

GJG

George Joseph Goodheart, Jr. He was a Great Man. Let there be no doubt about it.

He was a gifted healer, the greatest healer I have ever encountered. A physicians' physician. You would feel better just being in the same room with him.

He was Passionate, and he had incredible discipline and remarkable resolve in his attempt to heal his patients and in his teachings to further the knowledge of healing among his colleagues.

He was the definitive problem solver, and clinical investigator.

He was a Genius.

I asked him once how many geniuses he had met in his life.

He said, "I have known 3 true geniuses...besides myself!"

He had the Ego to know who he was... and also the humility to know who he wasn't

And he lived the admonition that he uttered so often:

"YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIKE EVERYBODY, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO LOVE THEM"

He was a Great Man, yet in many ways, he was also a Regular Man. He had a house. He drove a car (Well, maybe the Corvette isn't such a good example of a Regular Man.)

He had a best friend.

He loved and was loved.

He liked coffee – albeit Jamaican Blue Mountain... and Vermouth - Noilly Pratt, and steak and zucchini...

He had a wife and kids.

He and Kitty raised a family, Carroll, Mark, and Betsy. He had three grandsons, Ted, Brian, and Chase. He lost Kitty, and then for 30 years he was blessed with the joy of JoAnn.

He lost his only son, Mark. Yet this Great Man counted many, many doctors (many of us here) as his "chiropractic sons." And we likewise have adopted him as our "chiropractic father." *All of us who are all his chiropractic sons share in this loss in a unique way.*

**In our neighborhood, he was a Regular Man.
He taught the neighbor kids to ski
He was the family doctor
He had a favorite sport, tennis, that he played ferociously and that
he enjoyed watching
He played touch football and ice hockey in the back yard
He played fair, but hard.**

I wouldn't say that he was gentle man – anyone who played against him in tennis, touch football, or hockey or was at the receiving end of a neurolymphatic reflex treatment can testify to that...

But this Great Man was a Gentleman of the highest caliber

Let me tell you a little story.

This past Christmas, I visited him for a few minutes one afternoon. He was sitting on the couch and he invited me to sit next to him and chat. He had been conserving his energy and he said to me, "I have two positions at present: like this and lying down."

The next day, my entire family paraded next door for our Annual Goodheart-Schmitt Christmas event. My mother led us into the room where George was again sitting. But immediately, upon seeing a lady enter the room, he stood up, and continued to stand and greet each one of us individually. The consummate gentleman. Old fashion with Passion.

As a Regular Man, he was a citizen of his communities – Grosse Pointe and Detroit and his country.

As a Great Man, he served his country in order to ensure our future freedoms in World War 2. His Wartime contributions saved countless lives.

As a Great Man, he served his country as the first chiropractor on the United States Olympic Sports Medicine Team in Lake Placid in 1980. At that same Olympics, as a Regular Man, he watched as a spectator as the US Hockey Team performed the "Miracle on Ice" and beat the Russians – an event that he described as "the greatest sporting event he had ever witnessed."

As a Regular Man, he got dressed in the mornings –and like everyone else, he put his pants on one leg at a time... at least I think so. The rest of his uniform consisted of that Navy blazer with the blue shirt and that blue and green tie. And when he was in his clinic, the long white lab coat with all of the “stuff” hanging out of his pockets.

And this Great Man, and this Regular Man was also a Spiritual Man. Every Sunday morning if he were teaching a seminar, he began by saying...

One of the things that I like to do on a Saturday or a Sunday, or any day, is to ask for help from where it all comes from. I'm sure that there's someone who can do this better than I can, (By the way there wasn't) but if you will bear with me....

And then he would bow his head and say,

“Dear Lord, Thou Great Physician, from whom every good and perfect gift must come, Give KINDNESS to our HEARTS, INTELLIGENCE to our MINDS, STRENGTH and SKILL to our HANDS so we may help our suffering fellow man through our chosen profession. We ask it in thy name, Amen.”

And then he would always add,

“If that offends anybody, it's too bad because it's my football.”

This Great Man was one of a kind. He will not be duplicated. Those of us who are clinicians can carry on the fruits of his greatness by using the things he has taught us with our patients to make the world a better place.

Those of us who are, and those of us who are not clinicians can likewise help to fill the void that he leaves behind by emulating his goodness, his Passion, by being good citizens, by being gentlemen and gentlewomen... by emulating his love for our fellow man, by making those around us feel better just by our presence.

**As George said,
“YOU DON’T HAVE TO LIKE EVERYBODY, BUT YOU’VE
GOT TO LOVE THEM”**

**And how do we do that? We do that each day, and can keep
George’s “spirit” alive, and keep his legacy alive by Praying for, and
Passionately striving for:**

**That KINDNESS in our HEARTS, That INTELLIGENCE in our
MINDS, That STRENGTH and SKILL to our HANDS so we may
help our suffering fellow man through our chosen profession,
whatever it maybe, and with whomever we are dealing.**