lifestyle factors of diet, water, exercise, and stretching all coming in clean as a wet whistle...

We're all set for a chiropractic assassination of the anatomical assailants.

Now... This is all considering the lumbar spine. But the right shoulder is showing atrophy, and that's going to take a combination of adjustments and persistent home care. Sometimes you have to do work. And even though Andrew already has a tight game of SELF CARE, it's the combination of both self-care and adjustments that will bring his shoulder into recovery.

Which reminds me of Love.

No outside source will ever seem to be "enough" or "right" unless you Love yourself first.

It's all ASMR after that... Loosen the spinal ligaments, coax the muscles into gentle submission, and allure the meninges to release the primary-respiratory-mechanism.

Breeeeeeeeathe with me peoples of Youtube... Who I know... Exist in the matrix of consciousness that is projected from my heart...

For the crack addicts... Did you catch the slight difference in the sound quality in his joints?

It's not that they weren't loud. They were deep (as Dr. Johnson so colorfully says) "explosions of gas inside the synovial joint capsule."

How I wish you all could FEEL what it's like when that happens... in, and by your very own hands.

And the authentic and poetic responses of Andrew are surely an indication of a parasympathetic override in a system that has been RELIEVED of tension.

Natalia, from last week's episode, peeked in at 16:30. They drove in from New York for a few days to enjoy Central PA and GET ADJUSTED. And they are IN LOVE.

My hats off again to the bilingual tongue of Andrew and also his ability to sit 48 floors high on the New York skyline, climbing towards the sun like a falcon whose claws are sunk deep in a fresh kill, returning home to the nest to feed their mate and offspring without bias, judgment, or any concept of love.

Andre, I mean Andrew... HA!

For the intuitive... Notice how I brought that in the room as "weird" and "random."

I even labeled the moment as "misspoken."

Of course, you already know of my belief that "nothing is random."

But really, the name-calling was the result of sitting in pulse meditation for an extended period and then trying to move heart space perceptions into the realm of language. Which is not always easy.

And I called him by his "real name" without ever being told what that is.

Giggle with me.

This kind of intention... When you sit with a human and let the hearts entrain and the breath synchronize is accessible to the student of intuition. (See Heart Math Institute)

It's just one step beyond ASMR. You see/hear a stimulus that elicits a response. You're connected to something outside of yourself. You feel it.

Just as we are connected to the fibers of the universal soul, where the powers of empathy and compassion are born.

But empathy and compassion come easy to most.

It's being "in love" that evades the grasping talons of most of your hearts.

And...

Yes...

At the end of the video, I definitely replaced my head with the sub button, on purpose.

Only a few characters left and I'll burn a few more of them simply by, mentioning them, as I lead you into an epic conclusion...

I love you.

And I hope you do too.

4999

**DOUBLE SESSION = 2x The CRACK. 2x The RELAX. ASMR EXTENDED VISIT.**

EVERYTHING is Bigger in Texas,

Except for the character allowance in this description box so let's get to it. (35/5000)

I'm in Houston with Dr. Johnson, as some of you have already noticed.

And the feeling here is...

Revolutionary.

Because every time YOU click on a video, every word YOU read in this text, every like, every comment... It all gets recorded in the akashic record of Lord Google and then integrated into the algorithm of the all-knowing, all-seeing, unbiased governing entity of the internet.

Hal is the name I believe.

It's the wave pushing more people to seek chiropractic care...

And find RELIEF.

OKAY, OKAY... I'm aware that it is a bit dramatic.

But that's partly because chiropractic is simple. Effective. Safe. And needed.

People with back pain, and potentially other conditions as well, have a very high potential to be helped with hands-on, conservative chiropractic care.

There really shouldn't have to be a revolution. It's common sense.

That's why Natalia drove over from N.Y.C. to get a dose of Chiropractic Medicine.

And maybe you noticed her boyfriend, Andrew, in the window (under her chin) at 28:09. (LOL) He also got an AMAZING adjustment and is on deck for next week's video.

I'm always impressed by humans who are bilingual. And I try to communicate with people in their native tongue when they're on the table. It helps them relax.

And at 23:09 you heard one of my first attempts at the Russian word for Breathe.

And maybe you picked up the seemingly random mouth spasm at 32:30 when I proclaim, “The world could use more hugs”. I'm not even sure what came before or after I made that statement...

Regardless...

My opinion stands.

Also never before seen on this channel, until now, is the nasal adjustment. And just like every other adjustment... With a bit of finesse... And following the breath, it doesn't have to hurt.

But adjustments are not always comfortable either. Especially that one.

I hope you enjoyed the title track and obviously successful explosion of that ganglion cyst. It wasn't as traumatic as I anticipated. Natalia was a trooper.

The cyst is a pocket of jelly-like fluid that balloons out of the side of tendons in the wrists, hands, ankles, and feet. The cause of these little monsters... Is as mysterious as Bimini Road.

My guess is this... Demonic aliens... The ones who destroyed Atlantis... Use the shrinking machine that was invented by Wayne Szalinski in the late ’80s... And now sneak their way into the body, Magic School Bus style, attaching themselves to tendons, blowing up balloons like a killer clown asking me if I want to float.

No thanks...

BOOM!

The ganglionic cyst "Bible Method'' is traditional. But I'm not a very traditional kind of guy. I like to incorporate all the traditions, all the cultures, and all the peoples in ... Most... Of my endeavors.

I still used the Bible to smash the demon. But I also used the Holy Koran as a backup, just in case the demonic entity tried to escape out the back door. But in this case, I actually needed a little more help... Because something deep inside told me that this demon was from the 8th dimension of hell, only one below Satan himself.

Just  kidding. (-;

Also... The Koran didn't put the wrist into the optimal angle of flexion by itself. So...

I used the herb book.

Now... The great Sufi master, Hazrat Inayat Khan, said: "If the eyes and the ears are open, the leaves of the trees become as pages of the Bible."

Which means I was using a holy book to lash, a holy book to mash, and a book about nature's revelations as a holy book to help set up the smash.

Yeah, a bit dramatic... Not sorry. lol.

Some people use a dictionary. But using words alone to smash demons isn't enough. This isn’t an academic endeavor.

You need the intention. You need the grooves formed by 10,000 years of prayers that lived and (still) breathe in the human heart and mind.

You need the wave of consciousness to carry forth the swift, curling manifestations of universal law, ebbing and flowing, contracting and growing, distracting and knowing... What it means to be...

ALIVE.

And if you're anything like me, you've got your surfboard and you're riding the next wave towards the shore, becoming one with nature, atop the ocean surface, being propelled forth to the sandy beach...

But I'm not ready to sit in the sun just yet...

Let's paddle out again.

4666/5000 for real

**Defies Medical Definition. Relax & Cracks Chiropractic ASMR.**

SUNRISE WAS APPROACHING.

Except for this time, it wasn't the early kundalini yoga and meditation practice guiding me into the auric halo of the purple-blue skydome.

It was the sacred call of fire, drum, and dance.

The campground was packed solid with 1000s of free-spirited festival friends. Passed out from the dancing, communing, and medicines, everyone seemed to be asleep except for me... Almost everyone.

