

Honey can you pick up my keys

A decade is a long time to have the same nagging injury; a constant nagging injury that grew into a subconscious thought.

It was not always that way.

When I was sixteen I broke my tailbone in a hockey game, but I didn't know it at the time. Two years later I was rear-ended in a car accident and the insurance company wanted me to have my entire spine x-rayed; which subsequently revealed that my tailbone had unfortunately healed in a broken position.

The problem grew from there.

Three years after discovering my tailbone had healed in the wrong position, my back began to bother me incessantly. If I was older it wouldn't have taken as long for the pain to become apparent. A few more years of difficulty passed before all bending over became unmanageable. If I was standing, walking or lying down I was fine, yet bending was agonizing. It's an odd phenomenon that when I walked normally I appeared pain-free to most, and I could even enjoy playing sports as long as there was little bending involved.

Bending became a thought process.

The pain seemed to increase at such a gradual pace that I lost track of how long this incessant back pain existed. It was with me for 10 years before I decided to do something about it because one day I realized just how much of a burden I had become to those around me.

My wife became my caregiver; the person I called upon to help lift things, to bend for me if I happened to drop something and even my crutch on the tougher days. It had been so long since my back hadn't bothered me that I hardly noticed the mental time I wasted on remedial tasks. Getting ready each morning was a carefully planned procedure involving a chair, a closely positioned table with my clothes for the day placed strategically.

The most frustrating of all things was the lack of strength in my grip which meant I often dropped things, which led to the constant request for help from others to pick up the items I dropped. I can't tell you how many times my wife had to pick up my car keys. When no one was around there was conscious effort placed on having everything on counter tops that I might need throughout the day. When I dropped something I would look around to see what I could hold on to in order to bend with the least amount of pain.

Soon it became agonizing putting my shoes and socks on; even slight bending was avoided. Normal everyday activities had to be planned, and many daily activities were avoided when the pain was too great.

Prior to seeking a healthy alternative to the pain I was constantly taking pain killers to make it through most days. That is, until Dr. Darren Poncelet encouraged me to commit to regular chiropractic treatment. I am not sure why I was not committed to a regular regimen of help, but I wasn't — constant pain can effect your thinking and your hope for improvement. I thought chiropractic care would never produce a sustainable fix for what I was dealing with.

Thankfully there is a happy ending to this... after 3 months there were dramatic improvements in my mobility and a significant reduction in pain. After 6 months I had regained full mobility and the pain became infrequent. After a full year of treatments

twice a week the pain was gone completely. It took longer than a year for me to not to automatically pause before bending over. My habit of compensating for my back pain became so ingrained that even after the pain was gone my mind needed a little more time to believe that I could bend without pain.

My back is much better and although I'd like to believe I don't rely on others as much anymore, bear this in mind... I can often be heard saying "Honey, have you SEEN my keys?"

Thank you Dr. Darren Poncelet.

Sincerely,

Bryan Dalla Rosa