

# Never Give Up!

## —Stories of a Close Family Friend—

*By Ken Hutchins*

In the late 1980s, I wrote the first edition of my technical manual regarding SuperSlow<sup>®</sup> exercise. It contained 150 pages and no pictures (~70,000 words). It was paperback with a blue cover.

The second edition followed in 1992. It was in the interval between these two editions that Paul Hanslik, MD, (anesthesiology) bought a first edition.

At the time, Paul was living in Dallas. He made a phone call to me to discuss how he would find low-friction equipment on which to exercise. I admit that I do not remember the call.

Eventually, Paul and his wife, Marilyn, hired a personal trainer to come to their home two or three times a week. After a while he abandoned dealing with the lack of knowledgeable instructors and decent equipment.

Later he moved to Conroe, Texas—my home town—and bought a home in Longmire Estates. During the move, as he was discarding some of his many books, he threw out his first edition (Now fetching as much as \$200 on EBay as a collector's item.). He reasoned that he would never need this again.

A few days after his move to Conroe, and as Paul was driving down Longmire Road—where my family lives—on his way to work, he noticed a small sign on the left side of the road. He did a double take. He was in disbelief that he had just passed a dedicated SuperSlow facility.

On his way home that day, Paul stopped and entered the facility and asked my brother, "Do you know Ken Hutchins?"

In 2014, I moved back to Conroe where I lived and worked for about four years. My brother, who was supervising Paul's workouts, sent him to be supervised by me.

Paul could workout very intensely. And although I had to frequently chide him for grimacing and head movement, he was a rare person who could take critical instruction. He was often very focused.

One day, during a static leg extension exercise, he repeatedly lost target due to scratching his face and head. I made the comment that this nonsense was unnecessary, and that he would never consider doing it if he were hanging on to something for dear life in fear of falling. I could not be sure, but I might have heard him chuckle to himself immediately after I said this.

After the workout, Paul launched into a story. I could tell that he was really intense about this personal experience, and I, at first, suspected he was going to set me straight about my harsh, unrelenting refusal to allow him to scratch an itch.

Some time before he moved from Dallas to Conroe, Paul had been outing at a local lake where part of its area was situated just beneath a bluff—I'm guessing 75-100-feet high. Paul decided to climb the almost-shear face of the bluff.

About half-way up the bluff, Paul got into a nest of yellow jackets. They swarmed all around him, stung him in the mouth, nose, eyes, ears and elsewhere. Of course, Paul could not spare a hand to swat the little beasts or shoo them away. To do so would have meant falling to his death. Nevertheless, he trudged onward and upwards to escape their wrath and made it to the top.

Once at the top, Paul was successfully away from the yellow jackets, but was a miserable mess. He could barely see. His face was swollen. He was exhausted and pretty much mindless. All he could do for a while was to stay still and safe and wait to catch his breath. As he regained his mental acuity, he came to realize his present plight. He was alone and isolated from help.

Paul noted that there were only two ways back down off that bluff. One was to climb down back through the yellow jacket nest. The other was to jump into the water below. Only, he did not know the depth of the water. So he wisely decided that diving was not a good idea. He could only hope the water was deep enough to absorb a lot of the force of his drop.

He jumped. Fortunately, the water was about chest deep—deep enough to prevent the fall injuring him.