***Walking back to the tent after an epic late-night bonfire and pow wow, the rhythm and bass medicine created organically by hundreds of hands working together was still vibrating at my core.

I slapped my djembe for hours. And I danced the sacred tribal dance around the fire. I was tired and ready for bed. Headed for my tent...

Then from the shadows, someone said...

"Hey brother, can we borrow your drum for a moment?"

There's no reason to be cautious at this particular festy.

Here... Everyone is family.

"Absolutely, you can."

Pointing a low level LED focal beam at the ground, I slowly approached the tent palace. I greeted my new friends as I stood the drum up next to the asking voice. I

didn't even consider why they needed a drum at such an hour. Then a bag of medicine spilled its contents onto the goatskin.

I don't partake in this particular ceremony. But I hold space for the work.

Walking into a group of people I've never met is not difficult for me. I kept the conversation going and enlivened their fire from a smoldering char, all while paying attention to the rhythmic cascades of the breath as I told them stories from the evening's epic drum circle.

Their setup was at the top of the hill that overlooks the campground field, snuggled in between 2 descending tree-lined mountain ridges. The constellations were fading into the auric halo of the deep purple-blue skydome.

A young man at their camp began to play the mandolin peacefully into the ether and I softly tapped my drum and whistled in harmony to his morning lullaby.

That's when I met Lauren.

She emerged from her tent after a full night sleep, like a responsible festival-goer and merchant. Her business is custom tie-dye threads. Check her out on IG @hippiestains. She's a damn good artist.

It doesn't take long for the universe to show us why we are here.

In this, or any context.

Just pay attention. Follow your breath. Receive.

I'm analyzing gait, posture, energy. Always. And within a few moments, we're talking about her spine. She asks if I'm familiar with Ankylosing Spondylitis. It just so happens I am, very.

Our radiology professor drilled it into our heads that this disease "is in your backyard" and that we would likely be the first to tell young adults they have it.

And my late mentor, Dr. Jim Wharton, comes from a family of men who had this axial spondyloarthritis, also known as Bekhterev's disease.

Jim, his brother, and father all had classic A.S. symptoms. Male, early adult onset of morning low back pain, SEVERE postural deformity. The classic "Hunchback" look.

Lauren, on the other hand, does not fit the description.

But diseases don't read textbooks on what they are supposed to look like.

AS usually starts with stiffness in the low back that eventually moves up the spine. On X-ray observation, you can see the outer fibers of the vertebral disc, normally a soft and flexible tissue...

TURNING INTO BONE.

A.KA. Ossification.

This fuses the spine and permanently deforms a person's posture.

It seemed like a miracle that Dr. Jim was still practicing chiropractic into his 60's. And giving a great adjustment at that. Then again, he was a true master. He adjusted spines with a feather touch. But his gaze was like a freshly sharpened ax that split your bag of flesh in half... Exposing your soul to his medicine.

Lauren's symptoms seem to fall heavily in her extremities. Swollen knee. Shoulder pain. Deformed toes. I'm not exactly sure why they diagnosed her with A.S. and not rheumatoid arthritis. She has a family history of R.A.. Her Rx is an R.A. medicine.

?

But I guess that's why they call it "practice", as she recalls her uncle saying.

In this case, we have to consider advanced Lyme disease testing,

And if that's clean, I'll call this rheumatoid arthritis.

Don't tell her M.D..

We'll start with herbs and mushrooms that support the immune system and lessen the severity of her symptoms.

And of course, without a doubt, enhance her body's stability and balance, remove joint restrictions, train her posture, and effectively decrease the pain in her body...

With the very best chiropractic medicine that I can administer.

4999/5000

**108 Minutes ~ NO MID ROLL ADS ~ Chiro Sleep w/ Sound Medicine ASMR.**

Another Sleep Video For You. You Night Beast, You.

I trust you're resting, warm and snug as a bug, wrapped up in the comforts of your cotton sheets, or in your lover's reach.

Perhaps you've heard of "the professional snuggler." They are very popular in Japan. But they are trending here as well. People who crave this particular attention, hire a pro to treat them as if they were the sole focus of a true lover's devotion. It's intimacy, baby.

As a Taurus, I completely resonate with the comfort of non-sexual, sensual sensations.  And physical touch is my love language. (See Gary Chapman)

If you're equating any of this to sex... PLEASE STOP... And consider the possibility that there is more to relationships. Like... Depth. Growth. Wisdom. They all come after the sacred act. However, if you're of a certain age and mindset, perhaps it is, just the experience you seek to satisfy. But not here.

Arousal is like a psychedelic drug that wraps the logical brain in the illusion of controlled rational thinking. Excuses.

And the power of Source that penetrates our being, disguised as an attraction, courting, partnership, the avoidance of loneliness... Like a magician who can't figure out their own tricks... The essence that pervades all unconscious, intimate interaction is...

Procreation.

And for the conscious evolved being... Sustenance of the offspring.

Life wants to make more of itself. It's like... Super important. 😂

The shadow figure is the spiritual charlatan. The "guru." The cult leader. Those humans with an uncanny ability to attract, convert, and divert another person's flow of energy towards themself.  Often with the false airs of indifference. The energetic vampire.

But to the masochist, it feels good to give away their power. So?

Many people get locked in the struggle of waxing and waning towards one or the other. Flipping back and forth from one extreme to the next. Or even worse, stuck frozen in fear, with no movement at all.

It's just like the atomic bonding of ions. The anion is the energy vampire. When it bonds it sucks the electrons from another atom. The cation is the promiscuous ion. Because it has to "put out" its own electrons to bond.

But ionic bonds are weak and rightly so. For it is the covalent bond, where electrons are shared equally, which creates a nearly unbreakable bond.

It’s 4 am. I just finished 2 hours of yoga. And the darkness of the night opens the deep centers of my creative brain.

And if only I could transport myself into your dream world right now.

Soon I'll be dozing off (again) with my youngest, who tosses and turns and "sleep dances" all night because her internal being is a wild, sacred, tribal priestess. She is unaware of her energy, but every day realizes more self-evident truths that will continue to manifest long after I am gone.

And perhaps, one day, she, the snugglers, the vampires, the slightly less conservative lovers, and people everywhere, will all find the validation they need to sleep peacefully in the night.

In the meantime, I offer you this video.

People tell me they fall asleep to my content, but NOT BECAUSE THEY'RE BORING, they implore. (-;

Friends, that's why I am here.

I didn't start a channel to promote my practice or teach people about chiropractic. I'm here because someone told me that watching these videos was satisfying and therapeutic. Then I read 1000's of comments. I studied the community, finding out exactly what it was that satisfied you.

And the prospects of ASMR lit my eyes up like the festivities on Damrak Avenue during the holiday season.

My feeling is this: People who achieve ASMR were raised in an era of overstimulation. We have maxed out the conscious experience of sex, violence, extreme human sport... The partiality towards tragedy and separation... And even the rising counterbalance of spiritual philosophy... Memes. LOL.

And the overstimulation (occurring at even younger ages) has reset the individual's central nervous system to a higher sensitivity.

