

"Crazy for You"

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Back in December 1993, the "commander and chief" of sports injuries, Tom Hyde, DC, requested that I report for duty at the Theater of Performing Arts in Miami Beach for the cast of the held-over-by-popular-demand performances of George Gershwin's "Crazy for You." This was to become one of my most unforgettable moments.

Bryan Birch, the stage manager called my office to make the connection and to express how delighted he was that a chiropractor would be on staff to care for his people.

Following a full day at the office, I packed a portable table, athletic tape, bandages, ointments, liniments, and two ever-present healing hands and prepared for my theatrical debut.

Several hours before show time, I proudly walk through the back door where some of the biggest stars in show-biz have passed. Charting unfamiliar territory, I near the rehearsal room and several dressing rooms with slight trepidation, the buzz of tension and energy in the air. As I attempt to inquire of the whereabouts of Mr. Burch, it seems as though I'm on a busy city sidewalk at lunch time.

A wide-eyed, red-head with an anxious look power walks towards me. Her legs appear to be up to my neck. "Please tell me you're the doctor," she says, gripping my arm. Being more specific, she asks if I'm the chiropractor and if I could help her immediately. She only has 15 minutes before she must dress and warm up, she explains, but has hip pain when pivoting on her right leg. The pain is along the inguinal ligament, I note, as she holds onto my shoulder for balance while duplicating the painful movement.

There is nothing like a hallway consultation in public. Still holding my black bag and portable table, I begin to perspire. A welcome interruption comes when an assistant stage manager brings me to the first aid room. It's small, but it will work.

First to be treated is Nora Brennan, one of the dancers who has been with the show the longest. Her body is as fine tuned as an Indy race care. Testing muscles, checking ranges of motion, watching dynamic biomechanical faults and scanning for subluxations, Nora emerges from the treatment room with 20 percent increase on resisted hip flexion, 30 percent greater ROM, and a four point decrease on the analog pain scale. She exudes appreciation. As she rushes away, out of the corner of my eye I see her giving the other less trusting cast members an eager thumbs up.

The word quickly spreads and battered bodies jockey for adjustments. The common cry was being on the road for several weeks performing every night without chiropractic care.

Finally I meet the biggest advocate of our profession: stage manager Brian Burch. His kindness and concern is overwhelming, as he speaks of the valuable contribution of chiropractic.

The next evening they position me in the enormous mirrored rehearsal room. The intensity elevates as the cast members display segments of their performance to reveal their modes of injury. The cast develops increasing trust for my ability. As pain observes no holidays, my unspoken

commitment is heard when New Years and Christmas is spent caring for their injuries and helping the dancers improve their performance.

The last scene was the toughest for me. You develop a relationship with your patients and then must redirect your energies elsewhere, knowing you may never see these patients again.

Then it was down to the final show, a Sunday matinee. The stage manager presents me with a "Crazy for You" poster signed by the cast members in appreciation for my "tireless dedication." At that moment a happy tear comes to my eye. It was a heart-felt moment; a priceless memory for a lifetime.

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