

PT HAPPENINGS

RESTORING FUNCTION ONE PATIENT AT A TIME



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From the Desk of Chris Gordos

Celebration of a Life Complete...

Many of you may know, one of my childhood heroes passed away in September. Many of you knew him as Dr. Hippert. I simply knew him as Uncle Bob. I literally would not be here in this life, nor at this office if it wasn't for this special human being. He allowed me to fulfill my dream of opening up my own PT office. Only through his generosity and willingness to take a chance on me, was I able to start serving all of you in June of 2009. What nobody knows is that Dr. Hippert was roommates with my father in college at Kutztown. He introduced my mother (his to be sister-in-law) to my father on a blind date. Without this introduction, my parents wouldn't have met and I wouldn't be writing you this letter. After my father passed away, when I was young, he took on the male role model position in my brother's and my life. He was so much more than an amazing doctor to me and my family. What made him such a great doctor to many of you is what made him such a great man to me. Often the most important things that any of us can do, while we are blessed to be on this earth, is to make an impact on those around us. The hard part about making huge impacts is when these legends leave us, they leave a huge void that is not easy to be filled. It is our job to pass on their lessons and continue their legacy.



"I never dreamed that heaven would be a giant, eternal-long poker game."

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I typically use writing and poetry to summarize a person's meaning to me, and with my Uncle it is no different. I wrote 2 poems, one about being a doctor and his impact on this community and the other about his special meaning to me. I debated which one to share with all of you. I finally decided on my family poem. Hopefully it gives you a glimpse into his personal life and some of the things he went through when I was young and the meaning he had to our whole family. As a point of reference: My grandfather (his father-in-law), my father (his roommate), his father, and our great uncle are the other men that are mentioned as sitting with him at the poker table. I hope this helps some of you who are still in shock and I appreciate you taking this journey with me down memory lane.

In his memory we are offering the greatest holiday promotion ever at our office. We are going to block off most of the morning on Thursday December 19, 2019 to do free screens for any of you who are having a pain, soreness, or loss of motion that you would like somebody to look at. As a loyal reader we are offering these to you before the general public. Andrea, Eric, and I will each have 4 slots on the morning of December 19th. There is no reason to live in pain or limitations. Life can be too short. It is made to be enjoyed.

So to all of you and your family we wish:

A Happy and Merry Holiday Season!!! May you raise a glass to your loved ones who are lost and present. I know for sure there will be a filled glass at our family function that will go unused.

The Poker Table

The HEROES had gathered again.

A trio of young boys tingled with the excitement of anticipation.

These legends were gearing up for another showdown.

Lines were drawn and bets were made.

Not one among them was a professional athlete, a rock-star, Navy Seal, nor firefighter.

Seated at this place of worship were:

A simple teacher, a brilliant engineer, a caring doctor, a jovial steel forger, and wise deli owner.

Battles weren't being fought, a crucial playoff game wasn't decided, nor did anybody's life hang in the balance.

And yet...

A palpable tension could be felt and the electricity in the room was ever present.

Stories of past encounters were being swapped,

Guts were on display,

Wild cards were always a possibility,

But never was there a joker among them.

These were the heroes, whom the boys one day hoped they could join in.

Each boy wanted to prove that they were not mere adolescents, but were becoming young men.

Unfortunately, often what one wishes for in life comes not in the ways we can hope or plan.

One by one a seat at the revered table was opened.

First went the Engineer, his cards folded in a surprising manner.

Second was the teacher who had to leave early before his time.

Next were the Press operator and deli owner who missed their lifelines of a deuce in the hole.

They both gracefully bowed out as it was their time.

Then there was only one left to take all of the chips.

The doctor, whom it was left upon to help pass on all of the wisdom, stories, and lessons about life.

It wasn't what he would have chosen, but he gladly took on the role.

As years passed and life progressed...

A careful observer could note how much enjoyment the doctor achieved by watching the

Next trio of young adolescents who couldn't wait to become worthy of sitting at the hallowed table.

Finally, it became his time to fold his cards.

His peers needed a fifth at their table.