Now the overstimulated have become sensitive to the extent that simple, quiet, gentle aesthetics are tickling the brain with anticipation, tantalizing the being with sensations that are colloquially known as "skin orgasm."

But here's the secret...

Once you get there, getting back doesn't require sound or sight.

You just have to ride the calm, undulating rhythm of the breath.

But if you need help getting back, do call on the vehicle of sound. Like the singing bowl or chakapa (the rattle made of dried palm leaves). Burn Palo Santo and use Agua de Florida to cleanse the air.

And then sing whatever is in your heart.

4999/5000

**Double Jointed Acrobat Gets Chiropractic Cracking ~ Relax ASMR.**

Yesterday I Killed A Man.

So let's dive deep into the massive transformations occurring right now, because I'm on the run and the school bus will be here in 27 minutes.

This morning started at 4 am with Yoga & Meditation. A gentle rest/ nap from 6-7am. Then calisthenics as the sun slowly rose, filling the room with light, soft laughter, and the stark truths of self-realization that can only be delivered through the void of silence and breath. Ecstasy.

Speaking of the sun. My sun sign is NOT Aquarius. The conversation was edited and the real truth is, I'm a Taurus. My rising sign and my moon sign are both Aquarius. Like a Taurus sandwich with Aquarius bread. Catrina was referring to the bread.

And I would have loved to call this episode "The Reverse Rahim Sandwich." The Gonstead Master often breaks things down and targets the pelvis as the primary suspect. However, the Gonstead leg check (and the glute check that was edited) were inconclusive. Even the S.O.T. analysis couldn't bring me any closer. I had to use the modified blocking which was taught to me by my late mentor for when "it's too close to call." Which was validated twice.

I wonder if Rahim would have come up with the same, or if he would have gone for the left S.I.?

In the end, I surrendered the right leg pain to the realm of myalgia due to hyper flexibility and subsequent compensation by muscles to maintain stability. And the spine? Well, that L4 should be set, solid, and ready for acrobatics for a good while.

And right after that lumbar adjustment (perhaps as a result), a split second before I translated her tattoo from Latin (which took a minute because I haven't taken Latin since Senior year, 2000) there was a fantastic audible borborygmus as she rolled to her left side.

Does this validate that "it's better to sleep on your left side because it facilitates the digestive flow"? Maybe. It's supposedly better for the heart as well.

And is this full-blown Ehlers-Danlos? The past cluster headaches are contributing to the differential diagnosis, but only genetic testing will tell.

Shhhhuuu.

Which reminds me... After I asked if she knew the Egyptian God with the infamous name, and she said YES!!!

Random?

The self-motivated aspect of her pitta sign (from the pulse reading) is a common trait among those I admire. Natural Motivation is rare, my friends.

Speaking of high energy. There's a moment during the bowls where we briefly dialogue. It's audible, but barely because the volume is set very low. When that pink thing gets going it is LOUD. So loud I have to turn the level down to 20%.

20%!!! The rest of the video is on 300%!!!

Speaking of 20... I'm now typing from a different dimension and it's 2:20pm in the afternoon. I stopped writing at some point this morning and here we are, just finishing up lunch on the new table with Rick's portal gun by my side.

I hope everyone noticed the line... "Did my head just crack?"

Shuuure did.

AND YES... I forgot the crinkle-free face paper switch.

This was the period I was experimenting with putting the crinkles back in for the neck stretching and then crinkle-free back again for the adjustment.

Which is... Kind of a weird thing to say...

Please forgive. I'm the camera guy, sound guy, and director. First time adjustments (new patient) are challenging in their own right. Not to mention, every now and then, tiny dark entities come fluttering into the room trying to be inconspicuous. I pretend not to notice. And they pretend not to be affected by the shu. But if I can wrangle them in front of a wind beam, my eyes and tattoos light up like the Avatar, and I harness all the magik of the elements to successfully dispel the demons of back pain.

*Fiction

If you made it this far I assume you're a regular.

Thank you.

And there's something I want you to know. I skipped publishing the video shot before Catrina.

It was crazy.

A patient flew in from Florida. I had never filmed a session with someone who traveled from such a long distance. They've spent too much time and money to get there and deserve 100%. But something told me to turn the camera on. And after the adjustment, I saw full-body spasms complete with ecstatic prayer offerings.

Fortunately... I knew what to do.

And the day when I feel comfortable saying that...

Is today...

Because yesterday I died a sweet little death, in my own hands. I gave my eulogy. Sung the chorus.

And today I feel more like myself.

4997/5000

**Strap Dinger Cracking ~ Chiropractic Crinkle Paper and Tingles ASMR.**

Louie is a self-proclaimed freak of nature.

Diagnosed with Degenerative Disc Disease when he was a TEENAGER! He has lived through horrific pain, injuries, addictions, and tribulations that would fold most humans into submission. But just like Spiderman, he always finds a way to get back up. Best of all, despite the seemingly catastrophic nature of this man's reality, he just smiles, learns, and grows from the opportunities that life has given him.

Except when he gets angry... Then you'll find him replacing light bulbs and circuit boards. TRUE STORY!

And when it comes to cars he is pretty much the  Rain Man. When we first met I owned a Subaru. He asked me what year and model it was. Then he gave me the rundown of every service milestone for 200,000 miles. Breaks, filters, hoses, heads, and all kinds of things that I've never heard of because I don't take engines apart.

Except for that one time. The Taurus! Ha! Different story for a different day.

This one is about Louie. Adjusting his spine is like blowing out a lit (windproof) fuse on a stick of dynamite that's been swallowed by a gnarly lycanthrope... Who just smoked PCP. It's a subtle dance between precision and highly explosive spine thrusting. It looks easy here, but I struggled with his spine for a year. Nothing budged anywhere, ever.

He wore a back brace the entire first year I knew him. As soon as he pulled the velcro straps, his spine would crumple into a Z formation.

But he feels no pain from the adjustment. His pain is deep and comes from being twisted and compressed... For decades. It's the kind of pain that a person could name and form a relationship with. Because it's always there. Always talking. Always on the move and waiting to surprise you with a new manifestation each morning.

And that's why he gets "The Butt" adjustment. Regardless of what it looks like (me sitting on someone's back) it is just as precise as every other adjustment. The pisiform is placed directly on the transverse process of the isolated segment. And BOOM!

It takes weight to get things moving on this spine.

WHY?

Chronic tension. His brain and spinal cord have endured TRAUMA. The sympathetic fight or flight tone in his nervous system will never turn off.

But I never gave up on him or the potential for chiropractic medicine to give him a "normal" life.

So this is what it looks like when I take out the tripod and SHURE mic on a regular visit. Louie had no idea what was about to happen. And with his pain tolerance, I was SHOCKED that he groaned after the SD.

Did I forget the crinkle-free paper?

Yup.

Did I cut the video so it appears that I glide around the room like a wizard with a magic teleportation hat?

Nope.

(Edit: 2nd upload. Fixed the sound + more wizard this time.)

