

Why Didn't Someone Tell Me Sooner?

A How-to Guide for the Restoration & Maintenance of Health

Chapter 1

My Personal Story

When and Where It All Began

Don't Let This Happen To You

I feel this is a wonderful beginning for this book, and if my mother and father would have only known about the healing principles described in this book, I would not have suffered with severe bronchitis until I was 27 years old. That's one reason I titled the book *Why Didn't Someone Tell me Sooner?*

I hope this book inspires you to make healthy changes in your life. If I can do it (and I did!), I know you can, too. I have already shared my knowledge with tens of thousands of people who have attended my classes and national lectures, and listeners to weekly radio broadcasts that I have conducted since 1968.

In the last 30 years of my clinical practice I have seen the miracles of the awesome healing power of the living body. The results prove that you, too, can "find the health within yourself." In this book you will read actual testimonials of my patients, exactly as they were dictated to me. They simply wanted to share with you what they have found. These are true stories about people who came to me as a last resort, when all else had failed them. When the cause of their problems were detected and corrected, their bodies were able to heal themselves.

The true miracle of radiant health is the ability of your body to restore and maintain itself as it was created and designed. That is what I have discovered over my lifetime and that is why I want to begin this book with my personal story. You will see that I am no different than you. You, too, can make the journey to good health as I did. You can reverse the downward spiral of poor health. You can avoid the pitfalls that over 90% of our population fall into, in their attempts to restore their health. The majority of them never succeed.

Let us begin this journey together. It's exciting for me and I know it will excite you as well.

I was born in the Bronx, the northernmost borough of New York City, on January 24, 1931. There were no complications at birth. I was healthy child at the very beginning of my life.

I was nursed for about six months and then I was fed cow's milk. (My dad was in the milk business, but if I knew then what I know now about dairy products I would have asked for goat's milk laced with carrot juice!) When I was eight months old my mother decided that milk wasn't enough for me, so she carted me over to our family M.D., a general practitioner. He put me on *Pablum*, a cereal-based dietary supplement.

Today's pediatricians still recommend *Pablum*, but you *should not* feed babies this kind of grain product. It is too heavy a protein for infants to break down and assimilate. The digestive tracts of children simply cannot handle it.

Soon after I began eating *Pablum*, I began to fill up with mucus. I developed earaches. At the time my mother didn't know why. She relied on the so-called experts of medicine, and my problems were compounded. The doctors gave me drugs to clear up the earaches, never considering that my problem could be diet-related. (Young mother, take heed: this is where drug habits begin- in infancy. You have probably noticed that drugs get rid of the symptoms, not the problems – that's because drugs do not correct the cause of the problem.)

After several years of taking drugs for earaches my condition did not improve. More drugs were prescribed and new problems developed, this time in my lungs.

In 1937, at the height of the Great Depression, I was five years old and my family moved to Manhattan, the heart of New York City. When I was 7 years old, I had my first operation, an appendectomy. This ailment should have been the first clue that my body was toxic and that my diet was poor, consisting then of lots of meat, lots of dairy, city water, and very few vegetables.

By the time I was 9, bronchitis had settled in my lungs. I missed a lot of school because I was so sick.

I began working after school, as a self-employed shoeshine boy. I built my own shoe box, put a strap on it, and carried it over my shoulder. We lived near Times Square, so I worked on Broadway, the theater district. I worked in and around Times Square, not far from our home. I worked all the major restaurants. I charged five cents a shine and did very well.

When I was twelve, we moved to Queens, a New York City borough east of Manhattan, to a town called Richmond Hill. This location was closer to my dad's work. At that time, Queens was much less crowded and more "country" than Manhattan.

My illness followed us to Queens. My bronchitis got steadily worse, especially in the winter. At night, breathing became so difficult that our doctor recommended a vaporizer. The vaporizer vaporized water along with a jellied menthol medication that was added to the mix, filling the air with moisture and menthol medication. I was extremely

fortunate that I did not come down with bronchial pneumonia because of all the water in the air. *Never under any circumstances use a vaporizer in your child's room.* If you do, moisture can fill your child's lungs and pneumonia may occur. Please seek a second opinion from an alternative practitioner who uses all-natural means to address the cause of your child's health problems.

I graduated high school in 1949. In March 1950 the Korean War broke out and I enlisted in the Marine Corps. After completing boot camp, I was shipped to Camp Pendleton, in California, for cold weather training. In August 1950 I sailed to Japan with the rest of the First Marine Division. During my entire tour of duty, including the invasion of Inchon on September 15, 1950, through snow and bitter cold, I suffered with bronchitis. I was on the sick call a lot and took much medication. When I was discharged in 1954, my resistance was at an all-time low. I was becoming sicker by the year.

Something wonderful happened to me in May 1955, a year after my discharge: I met my lovely wife Joan. We were married the next year and although I didn't know it at the time, a whole new world was about to open up for me.

