

My Chiropractic Story

Written by Dr. Melissa Osborn

Mom; dad; sister; brother; caregiver; aunt; child; husband; wife; business professional; grandma; grandpa; we all have our roles, our hats we wear. But, what is that thing inside that defines who we really are? What is that thing that navigates us through these waters we call life?

Like me, have you ever been at a place where you felt helpless? Have you ever been in a position in which you didn't know where to go or to whom to turn? It was 11 pm and my unborn child was on the way, 6 weeks early. He or she would be introduced to this life for the first time! Excited? You bet! Scared? No. Birth and life have a way of defining us, etching its mark upon us like waves on the sand. This was one of those moments, a defining time, a paramount shift that would create a story to be told for generations to come. Alexander Ray Osborn made his first debut the night of April 23, 2011, and it was moments later another baby would make his presence known for the first time. What? You say, another baby? Did you not know? And how did you not know?

When Gabriel David introduced himself, he did so like a thief in the night. How could we not have known he was there? Exhausted and still in a zone. (Moms, you know what I mean.) What? My baby isn't breathing well? How can this be? What is happening? That moment came where fear was all I knew. Would this be the first and last day of my baby's life? Oh, please someone tell me it's going to be ok. Those moments of fear, replaced by faith, question, and concern. Then the ER visit in an ambulance, his little body hooked up to monitors and tubes, do something, anything. Just give my baby life. Help!

Then it happened. I called for help. Dr. Ed Plentz, a chiropractor with the ability to help my son. Gently, with hands as large as my baby's body, he adjusted my son. Bam! With intensity and certainty, life and breath filled his lungs. Over the next hour Gabe was reunited with the health he had always known. The life of which he was gifted before the trauma of birth without asking, tried to take it away. My son was given his life back! Then and there I knew and know every day since that this was the miracle. The defining moment in which life was reunited to that thing inside of him. That thing that helps him today when a fever aims for destruction. That thing that shares with life and expression; anger and excitement; calm and peace; rest and wake. The thing that gives us all life.

Subluxation caused from birth tried to rob my son of his life. It tried to take from him the thing that animates him. The thing that heals a cut when he plays rough and collides with his brother. The thing that hurts his feelings when his sister speaks harshly to him. The thing that makes him call out in the night, "Mommy!" The thing that melts in my arms when a little love is all he needs.

Just like you, I too become scared when I don't know what to do, when I don't know where to turn. However, I do know that connected to that thing, life is truly amazing. Disconnected, we suffer. We may not lose our life, like my son almost did, but the level we live isn't perfect, optimal, or what we are created to be. My chiropractic story is the miracle that saved my son's life, it is the decision to honor life and health above all without interference, it is the daily and yearly decisions we make that determine our health, and how we respect and live today. What's your chiropractic story? Has it been written or is it yet to be written? You decide. Won't you allow us to help?