Am I still that chiropractic ninja, secret agent, shamanist who has realized the importance of consistent content creation and beneficial YouTube algorithm ranking practices, who didn't quite finish the next ASMR video yet, but needed something easy to shoot, cut and post... Within 24 hours?

...

(Edit: 48 hours)
And here's an interesting list of facts that I'd like to share with you because I can see the light outside beginning to peak (6:29 am). My children need their breakfast made and lunches packed, and there's no more time to let my strange brain create impulsive poetic word spasms for this description.

This video was filmed on 1/22/20. Most videos are filmed 4 months prior to release. In my next video, I'll have a full beard and the trees are still green.

My youngest daughter is "sick" right now. Most docs would call it a sinus headache, but I know she's also manifesting symptoms from moving into her next chakra cycle, Ajna. Her 3rd eye is opening! I'm so proud!

It's 1/23 today. The original due date for my first child... Except that no one knew how to calculate a due date when a woman didn't have a 28-day cycle. And that's when I started learning about pregnancy and birth. She was born on Feb 7th.

WAIT!  It's 1/23/2020 (2020 is 2+2 which = 4)
So it's really 1/23/4
Which is really a 1. The day of the Sun! Ego. Personality. Expression!

Be yourself today peoples!

(Edit: It's 1/24. The number is now 2. The day of the moon. Focus on your relationships, today peoples!)

Also, the table. Black and green. Like some weird chocolate chip mint ice cream style upholstery. I got the new black pads, but the headpieces didn't fit. I'm sending them back with the other green cushions. And this is the only video that will ever have that terrible, bone-chilling, gag reflex inducing color combination. Just kidding.

I don't mind.

Strap Dinger Cracking Chiropractic Tingles ASMR.

**Sciatic Pain & Limping Relieved w/ Great Chiropractic Cracking. Relax & Cracks ASMR.**

Doctor 47 Presents...

Staring @savannahgochoel on Instagram.

The contents of my (former) desk drawer are as follows...

From bottom left: Ridge wallet pocket knife. Browning Day Carry/ Hunting blade that my late chiropractic mentor gave me. Balisong that I found on the street when I was 9. Random, no label knife that fits the description of "most perfect pocket knife ever." Ophthalmoscope (looks in the eye). Otoscope (looks into the ear). Insufflator (pump & tube that attaches to the otoscope and pumps air into the ear, moving the tympanic membrane to determine abnormal ear pressure).

2nd row from bottom left: Ridge Wallet. The wide attachment for the arthrostim. Accessory attachment for the otoscope.

At the top. Aviators, with a built in rear view camera (for spying).
In the shadow: The retired activator adjusting tool. This was the arthrostim before electricity.

Savannah... This girl is sharp. It's not often you get to meet a savant with the raw ability to learn just about anything. And while the list of instruments she played was impressive, and her visual artistic skills to boot, it was the emotional intelligence that is most rare for a person of her age. This is the kind of reincarnated soul that will bring immense light into the world through skillful art and compassionate healing practices.

But for now she's dealing with a "pain in the butt" irritated sciatic nerve. (I'm not sure if I intended that pun or not). And even though I called out a disc in the hallway, it wasn't until the seated palpation that the true culprit was revealed.

S3... Which was crazy awesome for me because I literally just finished one of Dr. Rahim's new videos where he found an S3 and said QUOTE, "We're finding more people coming in with S3 when they've been diagnosed with L4."

Damn... Validated by Dr. Rah Rah... That feels sooo good on my inside.

Also, you put together the audio clues? The Nervoscope was the secret agent music background unboxing at the beginning. And it worked! Perfectly reflecting back what I found with my fingers. LOL.

NOW, 2 things. First, I haven't used a scope in years. It's not difficult. But there is an art and a mastery to it. And it has been helping to refine my hands-on technique. Instead of looking for a general area with heat, I've been trying to find EXACT SEGMENTS, like the instrument.

But as a tool itself... I do appreciate the specificity. And it has proved useful a few times since getting it.

HOWEVER! It is limited to heat differential. And in this session, the importance of monitoring all qualities revealed itself. Dampness, for example, is a quality looked at in Chinese medicine. Not exactly in this context. But even in western medicine the observation of over and under active sweat glands is a factor.

What was I going to do? Leave that right SI joint on the table???

And that is why I do not practice Gonstead technique in isolation. I digress.

Regarding the birth question... If a person is born naturally through the birth canal there is increased chance of upper cervical injury (if complicated).

Especially if forceps or vacuum were used incorrectly. This sometimes correlates when someone has "life long headaches".

Cesarean birth is typically less traumatic for the neck, but comes with associated "risks". Natural birth functions to squeeze a substance called surfactant out of the lungs as they enter the world, receiving oxygen for the first time. There may be associated increase in asthma when this does not occur. There is also a healthy dose of bacteria from mom that (some studies suggest) have a direct impact on the baby's gut microbiome (which is crucial for digestive and immune health).

Which is also why I ask about breastfeeding. It's an immunological question.

As for the arthrostim... When people ask "what does that do?".

I tell them "It depends on where I aim it."

1) JOINT manipulation, ligament capsule release, scar tissue/ adhesion breaking.
2) MUSCLE belly trigger point & Golgi Tendon Organ stim.
3) Proprioception enhancement for SOT blocking and meningeal release & mirror image adjustment posture training.
4) Meridian and acupressure stimulation.
5) Sound Application: The 12-14 vibracussions per second is a "low beta rate" referred to as the somato-motor rhythm. This invites the body and brain to a state of internal & external awareness, clearing neurological "noise".

I could go on, about anything, but the character count says 4848 of 5000.

And it's 4:48am.

I couldn't make that up if I tried.

I did however make up the part about my aviators having a camera.

Stay Tuned.

Sciatic Pain Limping Relieved Great Chiropractic Cracking Relax Cracks ASMR.

**Never. Seen. Ever. Y Strap + Dinger.**

Never. Seen. Ever.

Except by my 3rd eye... At 3:33 am... After Kundalini yoga practice... When the pineal gland is ripe and juicy... And my Vishudda chakra is spinning... And the

vision of a "specifidinger" is placed over top of a lightbox like an old school lecture transparency... Projected onto the image of a table... That has HIP PINS.

And BOOM... Who needs a vision board when you can just imagine and make it happen in real life.

Of course, there's nothing new under the sun my friends.

My other morning practice is gratitude. And there are 2 DCs who made this video possible. Dr. Johnson in Texas and Dr. Wolfson in Pennsylvania.

THANK YOU!

And these guys would proclaim, they didn't invent their moves either (respectively). I was shocked when Johnson told me he didn't invent the RD (though I think he did perfect it and blend it with the postural adjustments). And Dr. Wolfson has also done some serious training with another great master of the profession, Dr. Arno Burnier.

Now...

First let's address the lime green table cushions. I ORDERED THE BLACK ONES! And now I'm waiting for them to be delivered so I can vex over how I am to reupholster them on my own. It's just not my thing. I'm good with my hands, but not necessarily with tools, fabric, metal. I can hang drywall, mud the joints, wire an outlet, paint the wall... But it takes forever and EVER!