In 1958 I began a new career as a law enforcement officer in Nassau County, a suburban area east of Queens. During one of my many bouts with illness Joan sat down on my bed and put it to me straight. She said "Jim, you can't go on like this for the rest of our lives. You have to try something different to get well." I said, "What else can I do? I have tried everything, haven't I?"

Joan told me about another avenue I could explore. Because my wife has never been sick a day in her life – no medication, no operations, nothing – and because I was at my wit's end, I was ready to listen. She told me to call her Uncle Pat, Dr. Pasquale J. Cerasoli, a chiropractor in Brooklyn. She told me he would adjust my spine, as he had done for her. This was new to me; I thought a chiropractor was a foot doctor!

When we got to Uncle Pat's, his waiting room was crowded, but after a while I was ushered into his second waiting room, directly outside his examination room. His assistant told me to take off my shirt to the bare skin so that my spine was exposed.

Soon the examination room door opened and a voice – Uncle Pat's, I surmised at the time – asked me to come in. I had met Uncle Pat only once, two years before, at my wedding. I'm not even sure he knew who I was when he saw me in his room! The first thing I noticed was the lack of the typical antiseptic, rubbing alcohol odor you associate with a doctor's office. He had no stethoscope, so how was he going to listen to my lungs? What I did notice was an odd-looking table that appeared to be tilted into a vertical position.

He sat me down next to his desk and asked me what was the matter. As I spoke he wrote on an index card. I told him about the bronchitis, the medications, and the lifetime of illness. He said he thought he could help me. But how? Did I make a mistake, am I in the wrong place, what is in store for me? But I trusted my wife and her uncle, so I kept my mind open. (Today, whenever I speak with a new patient, I think back to that day at

Uncle Pat's and realize that many of my new patients probably see me through the same eyes I saw Uncle Pat.)

Uncle Pat asked me to stand on the platform at the end of the odd-looking, vertical table, and face the surface of the table. Now I'm looking into a wax-paper wrapped headpiece or face-resting device. The next thing I know, this table is moving down into a horizontal position. I can't see a thing.

I felt Uncle Pat's hands at my feet and legs, pressing and probing, for what I didn't know. Later I learned he was looking for imbalances in the leg length, but at that time, of course, this was all new to me. Then I felt his hands on my spine. I was suddenly filled with a sense of confidence. My fears evaporated and somehow I knew I was going to get well at last.

Uncle Pat abruptly thrust down on my spine, in the mid-dorsal (middle of the back) area. It didn't hurt, but it must have looked as if it did to an observer. Next he moved up to my neck (the cervical spine) and thrust. Then he moved down to my hip area and asked me to roll over on my side. He thrust first on my left side, then on my right. I was on my back now. He adjusted my fingers, arms, and feet, finishing up at my neck.

I heard the sound of compressed air and the table rose back to its original vertical position. He helped me off the table and told me I had experienced my first adjustment and that my body will now begin to heal. He asked to see me the following week to continue correcting my spine and to discuss diet and food supplements.

That first visit lasted no more than seven minutes. My subsequent visits were no more than three minutes each. And I was on my road to recovery and good health.

Uncle Pat was the most dedicated professional I had ever seen. In those days he worked seven days a week. On his busiest days he saw 300-400 patients. His work day began at 8:00 AM and ended at 11:00 PM., with brief breaks for lunch and dinner. He was all business and had no time for chitchat. For many years he gave lectures in his finished basement, discussing the different systems of the body and their functions, then moving on to the philosophy of well-being, how the body gets sick, and the real cause of poor health. He covered diet and the importance of juicing fresh fruit and vegetables. He introduced me to Standard Process Labs, the food supplement company I use to this day.

I consider my introduction to Uncle Pat the real beginning of my life. I decided to become a doctor of chiropractic. Joan became pregnant with our second child but shortly into the term she miscarried. We were understandably upset, but we decided to try again as soon as possible. She became pregnant again, but again she miscarried and we were devastated. We both just sat and cried.

Thinking we would never have another child, I started college in Brooklyn, preparing for my professional career as a doctor of chiropractic.

We talked to Uncle Pat about our miscarriage problem and he invited us over for dinner. After we ate we had a private talk with him. He told us to change our eating habits. He told Joan to begin a diet that emphasized carrot, celery and beet juice. After a few months Joan conceived again and 9 months later my son Joseph was born.

During this period of my life I was juggling school and my law enforcement work. My classes ran from 8:00 AM to 2:30 PM. After school I worked until midnight. I studied when I got home, went to bed at 2 AM., woke up at 5:30 AM., and started all over again.

Once a month I visited Uncle Pat and saw him lecture to an overflow crowd.

I will never forget a dinner Uncle Pat gave for his patients at a foundation gathering. He presented to the audience a lovely young lady in her twenties who, before her chiropractic care, was crippled with polio, as diagnosed by her medical doctors. She had worn braces and had to walk with crutches. She had been visiting Uncle Pat for a little more than a year when I saw her at the foundation gathering. Uncle Pat called her up to speak, and as she left the table she walked to the stage under her own power with her braces and crutches in hand. She placed the braces and the crutches on the stage.

