BECOME THE DIRECTOR OF YOUR OWN HEALTH

PHYSIOTHERAPY FOR CONSCIOUSNESS

THE INDICE WAY

The practical guide to discovering the secret of self-healing

Dr. Gabriele Indice

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Dr. Gabriele Indice

Dedicated to all those who never gave up, to those who, even after falling many times, rose once more and knew how to shake off the dust with their eyes turned toward the stars. This book is for you—may its energy and precious contents inspire you to enrich your everyday life.

Gabriele Indice

Physiotherapy for Consciousness
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Author note | I am a Physiotherapist (not a doctor or a nutritionist). The advice you will find in this book comes from years of experience and has been tested on myself and my family members, applying theories of doctors and nutritionists, which I report here solely for informational and educational purposes. The patients I have treated over the years in physiotherapy sessions who chose to follow my method did so freely and in agreement with their trusted physician.

This book proposes body–mind anti-inflammatory practices, useful for managing inflammatory states, and represents a point of balance between physiotherapy, awareness, and nutrition. It is in no way intended to replace the opinion of a qualified doctor.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

As often happens, my awakening came through a sudden, acute, and unpredictable event: a true shock that forced me to focus all my energy inward, toward healing.

Looking back with today's awareness, however, I can see how that event was only the culmination of a process that had begun long before: in an imperceptible and gradual way, I had harbored for years a sense of discomfort toward life itself, which I tried to hide from myself in the comfort of routine, work, and affection.

Since childhood, I had experienced rather evident manifestations of physical inflammation. At the time, there was still little information about nutrition, so my parents missed the connection between food and illness. I remember that, like many kids of my generation, I mostly ate milk, always with cookies, cereal, and packaged snacks. Only many years later, thanks to the new Awareness I had acquired, I discovered that it was precisely those foods that weakened my immune system and triggered suffering and illnesses from a very young age. Already at 6 years old I had a viral pleuropneumonia that forced me into complete isolation in a hospital bed for 15 days. At 9, I had a chondroma in one of my fingers. I was operated on by a great surgeon, but the same benign tumor reappeared a few years later (since the triggering causes hadn't been removed) and I had to undergo the same surgery again. At 13, I was hospitalized due to recurring dizziness and headaches that made life extremely difficult and painful. I was subjected to all possible diagnostic tests and discharged without a specific diagnosis. Since the tests were negative, the doctors attributed the problem to a purely psychological component. I was still far from discovering the connection of the mind-gut axis, completely ignored by medical science at the time.

The discovery of sports and track and field contributed enormously to my well-being (even though I still had regular muscular injuries and eventually tore my anterior cruciate ligament from a seemingly banal movement).

The strong gratitude I felt toward the discipline that had given me back my well-being, fueled my interest in the human body and sports. Track and field was an essential element in my development, allowing me to build character and gain entry to college for a degree in Motor Sciences with a high grade average. Curious to apply what I was learning from a theoretical point of view, during my studies I started working as a personal trainer, fascinated by the harmony of the human body and the beauty of movement during technical gestures. The work activity was so rewarding that it confirmed I was on the right path. After my thesis, I decided to enroll in the degree program in Physiotherapy to deepen even further

the study of the human body in relation to healing.

For the entire duration of the course, my days were split between working during the day and studying at night. Although I had a great passion for what I was doing, during that period I began to feel, in a still muffled way, a sense of emptiness and loneliness that I tried to fill by packing my days with many demanding activities. The feeling of discomfort became increasingly strong: negative emotions of anger and sadness had become an almost constant background, which I still felt I could control. Obviously, that unease spilled into my professional and private life, while I—or that part of me—kept pretending nothing was wrong, until that strategy was no longer sustainable.

Suddenly, in fact, my relationship of over ten years ended, leaving me with a "punch in the stomach" sensation that lasted for months. Often at night, I would wake up in a panic and stare at the ceiling for hours in the dim light with a vacant gaze, sensing that the void I felt was not just in front of me. The breakup drastically worsened my spiritual and physical malaise: it was at that moment that digestive issues began, so-called intolerances, dermatitis, muscle pain, and a debilitating headache that returned after seventeen years of silence.

It was precisely during that period that I started working at a hospital in the Headache Center (ironically!). At the end of the day, the physiotherapy I gave to my patients was something I would have needed myself because of the intense pain I was feeling. It was as if everything I did remained imprinted in my flesh, muscles, and bones. I was a living contraction: the head full of thoughts activated the trapezius muscles like an Atlas holding up the world, which had suddenly become hostile.

Could I possibly be the one who wanted harm for myself?

Why did it have to be the outside world causing all these unfortunate events!

Four months a year, in springtime, I began to suffer from a constant allergy, very embarrassing given the physical contact I had with patients. I was often forced to keep a hand on a tissue for the entire session because of the watery drops falling from my nose without warning, like a leaky faucet. The diagnosis was "allergic asthma." That was my clinical picture for several years. The medication I took to relieve the respiratory difficulty made me groggy. Whenever I could, I would retreat to bed to stare at the ceiling. In short, the quality of my life had significantly declined.