Point is... This table will be black... One day. And it will make me happy for reasons that require explanations past the character count capacity of this description box.

When I got this table and posted a pic on the YouTube community tab... Dr. Johnson sent me an email asking if I was still going to buy his new table. And I wrote back, "Of course I am... But I have 2 treatment rooms and I didn't know

when the RD table was finally going to be done. So I scooped up this I.E. (the brand he formerly used) on Ebay."

So, I'll still be getting the Ultra Slick, Finely Tuned, Highly Attractive, Newer, Upgraded, Evolved, VARIABLE HEIGHT.... Manual Neural Decompression Table that Doc Johnson invented....

But I have to pay homage to the old school Inertial Extensilizer. I've had a few cases of lumbar radiculopathy on it already... And it is effective. It's not apparent in the video because you need the weight of a person to make it work. But when the table slides toward the head it bounces. And since the hips are pinned, it decompresses the spine... Niiiiiiiiice and gentle like.

So I'm down.

Also starring in this video is Kara (she has the beanie on) and will perhaps jump in a video one day. She is another fitness fiend and is both strong and flexible. And as you can tell she is not afraid to speak up.  So I'm sure her fiery personality will light up the Chiro YouTube algorithm.

Then there's Matthew. One of the most gifted massage therapists I've ever worked with. This man has talents that are not learned in the classroom and can only be received by karmic rebirth. He's also absolutely hilarious.

And yes... You did hear the words ``engagement video'' come rolling off Alaina's witty little tongue. Fortunately, I don't take video ideas... OR PROPOSAL IDEAS... From anyone except for MYELF.

*MYSELF... Had to leave it there though. It's like a Freudian slip of the key. Maybe I do have an elf living in my brain telling me what to do. A machine elf. (R.I.P., T.M.)

Anyway. I thought about putting a proposal screen in the video right after that clip.

But Alaina doesn't watch my videos.

LSHICRN

Wait.... wait... She might watch this one though because she's in it, so...

Alaina,

I think we should say F**K I* to all the realities of our situation and run away to a foreign land... Like Tibet... And live as Monks, eating berries and making anklets out of llama eye lashes... For the remainder of our lives...

HA. She definitely doesn't read my descriptions either...

OKAY... I'm dead.

But seriously... She said "ouch" after that amazing adjustment. Don't worry, it's one of her pre-programmed responses to life events that are new and different. I could have talked her through it a bit more and helped her relax. I totally failed as a boyfriend chiropractor in that moment.

HOWEVER... I did come through as a chiropractic YouTuber by getting you all footage of the new table ASAP!

Denada.

This was a regular Friday night. Alaina and I were out at Hibachi. Matthew was giving Kara a massage at the office. And since the table came in that day I hijacked my date and met with Matthew, who offered to help arrange the new office furniture.

Bye Bye desk that was made from the hull of a 15th century viking battle ship.

JK.

AND the new technique.

I must admit... I am most likely the first chiropractor in the world to use a Y-Strap on the I.E. (On YouTube.)

And, I am most likely... yadda yadda yadda... to Specifiding on the I.E. (On Youtube.)

And, I will be traveling to Dr. Johnson to complete my Jedi Ring Dinger training ASAP.

And, I'm out of chara

**Cracking A Back That Can't Relax (with a crystal singing bowl?). ASMR Relax w/ Spinal Cracks.**

Cat Hedlund
@cat_hedlund is a yoga and gym fiend. But it's not helping the costocartilage articulations which present, here today for you, aggravated and insulted by the normal human being condition of:
1) Previous Injury
2) Posture
3) Gravity.

Radiculopathy? Not in this case. The referral pain pattern is just the path of her rib. The inflammation around the lateral aspect was relatively low, which is

common. And it was the costovertebral articulation that came in as our primary target.

Or was it the costosternal articulation?

Either way, I took them both out.

But I don't always come out of my contracts with a flawless victory.

If you stayed until the end... True story.

Also a true story... I once titled a video "Neck Explosion'' which remains one of this channel's top videos... And the same thing happened there too. That's right. The thunderous cavitations and Brook's epic reaction back in season 3 were not quite as thunderous or epic... As the cervical manipulation that occurred... right before I turned the camera on.

Shuuuuu ... t.

At least the lower left cervical was money and the side postures were bling.

And I hope you LOL'd at her response after the cervical adjustment.

I was standing in the background with my jaw open like, "GOOD!?!??"

In the very least, I hope it wasn't too much of a disturbance that I adjusted the thoracic spine after the neck and pelvis. I know I'm deviating from the comfort zone here.

I did it for one reason, and one reason only... but you have to decide which one it is.

Option 1: Because 11 years of clinical experience has proven that a locked thoracic spine will release better after removing the tension above and below.

Option 2:  To prove to all the chiro trolls that we don't necessarily, "Do the same thing every time regardless of the condition."

OK, OK. Chillax. It's just fun. Have a breath and a smile.

If not, just re-watch Cat's epic organ manipulations that sounded like... Well... The other day at my 8 year old daughter's school lunch (I go every Friday) when I taught all of her friends how to make noises by squeezing air out of their cheeks... Hehe.

Then I was reprimanded by the lunch lady.

Pshhhh...

Regarding the tongue diagnosis for coffee drinkers... It's really quite simple... BROWN! But sometimes kind of greenish too... And the hallmark surface bumps that resemble the likeness of Juan Valdez.

Que the mariachi band sting.

I gave a short clip of the "Doctor's Report" just because I never have before. And in the day to day clinical life of a chiropractor, this is one of the most valuable services I provide.

"What is it? Is it serious? What do I do next?"

It's worth the price of admission.

Just like when Rey buried Luke and Leia's twin lightsabers.

Time for a new story.

Speaking of which, there's something else coming up this week... That is GOING TO BLOW YOUR MIND!

Stay Tuned.

Dr. B

Thanks for watching “Cracking A Back That Can’t Relax (with a crystal singing bowl?) ASMR Relax and Spinal Cracks.”

**Emergency Y Strap Adjustment. Severe Neck Pain Cracking Adjustment w/ Dr B.**

But this is a NEW kind of video!

Thanks for watching "Emergency Y Strap Adjustment. Severe, Acute Neck Pain Cracking w/ Dr B."

Coming to you LIVE from a pre-recorded video, this is a part of my practice never before seen on video.

This is Mark's 2nd adjustment in 48 hours.

Herniated, bulging discs are not usually fixed overnight, friends.
Sometimes we see incredible, complete resolution with ONE adjustment.
But it's rare.

We made significant progress after this adjustment and by the 3rd visit we were at 50% improvement. Mark has had 4 visits in 2 weeks and is experiencing relief throughout the day and is sleeping better at night.

Shu.

Meanwhile... I think it's absolutely incredible to see the power of the Y strap on a bulging disc. You can actually see the release of tension that is being caused by a pinched nerve. And to "create the space" in order to get in and make a thoracic and cervical adjustment makes this an INVALUABLE tool.... For this patient scenario. I've been using this tool since chiropractic school... 12 years ago.

Mark couldn't even lay on his stomach without having  pain shoot from his neck down his arm. I could barely even touch him before the Y strap distraction.