When she told her story there wasn't a dry eye in the place, as you can imagine. There were many other testimonials as well, but hers was the highlight.

I resolved that night to get the same kind of results with my future patients as Uncle Pat had gotten with his. Looking back on the last 30 years, I believe that I have lived up to the high standards I set for myself that night.

One highlight of my professional career stands out among many. In 1968 I began my radio broadcasts on a small station in Islip, Long Island. A female caller to the show – I'll call her "Mary" – asked me if I could help her husband – we'll call him "Bill." Mary said Bill couldn't walk and that his doctors had diagnosed him as having MS. I told her that I don't treat disease as medicine does, but if she made an appointment, I would examine him to see if there was anything I could do for him. Mary called my office and made the appointment.

When Mary and Bill showed up at my office, two men were carrying Bill, his legs dangling uselessly. We sat in my office and I took a case history. I examined him physically and structurally. I took x rays of his spine. I thought about Uncle Pat's polio case.

I had graduated from Palmer College only two years earlier, in 1966. When Mary and Bill came to see me my technique at the time was strictly upper cervical, meaning that I adjusted only two vertebrae, the atlas and axis (first and second cervicals of the spine).

After examining the x rays, I told Bill that he had a subluxation of the first cervical vertebrae. It showed up very clearly on the x ray and neurocaligraph readings. The break that appeared on the graph was at the level of his occipito-atlanto articulation.

I recommended a minimum of six months and possibly even a year of care and adjustments to make a correction that would hold.

Bill and Mary told me that their financial situation was not good. He was out of work on disability. They had children to feed and cloth. I agreed to waive my regular fee and accept whatever they could pay me. In the months that followed, Bill would give me, after each visit, an envelope with at least six one dollar bills in it. Sometimes there were more, but never less than six.

I adjusted Bill regularly and I put him on fruit and vegetable juice, made in a juicer.

After five months of treatment, Bill began to walk with the aide of crutches. Before a year of treatments was completed Bill was walking without help. He went back to work. Even I was amazed at the remarkable healing powers of the human body.

In 1973 I moved upstate. I lost all contact with Bill and Mary. I wondered if I would ever hear from them again. Flash forward now 27 years later. I was reading at home one evening when the phone rang. The male voice on the other end asked if I was the same Dr. Barile that had practiced in Huntington in the late 1960's. I said that I was and the man asked me if I knew to whom I was speaking. When I said that I didn't, my mystery caller revealed himself as Bill. I was speechless. Bill told me he was retired and living in New Jersey. He just wanted to thank me for giving him back his life. He told me that not a day goes by that he doesn't think about what I did for him. I thanked him, hung up, and called Joan into the room. I told her about the phone call. I must admit we shed a few tears of joy and happiness.

During the mid-1960's, when I studied chiropractic at Palmer College, I spent hour after hour speaking with Dr. David Palmer, the son of the famous Dr. B.J. Palmer. B.J. had passed on three years earlier and Dr. David Palmer was carrying on his tradition. When graduation day came I was sad to leave the faculty and my fellow students behind, but I returned to Palmer for homecoming on many occasions. I went back again when my son Joseph (our second child) began his training at Palmer College after attending St. Andrews University in Scotland.

We had a third child in 1972 – Dyan – who is in law school. Debra, our oldest, is a chef.

Joseph graduated Palmer College in 1989 and took over my practice while Joan and I traveled to Italy. We came back in 1990 and began new practices in Amsterdam, New York and Schenectady, New York, which is where we are today.

I'm still broadcasting on the radio, just as I have for the past 28 years and my message has always been the same:

Find the Health Within Yourself

It's all about following natural laws and the philosophy of healing.

In closing this chapter, I'd like to quote Dr. B. J. Palmer: "You may never know how far reaching what we may think, say, or do today will affect the lives of millions of people tomorrow."

It is my sincere hope and desire that this book motivates you to take control of your life and health. Radiant health may be your dream, but it is not a fantasy. You can achieve it if you really want to. As you read these pages you may want to take the same path I did and become a doctor of chiropractic for the sheer joy of helping others, as are other chiropractors throughout the world. They are carrying on the tradition and the philosophy of the Palmer family.

May I suggest you contact the Palmer College, 1000 Brady Street, Davenport, Iowa 52803 if you are interested in becoming a doctor of chiropractic, or contact me at 1-800-726-WELL.

As of this writing, Dr. Pasquale J. Cerasoli – "Uncle Pat" – is still practicing in Brooklyn, New York. He is 85 years old and in his fifty- fifth year of practice. Uncle Pat is a vibrant, healthy man who still sees patients, lectures throughout the country, and lives his life to the fullest.

Thank you, Uncle Pat, for what you gave me: my health and my life's work. My wife, Joan, and our children thank you, as well. We love you.