At the mercy of a mind and body that were taking control of me, how could I be of help to my patients in those conditions? How could I be fully satisfied with myself?

For at least three years (until age thirty-three), I completely stopped any sports activity. This made me feel ashamed, because as a former athle-

te, physical education teacher, and above all a physiotherapy graduate, I couldn't move without throwing out my back and shoulders.

The voice in my head compared me to my peers smiling in photos on social media, enjoying the "happiness and freedom" of drinks and dinners out, while I was at home, in the grip of negative emotions, dreaming of discovering a solution to restore my balance. I felt increasingly isolated from the rest of the world, unable to understand myself — body, mind, and, least of all, heart.

The only comfort I found was in food. My hunger often turned into compulsive binges, followed by bloating and then guilt. Regardless of how much I ate, I couldn't reach a sense of fullness. I didn't yet know that the "hole in my stomach" was the physical manifestation of my inner void.

I had to do something. I embarked on the vegan path. By completely excluding animal products, I thought I might solve my health problems and spare a few lives on Earth. I have no positive memories of that period—what stood out was having lost a lot of weight, a lot of hair, and seeing my symptoms worsen.

I had unbalanced my diet in favor of cereals, vegetables, and some dried fruit, and that made me feel slow, bloated, and sleepy. Not only that—after about a month of this diet, one morning I woke up with a fixed black spot on every object I looked at. It was maculopathy, a disease that can lead to progressive loss of central vision.

That event had come, once again, to make me "see" the black hole that had formed within me. To make me understand that if I didn't find a solution, I would soon fall into it.

I was not fibromyalgia, nor SIBO, nor the demon of depression. Not even I knew who I was anymore when I looked in the mirror.

One night I hit rock bottom and thought everything was lost, but in that precise instant, on the imprint of the sand of time, an inscription began to surface.

It read:

I AM.

That moment—the day I woke up and literally saw "black"—that was the moment of awakening. The shock, both emotional and physical, came like a blow to the head. Until then, I had taken the hits, thinking there were no alternatives, even coming to understand those who saw suicide as liberation and escape from overwhelming emotions. Then, right there in that abyss, once I hit rock bottom, I felt for the first time a new energy coming from within, urging me not to give up.

I became certain that if I could help myself, I could share my healing with many others who, like me, suffered from the conflict between mind and body.

This new drive didn't magically erase my malaise, but it gave me a new perspective. It was obvious that the problem wasn't the situation itself, but how my mind reacted to it: because I rejected the present moment, I was, in fact, denying the entire universe.

I had to come into contact with the part of me I didn't want to welcome, to accept even the Gabriele who was "not healthy," different, with his conditions. Before healing in the body, I had to make peace with the void I felt inside, learn to speak with it, understand what nourished it. That's how I learned the importance of Awareness, of being present, of self-love—knowing that there is no healthy perception of any organ without contact with one's own heart.

Meanwhile, my research continued tirelessly. One day, by chance—or maybe not—I stumbled upon a very unusual video that intrigued me. A "certain" Dr. Mozzi proposed a completely different approach to nutrition, one I had never heard of before. Guided by instinct, I opened myself to this new experience with trust and applied it with devotion.

As days and weeks passed, I noticed a good improvement when palpating my abdomen: it was softer and no longer had those sore, hardened areas that had characterized it for a long time. I began to experience in my own body how suspending certain substances in the intestine made me stronger and more resilient.

On the contrary, as soon as I happened to consume those foods again—those I clearly did not tolerate—the abdominal discomfort, muscle pain, headaches, and general emotional irritability returned.

These clear signals grounded me even more in my path. I also acquired new knowledge at work: by touching my patients' abdomens, I could identify inflamed points, understand the cause, and adapt physiotherapy based on the inflammatory state.

Incredibly (or perhaps not), the rebirth of the mind was followed by that of the body and many other areas of my life. From that moment, the two planes would always move forward in parallel and in harmony, in a path of discovery and healing.

Today, at 40, I can say that I've reached a satisfying balance between physical and psychological well-being, which manifests through good athletic performance—without any injuries in years—great satisfaction in my work, and above all, excellent emotional stability.

I have therefore decided to share my story as a testimony to the importance and absolute necessity of the mental component in the healing of

the body. And that is why the first part of the book is dedicated to Awareness, as the foundation for beginning any healing path—because only through listening to oneself, and thus to the body, will it be possible to embark on the right path.

Before beginning, however, I'd like to leave you with a small practical exercise. Below you'll find the abdominal test, one of the first exercises that made me realize I was on the road to healing. It will help you get in touch with yourself and check whether your abdomen has areas of greater tension.

Physiotherapy for Consciousness

The book in its entirety

is available on Amazon