It's Radiculopathy....

Ha.

When people are in pain, or if they travel great distances to visit my practice, they deserve 100% of my attention. I have only filmed regular office visits a handful of times, way back when.

Filming an adjustment is a whole different wild beast of an animal. I have to go back and forth between AV guy and chiropractor. Moving cameras and microphones, checking the lighting, making sure the background is not cluttered... Switching out face paper...

Ha.

I shoot videos on Sundays. Quiet office, no distractions, no noise. It allows the story to unfold. There's enough time for the patient to get comfortable with me and the camera. Sessions usually range from 90-120 minutes (mostly because of the filming technical stuff). And I have enough time to sink in... Get deep... And pull out some of the pearls you've seen here on this channel.

(And really, we're just getting started.)

When people travel from out of state and schedule 60 minutes, they get almost everything you see in a typical video, but I have to hear the story and decide what's best. Maybe there's more or less of certain techniques like digestive release or soft tissue etc.. It's all focused on the person.

Semi-local people schedule 30 minute appointments if their drive is within an hour. That's enough time for me to do a thorough full body adjustment if there's no major complications that require more intention/ attention.

In 2020 we'll be offering 90 minute sessions.

During the week we have two or three 60 minute sessions per day, for people traveling from out of state.

Some people stay a week and get adjusted 2x a day for three or four days.

But on the reg... People are coming in for 15 minute appointments. Which is an eternity in the chiropractic world. It's enough time for greeting, a history, and a simple full spine adjustment. TRUST ME... If your chiro is spending 15 minutes with you and only you AND he's adjusting your entire spine... Then you've found a good one.

I've got a regular visit video coming down the shoot.

Stay Tuned.

**Relaxing ASMR Garden Cracking W/ Bird & Cicada Symphony.**

Currently watching "The Secret Life of Pets II" with my offspring. Kevin Hart is killing it as a fluffy bunny. I'm popping popcorn and I have a second to hash out a description.

The seed for this video was planted 5 years ago. When the tree you saw at (1:19) was gifted under the false premise of it growing into a 4 to 5 foot tall, heart shaped leaf, drooping canopy shrub.

3 years later it's 15 feet tall.

When it came to tapping the garden community for someone with the experience and skill to move a tree, Matt was the immediate go-to garden guru.

Side Story: A few years previous, Matt was laying on my table after a phenomenal Specifi-dinger, and he began telling me a tale that he read on the interwebs. It involved a military project that tested the efficacy of upper cervical/ occiput/ distraction maneuvers (not unlike the moves you see here) on test subjects with severe psychotic disorders... such as schizophrenia.

Anyway...

The tree was extracted by Matt, then his girlfriend stopped over for her fist ever chiropractic adjustment session.

Matt has a home yoga practice and is generally balanced. He utilizes chiropractic when he is unable to work it out... And it's usually an exacerbation of an old spinal injury that has succumbed to the stress of work, posture, gravity, life, etc...

Alyssa's session was epic and her gratitude filled my garden. The birds and squirrels were chanting the secret healing codes of nature.

I'd love to tell you all about my garden.

It's a divine display of cosmic alchemy.

The apotheosis I received there was waiting, rooted deep in the eternal landscape of the universe. It was more than just a realization or a conscious understanding.

It was one of those moments when you feel an inexplicably precise connection with the day you were born, and the true nature of your entanglement with "reality" is revealed. Like the birth of your child or a near death adrenaline rush, when a higher force intervenes in your direct personal experience, it's unmistakable.

This divine impulse that is felt coursing through your entire being in these moments is actually always there, you just have to pay attention to it.

Every moment of eternity is as omnipotent as creation itself. Every individual particle, person, plant, and planet reveals the infinite intelligence of nature. Even chaos is subject to an underlying organization. Disorder repeated until eventually becoming a pattern.

The moment transpired on an average August day in the Susquehanna Valley. The lifeless air smoldered, making little attempt at a breeze. Any idea or intention was likely to stagnate within the saturated air-scape without any prospect of being blown away by a gust of spirited wind. Time crept slowly and I was glaring and resonating with every heartbeat, breath and word that appeared in the field.

The late afternoon sun was watching from a low western post, throwing sharp elongated shadows into my average suburban backyard. Surrounded by houses of similar sizes and shapes on all sides, it seems an unlikely location for such sacred ground. The small parcel might as well be in the middle of an uncharted jungle among buried ruins that are protected by rare and wild beasts. Or clinging to the side of a mountainous projectile whose reach is capable of diverting the flow of thunderous monsoon clouds.

I stood with my spine pointing towards a long row of Arbor Vitae which grows along the back fence. Translated from Latin as "Tree of Life," each tree ascends in height as they progress from the South Eastern corner to the South West, like the bars indicating cell phone receptivity. What transmission were these trees receiving, is the question?

A gang of herbs were creeping and crawling their way around the constant flux of the soil.  Once ‘childlike’ pot bound herbs were now growing vigorously throughout the yard. They matured into sacrificial offerings.

Each plant is in itself an alchemist. Or perhaps a miniature deity, synthesizing inorganic material (dirt) into life (food and medicine). Each species plays out its own cycle and purpose, serving the totality of this existence. Just like people.

The gardens were discovered under the stars of Leo, the sign of the sun itself.

That's when...

I unknowingly transmuted a treasure of individual, living, breathing lifeforms... Into a community...

...Which perfectly reflected the divine order of our Solar System.

7 Gardens. One for each of the "Classical Planets."

The Sun, Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.

I discovered these gardens... But also helped build them.

Unknowingly.

And yes, they are still there.

I know, I know, I know...

Complete lunacy.

**“Pain in my butt” NEVER CRACKED EVER (NOT EVEN SELF) ASMR Cracks & Relax.**

Amelia and Dr. B gettin crunchy with all the sweet honey drizzled microphone captured cracks that I know you all love!

About the title... I had a nice laugh over it, you?

I'm on holiday right now visiting family in Florida, but don't be jealous, it's 60 degrees and raining. Of course, that doesn't stop my tenacious children from taking over the (basically senior citizen) condo swimming pool... Allowing me the time to type up this description, stopping periodically to make sure their heads are above water.

Amelia's spine is the definition of a "virgin vertebral column" having never been cracked... EVER.

And how sweet it was. I gave both of the thoracic spine adjustments a minute to sink in. And even though I edited the time lapse, the power of each maneuver was palpable in the air, her voice, and the massive release of pent up tension. It's just the normal human being mechanical stress build up when old injuries and improper posture are mixed with gravity and time.

And the neck adjustments speak for themselves with the gasp of air getting sucked through the spirit portal of breath like a drowning child barely treading water at a pool with no lifeguards...

(Hold on a minute...

... Okay they're fine.)

But of course, the L5-S1 side posture was worth the price of admission for Amelia. Her hips were clear at the SI joints EVEN THOUGH the pain and the hypertonicity were all found in the right glute region. But that was just the compensation (aka the shade that a spine will throw at Dr. B when investigating) for the subtle underlying cause of a "pain in the butt."

