

First came devastating injuries, then amazing recovery. . .

How I Healed Myself with Medical Qi-Gong

By David Goldner

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QI-GONG (pronounced “chee-goong”) and Tai-Qi (pronounced Tie-Chee) have been practiced in China for thousands of years. Qi-Gong, literally, breathing exercise, is the name given to a wide variety of methods for enhancing one’s Qi (internal energy or life force).

At the end of the Cultural Revolution, Deng Xiao Peng set about rebuilding much of the cultural heritage in China. He promoted the rediscovery of traditional Chinese Medicine, which included Tai-Qi and Medical Qi-Gong.

This allowed Medical Qi-Gong practitioners to demonstrate their skills without fear of being condemned in China. For fear of persecution, some masters had emigrated to the West and started teaching the techniques openly in the United States.

Medical Qi-Gong masters can emit energy from their hands that have a scientifically measurable and beneficial effect on health and healing.

In late 1974, a friend of mine suggested we take up Tai-Qi Chuan (internal energy of the hand) and Qi-Gong. I thought it would be some type of oriental fighting art.

So we began at [Chow Studio](#). Mr. and Mrs. Chow had just come over from China and were living in south Florida to be near friends. Eight or so months later, while learning the dance step-by-step, not only had there been no instruction of fighting, there was no talk of fighting.

As a matter of fact, there wasn’t much conversation. Aside from a tiny amount of broken English, the Chows spoke only Chinese. The method of learning was one of observation, participation, and more observation.

Mr. Chow would repeatedly say, “Let your subconscious mind absorb.” Mr. Chow would demonstrate “giving energy” which he said became possible after many years of Tai-Qi. Mr. and Mrs. Chow were Medical Qi-Gong masters who had a healing clinic in China before coming to the United States.

On January 13, 1982, I was on my third date with a young woman. I don’t remember what happened that day and can only recount what I have been told.

We had just walked out of my driveway on to a rural road where I was living in south Florida. Moments later, a Ford LTD station wagon traveling about 43 mph came around a broad curve which was about 75 feet from my driveway.

I yelled, “Watch it!” as I pushed my friend out of harm’s way and tried to jump above the hood of the oncoming station wagon. The impact almost removed my feet and catapulted me head first into the windshield.

The windshield was shattered and like a racquet ball bouncing back after slamming into a wall or in this case the windshield, my body was knocked forward to the road and was run over and dragged underneath the car.

The EMTs found me almost a hundred feet down the road from my friend who was walking around in circles, I was told. My pants had to be cut off because they were so saturated with blood from my legs.

I was not aware that two weeks passed. I was in a coma-like state due to subdural hematomas -- blood clots underneath the skull. I did not know that funeral arrangements had been made for me twice or that there was a long incision on my abdomen including tubes in my throat, nose, and skull.

I was aware of this man, whom I later found out was my neurosurgeon, walking into my room asking me if I knew my name along with some other questions.

I proudly had the answer to what my name was, but I had no answers for the other questions.

I did recognize my father. Looking at my legs, I assumed that I was in trouble and asked my father to contact Mr. and Mrs. Chow. I remember lying in the hospital for what seemed to be hours on end doing the Tai Qi Chuan exercises in my mind. I remember Mr. Chow at my bedside giving me Qi “energy.” Outside of that, nothing else was very clear for a few weeks. I underwent 11 operations.

As I began to recover, I was told that I would be lucky if I ever walked again. I never attended one treatment of conventional physical therapy.

Yet here I am walking normally and enjoying a high degree of good health and vitality. How did that happen?

I treated myself with Tai Qi Chuan and Medical Qi-Gong, based on the knowledge gathered over the five years I had studied with the Chows prior to my accident.



I later became a licensed massage therapist in the State of Florida. Because I incorporated Medical Qi-Gong into my practice, my success at relieving pain and improving the health and vitality of my patients was phenomenal. I became one of the most sought-after practitioners in the state. To enhance my skills, I studied over 300 hours of the acupuncture physicians program in the U.S., and in 1993 I studied with Medical Qi-Gong master and doctor Wang Jue Ming at the Qi-Gong Research Hospital in Bao-Ding China.

There were many struggles both financially and physically for years following my accident. At different times up until 1987, and often between treating my patients, I would have to clean the infection and chips of bones from my legs, a condition known as osteomyelitis. I never mentioned anything to my patients and my clothes hid the scars on my body.

I never would have believed it back then if someone had said that someday this experience would bring me a lot of joy and satisfaction.

I did find satisfaction in the phone calls I received the last couple of years of my 12-year practice in Deland, Florida, from people asking if I was accepting new patients. That was quite an achievement for a health care practice that did not accept insurance. Once when introduced to someone in Deland, they remarked, “Oh, yes, David, I’ve heard your name. You have helped a lot of people.”

The biggest joy is to have the opportunity to give someone hope and possibly change the quality of their life. Medical Qi-Gong enables me to do this with sometimes incredible results.

Up until recently, it seemed the pace of recovering my life offered no opportunity to slow down, exhale, and digest all that has transpired as a result of that accident. I moved from Florida in June of 1999 to take advantage of the beauty of Western North Carolina and to catch up. Now I am devoting more of my time to teaching and lecturing about Medical Qi-Gong in the belief that everyone can learn how to benefit from this beautifully efficient healing technique.

If, as the Chinese claim, we can direct this Qi through our bodies and awareness, then the western idea of positive thinking takes on a new meaning, especially as it relates to health and healing. In Medical Qi-Gong, the healer goes beyond intention. My own experience bears out the miraculous possibilities inherent in the practice of Medical Qi-Gong.

