

Foreward

My options had run out. Conventional medicine not only failed me, it quit on me. The truth is, these doctors had no incentive, and there was no skin in the game. The detriment of really helping someone in my position far outweighed the potential gain. Let me be clear, the potential gain was my health and my life, and that was not enough. A team doctor, a respected neurologist and the head of the NHLPA concussion protocol had no fight left for this kid. They quit.

Rewind about six months and I was a junior at Princeton University and a member of the Varsity Men's ice hockey team. Through a series of legal, normal hits starting November 11th, 2010 ending December 2, 2010, I suffered five consecutive traumas to the head in the absence of chiropractic care. My body, my brain, and my nervous system went into survival mode. Enough was enough and my ego could carry me no further: I removed myself from competition. The following months were dark to say the least. I began to drink heavily on weekends. When my teammates were in town, I was the drunkest. When they hit the road, I was inebriated from Thursday to Sunday. A fifth of whiskey was a warm up. The pain was unbearable, unbelievable and still is nearly indescribable. Sunlight, music, walking, laughing, reading, sex; everything gave me a searing migraine. To this day it is still difficult for my consciousness to reopen this box of pain and suffering. Essentially, it felt like my brain was three sizes too big for my skull. The constant pressure inside my skull was excruciating. With no escape this pressure pushed on my eyeballs and for eight months. Morning, noon and night a migraine lived behind my eyes, ranging from a seven to a ten on the pain scale.

Let's remember that I was a Division 1 athlete at the most prestigious school in North America, arguably the world. Our athletic and healthcare budget was enormous. Our team doctor doubled as the head of concussion protocol for the NHLPA. Not to mention Princeton, New Jersey is geographically accessible to the top neurologists in the country. I saw one of these professionals. I went through the symptom charts, I took the appropriate tests, I closed my eyes and touched my finger to my nose, had my balance was evaluated, and I consistently had little flashlights shined into my pupils. When the "symptoms" simply did not go away, I went to said neurologist who prescribed me three psychotropic medications five minutes after our initial consultation. Instinctively I knew this was not the answer and I never had the scripts filled. So I sat, I wondered, I drank and I spiraled. BUT, I knew there was an answer. I knew this wasn't right and I never gave up hope.

Mid March 2011, my roommate Derrick's parents were in town and he asked me to join them at The Princetonian, a little diner on Route 1. I obliged; I was still a college student and a free meal was a free meal. I had heard about Derrick's dad, a successful chiropractor, who had a big house in the Boston suburbs. But I was in pain; I had a big, bad, important sports injury and my ego would not let go. Quite honestly it never crossed my mind that the answers I was looking for lay in this man's commitment to a life of honor and integrity, rooted in chiropractic care. At lunch, unprompted Dr. Pallis looked me dead in the eyes and said something to the effect of 'Marc if you want help, I can help. But it's going to require your full commitment.' My

response was, "I'll do whatever the **** it takes." I had no idea I was about to embark on a three-month journey of consciousness and paradigm shifting, total immersion into the world of chiropractic.

After the school year I didn't return to Canada and instead took an Amtrak train directly to Boston. Dr. Pallis picked me up and really the rest is history. The constant message was one of never-ending and all enduring love. I was consistently told that regardless of circumstance, I had a person with the means and connection to health that would always be in my corner. A daily utterance of Dr Pallis was and still is, "My word of life is my word of death." And **** did he mean it. I moved into the Pallis household and stayed there for 92 days, where I received three adjustments a day, every day. I was given the "Accelerator Program" and a number of other audio books intended to infiltrate my subconscious and rid it of fear and doubt. At the time I didn't understand why I was doing all these things or what their purpose was, I simply just followed instructions. I wrote letters of gratitude, subsequently reconnected myself to the world of health and once again began to live in the grace and gift that is life and humanity. I listened to Dr. Pallis for countless hours around the kitchen counter, at the top of the stairs, in the music room, and at the adjusting table. I was connected and accepting the universes energy through Dr. Pallis. Sometime around mid July the fog began to lift and I began to feel this energy inside myself: my nervous system had been awoken. I could feel the progress, not only physically but the strength of my sprit was returning. One day I woke up and simply didn't have a headache. There was no pressure in my head, and no migraine behind my eyes. Training began that day; twice a day, every day until the season.

A lot of other things happened with Dr. Pallis that summer, all of which I'm still coming to understand and appreciate. At the core, I was the recipient of love. Dr. Pallis' love was an unconditional and fearless love rooted in the belief that chiropractic care could restore my health and return this young man to a life of vibrancy. Dr. Pallis was unwavering in this message through both his words and his actions and for this I am eternally grateful. Currently, I'm playing in my fourth season as a professional hockey player on contract with the Minnesota Wild organization of the NHL. After working with Dr. Pallis I played my senior year and graduated from Princeton University. I then transferred schools, received a masters degree from Miami University all the while playing an additional season of NCAA Division 1 hockey. Without the commitment of Dr. Pallis and the universal power of chiropractic care, none of this would have been possible.

With Gratitude,

Marc Hagel