Was Amelia the figurative "pain in the butt" for a deep, meditative, spinal detective whose attempting to read layers of trauma on the physical, emotional and energetic dimensions?

Of course not. This session was fun. And it was a pleasure to compile the quick quips of an intelligent patient at the outro... Please enjoy.

And the one clip where she says "I was told by dance I have weak ankles." If you couldn't tell, I was actually being DEAD serious in my message to future teachers about the words they use and the importance of specificity of language when working with the youth. Because they REMEMBER! (Which I type while listening

to giddy children splashing happily in a pool... Signifying the continuance of breath, oxygen, and their general non drowning status.)

Anyway... The dance instructors could have said, "Your ankles need to be strengthened”... But I digresssss.

I kept the pulse reading in for relaxation  purposes even though there was no further revelation... But I assure you we did get deep, as per usual, in relating the importance of emotional health in terms of anxiousness and the autonomic nervous system (like how digestion works, or doesn't, when you're stressed). Meditation was prescribed.

I know, I know... You want meditation videos and stretch videos and the like. I'm working on concepts and catching up on videos to bring your and my timelines closer together.

Stay Tuned.

Because I love you.

Thanks for watching ""“Pain in my butt” NEVER CRACKED EVER BEFORE NOT EVEN SELF ASMR Cracks & Relax"

PS: The Children are all still BREEEEEEEEATHING.

**Chiropractic ~ Pulse Reading ~ Relax & Cracks w/ Dr. B**

THIS DESCRIPTION CONTAINS GRAPHIC CONTENT:

It’s 3 am and the rain is tapping a soft jazz melody on my window. I’m looking out at the garden beds being fed a delicious liquid midnight snack. Behind me, one of the children is sleeping in an asymmetrical posture causing her to snore. But not the kind of snore that sends a sleepless spouse into rageful hate. It's cute. In 2 hours the birds will be singing their morning ragas and I’ll be finishing up a session with my lover, my solace in the otherwise dead of the night... Hatha Yoga.

We ended last week's description as I began the day. A friend entered the office 9 months pregnant and was ready for a pre-birth adjustment.

Then several days later, I was holding this baby's body... Breathless... Lifeless... Praying his soul was at rest with God.

The father of the unborn child is someone who I consider family.  A month ago he invited me to the birth. I wasn’t entirely sure why, neither was the mother. But he’s the kind of man, full of intuition and magic, that requires trust more than understanding.

When he called me Saturday night at 10:02, crying, “The baby's heart stopped.”

Then I understood why...

"My Hero Bares His Nerves."

Births are a mystical occurrence. The entire process. From the primal attraction of 2 people to the... Presence of tiny little snoring nostrils that mimic a defunct trumpet... That's as far as I've gotten anyway.

Right now.

Oslo didn't get a chance to experience the breath. The light. The noise. The sensations of the physical world or the emotions of the inner realm. He stayed safe in the quiet, dark, womb of creation... The perfection of his mother's nurturing... And the intelligence of procreational technology that was designed by Love.

And so he basked in the glory of that Love until his time of delivery.

I arrived at the hospital well after visiting hours. Security was tighter than usual due to Covid19. I'm not family, but I'm wearing weird pants and odd jewelry that matched the story of "spiritual counselor." The men with badges gave me an eye roll and a head nod towards the elevators.

Contractions were a few minutes apart. The midwife and doula were sitting next to the mother whispering words of encouragement. They sounded like angels delivering tiny miracles. Their soft-spoken words filled the room with light, like candles burning in the dark.

I sat in silent support of their work. My hands on the father's shoulder. Eyes closed. Focused on the living prayer of my breath.

In an hour the scene would change. More nurses would come. Then a doctor. More noise. More procedures. Reminders to fill out...

Paperwork

...
...

...

It is what it is.

I surrendered and noticed my breath saying...

“This moment did not lose any of the ceremonial sacredness... It’s just less noticeable.”

The mother... She was a warrior... Emotionally, physically, mindfully, and therefore, spiritually. I’ve witnessed strength before, but I’ve only heard stories about humans who displayed this magnitude of fortitude.

I was just breathing... humbled by her moment.

And then Oslo was here. Cord marks spiraled around his neck and body... Which as you know from this channel... Is a sign of the shaman.

Mom and Dad held him with an emotion across their faces and arms... That I’ve never seen before.

"Though lovers are lost, Love is not."

He was blue. Just as many deities of the Hindu pantheon are depicted. Blue represents the divine, like the wisdom drawn from the vastness of the sky, and the mysteries swirling in the depths of the ocean. Or even deeper hues... Like that seen in the dead of night when looking out into the endlessness of space.

And sweet Oslo did not rage against the dying of the light. He went so gentle in the middle of that good night.

Like a true master.

Bringing medicine to our lives.

All of us.

...

And now the rain has stopped playing its song.

The Garden is quenched.

Life after death.

And I hope this video brings you... Even a fraction

Of the restful peace

Where Oslo now rests.

4400/5000

**Satisfying Spinal Scrunching ~ Cracks & Relax ASMR Neck Pain Relief from Full Spine Chiropractic.**

Dr. B and Anna  ... Well,

I uploaded this a week ago and am sitting here about to write this description... I have no idea what happened... Brb.

Wow, I totally forgot about that one day the laundry drop off got delayed and I didn't have any clean gowns... And quick-like grabbed my fashionably tailored, custom embroidered, only worn for 1 week, recommended by a colleague, extremely white clinic jacket...

Anna has some serious neck tension. And even though the chiropractic medicine was obviously helpful in alleviating her current pain... She has some homework to do. As an avid massage recipient and occasional chiro visitor she certainly puts a lot of time and energy into her own self care.

But for her and everyone else out there... The more you stretch and strengthen on your own... The less you need other people to step in and save your life.

Be your own hero.

But on this occasion she sought relief after feeling the build up from her new job as the marketing director of Harrisburg's hot new music venue, Club XL. Who, btw, recently hosted GEORGE CLINTON and the Parliament... But I was in Amsterdam gettin funky in my own right... On the yoga dance scene anyway.

AND even though it wasn't her main complaint, you can definitely tell she sits for a living by the sound of that shotgun blast SI joint... And old school pirate ship cannon L4 went blazing through the air, eventually landing delicately on the soft, pillow-like instrumentation circuit boards of the SHURE condenser microphone that I know many people out there appreciate.

Sorry about the view on that left lower cervical... I try new things... Sometimes they work... sometimes you see my butt or my bald head in ways that I know many people out there... Do not appreciate.

And I know... I know... Where is the pulse reading? There is only so much time in a session and I have to prioritize when editing. The 35 minute or more videos are taking over 24 hours to upload. But 30 minute videos are flying up the Youtube poop chute in a few hours or less. And nothing makes me want to karate chop my solid fake wood plastic composite bookshelves into semi fractured, hand puncturing, splintered shards, more than a video that's been uploading for 20 hours only to get error/failed out in the final moments.

SHU..

By the way, someone recently sent me an excerpt from a book in their medical doctor's office that was titled "SHU BREATHING." Pretty cool, except the entire article was in German. And I'm already home from Germany so I can't have anyone translate... So I guess that's the end of that story. Err...