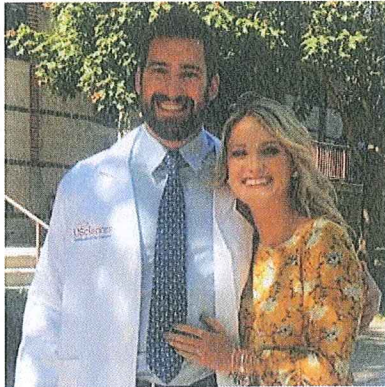
Deuces were wild, five card draw had been the game that was called.

The cigars and pipes were lit, and the manhattans, beer, and wine sat in their glasses.

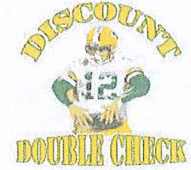
It was the doctor's turn to bet.

Their Poker table in Heaven was now complete.

Student Profile: Chris Coppins



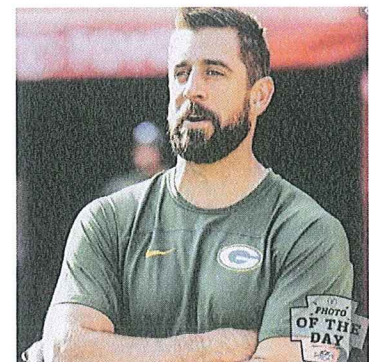
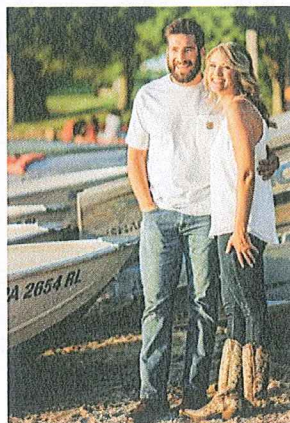
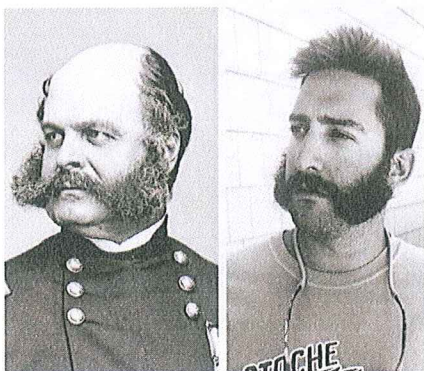
Hello all! My name is Chris Coppins (also known as Aaron "Rodgers") and I am currently in my third year of physical therapy school and the University of the Sciences in Philadelphia. IMG-PT is my fourth and final clinical rotation and I will be here for a total of 16 weeks. When I am done learning and practicing here, I have a short semester followed by graduation in May 2020. I became interested in physical therapy after a serious knee injury playing ice hockey and after a fellow teammate suffered a stroke at the age of 16, which he received help and rehabilitation from 2 of the best physical therapists I have ever met.



I am 26 years old and grew up Chester Springs PA with my parents and a brother 5 years older than me. In 2015, I earned my undergraduate degree at Quinnipiac University in Connecticut, where I played ice hockey and started a club golf team. After college, I moved back home and worked as physical therapy aide when I was lucky enough to meet my now fiancée, Carrie. Carrie and I have been together for 3 years and had our one-year anniversary for our engagement in November; we will be getting married June 27, 2020 in Downingtown PA. Carrie is a 5th grade school teacher at the same school she attended growing up. Carrie and I enjoy hiking, running, cooking, summer days on the beach, and I've even "hooked" her onto fishing.

When I'm not studying or working, I enjoy playing ice hockey and golf and I like fishing, camping, hiking, hunting, boating, and cooking. I have been playing hockey since I could walk and it is my best stress relief after a tough exam/work day. Carrie doesn't golf, but she makes a great caddie, cart driver, and beer girl which is needed to keep calm on the links. Carrie's family honors her late cousin with a fundraiser in Dewey Beach, DE each year called "Stache Crawl" which benefits many needy families and children in Middletown, DE. I am currently the reigning moustache competition winner owing homage to Carrie (my beard barber) and General Ambrose Burnside (my mustache inspiration)- see image below.

I want to thank the IMG-PT staff and patients for being so helpful and kind since I've started and hope I get to meet you during my time here until February! Happy holidays and Happy New Year!





The trains are up and running. Stop in to say hello. We would love to see you and catch up.