I hope you're all digging the after hours, deleted scenes and spinal scrunch remixes at the end. And if you're not... At least I'm having fun making them.

I'm not SHURE what it is... There's just something about taking little video clips, trimming, detaching the sound, fading in, laying the vocals over a dark screen, fading out, cutting in rapidly, duplicating a crunch, again... And then throwing that curve ball, deleted patient interaction that makes me... Satisfied. And I'm honored that you all watch, like and comment...

Thanks for watching **Satisfying Spinal Scrunching ~ Cracks & Relax ASMR Neck Pain Relief from Full Spine Chiropractic.**

Make sure you crack that thumbs up button on your way down to leave a comment after examination of this video.

Stay Tuned.

**"Insane" That's What SHE Said: Chiropractic Cracks & Satisfying ASMR Relax Migraine & Pain**

Dr. B and Stasia getting down to work in this magnificent spinal curve corrective, bombastic crack detective, and elevated human health perspective, episode of "Watching Your Back."

2 things that make this episode potent medicine for the YouTube Chiro family...

1) She has symptoms at the time of this visit with immediate and complete amelioration (fancy word for "fixed" or in this case "axed"). Now, every case is not like this and chronic pain symptoms can take work, multiple visits, potential exercise/ stretch homework, and maybe even nutrition/supplement recommendations. But I digress.

2) First time chiro patient right here. I'd love to call these sessions "The Vir*in Spine Monologues" and actually, I've tried. But then the video gets flagged and I have to appeal... Yadda yadda yadda. It's cool. Those who read here will know now, and forever.

So, can I just say SUPER CRACKTASTIC? HER thoracic spine felt like I released a legion of demons from the bowels of hell. And the side posture was like, "Oh

here's one Dr. B." But I was like, "Nah Dawg, you can't hide from me." And the neck... Yes Atlas was nice and crispity. But that lower cervical was so deep that it sucked me into the black hole vortex that came spiraling out from the resonating vibrations of her shackled kundalini life force.

Damn...

And can anyone say... Rest in Peace, right radius restriction. Byyyyyyyyyye .

And of course the pre-post pictures.... Absolutely a special case indeed. That IS NOT typical. I'm glad you got to see it.

Also, back flash to the interview.... A serious talk on birth control. I'm certainly not opposed to it, but we have to consider when ANY remedy is not working for the patient. In most cases it can give us information about what the body is trying to do/ say.  AND I of course LOVE her "I meditate and pray" submission. Couldn't resist leaving that in there.

Oh, and chiro vision? Come on? You just saw first hand how what I see at the feet can translate into massive spinal cavitations and vertebral relocations.

And the crack highlights at the end....

I love this episode.

I just want to say thanks to all the people sending me emails expressing their concern for my absence last week. I like to post every week, and some of you know that for sure! However...I was slightly concerned about the "where's the new content" death threats.

Last weekend I flew to Germany and taught 30 of my European colleagues how to shu and say "loosey goosey." I was of course editing this video in between sessions. Then it uploaded as I drove 6 hours with a new friend (and spectacular healer out of Belgium)... And as we pulled into the city of Brussels, I lost my

shiza... And cried like a 37 year old emotionally engaged male human being, as I watched my daughter's piano recital on a live feed (she killed it) while driving past the Son-Con-Ten-Air (crazy famous European archway).

And that leads me to now. Sitting in a cafe in Amsterdam typing out this video ode. I'll be going to an open mic night this evening to sing my heart song... Just a 9 minute ditty (the brief version) called.... "Every Name of God That I Knew... While Writing This Song... Which I Then Later Modified To Add More Names... And Thus Had To Modify The Name of The Song."

Then I have to use up this 10 class card I bought at a dope red light district yoga studio. That's 3 classes per day W, Th, F with meditations and kirtan at the end of each day... Shu... Then there's a few temples and churches, botanical gardens to visit, all ending by hanging out with the cool ass didgeridoo street musician who chills outside my hotel.

Yes... That's what I do in Amsterdam. LMAO

Thanks for watching "That's Insane" SHE SAID. Chiropractic & Satisfying ASMR Cracks & Relax. Migraine & Pain AXED" with Dr. B & Chiropractic Medicine.

Stay Tuned.

**Stunning 1st Adjustment for Back Pain. Every Crack Is Glorious Relaxing Microphone ASMR Chiropractic**

Dr. B and Ali have a great session and Ali leaves "actually impressed" by the caliber of care and the effectiveness of the chiropractic adjustment.

Dr. B does not prefer to write descriptions in the 3rd person, but at least he has a sense of humor about it.

Personally, I love first time adjustments because statistics show only 15% of the American population see a chiropractor. Which is ridiculous considering 9 of 10 people have back pain at some point in their life and chiropractic has by far proven itself as the most effective modality for back pain versus PT, over the counters meds, prescriptions, acupuncture, massage, and (cough cough) placebo.

I'm coughing btw bc people often say chiro is placebo. lol

You may have noticed only one side posture in this video... Yup. The right side was in spasm and was not ready or in need of a manipulation at that moment. Correcting the pelvis was the correct medicine for this patient. The entire reason her back was in spasm was because of pelvic unleveling.

And could I really tell during the organ manipulation she was drinking the night before? Well... Yes, I could. But it's more than just what I can feel with my fingers. It's about the invisible waves of information that I feel through my beard. Actually, the alternate title for this video is, "Dr. B touches your body... and knows things." LOL

Other than that... The cervical and thoracic spine game all on point for this patient as per the title. No Y strap needed when you have a specifi-dinger at the ready. I do have a Y strap though as you have probably seen. I talk with Dr. Gregory Johnson on the reg and should be getting the NEW Manual Spinal Decompression Table… Ok, ok, it's a ring dinger table. Anyway, it's coming soon. Personally, I prefer a towel to the strap, as you may have seen in the "ring dinger

review with Y strap" commentary back in Season 5. However, the effectiveness of the Y strap was demonstrable in the Season 6 episode (Emergency Y Strap Adjustment).

That's right… If you didn't know.. This channel has seasons.

Last year I was invited to Germany, Italy, Kuwait, Turkey, and the 2020 Olympics in Japan to either teach or work in clinics. So hold on tight everyone. I've still got content for months and despite the fact I run a very busy practice Monday-Thursday adjusting over 100 patients per week, teach a 3 hour lecture on Monday nights at Penn State University, have 2 children, and a household to keep on keepin on, but for some reason I love editing videos and interacting on the YouTube scene. I've learned so many slang words from you guys. And, whenever I'm feeling bored I just open the "held for review" comment folder… Which is filled with absolute gold.

Just so you know....

These videos are hand crafted FOR YOU.

There's a few different audiences in mind when I record and edit.

ASMR community
Crack addicts
Relaxers
The Information Gatherers who are treating injuries
The Chiropractic Club (fans of the profession)
Chiropractic Students...
Story time seekers...

So, Thanks for watching Stunning 1st Adjustment for Back Pain. Every Crack Is Glorious Relaxing Microphone ASMR Chiropractic..ing.