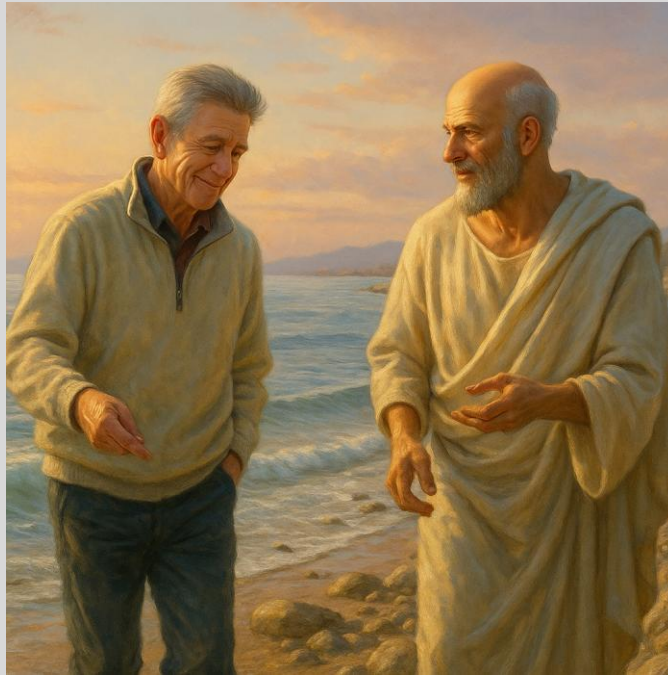


Hippocrates: The Godfather of NeuroFaith®



Dr. Jeffrey Hansen, Ph.D.

The Quiet Hour Before Dawn

I woke before dawn this morning, the way I often do. Even on Saturdays, my body rises at four, as if some ancient bell rings in my chest. The house is quiet then. No demands, no screens, no urgency. Something in me wakes that is deeper than thought. That is usually when the blog voice comes. Not a loud voice, but a steady current that says, pay attention here.

The One Who Emerged from the Aegean

This morning that current drew me to a simple question: Who were the first psychologists before psychology existed? The usual names appeared: Socrates with his questions, Plato with his forms, Aristotle with his patient, grounded wisdom, Augustine with his yearning for God. But then Hippocrates surfaced, not as a philosopher exactly, but as something older and more human. A healer. And I realized I could not look away.

The Human Person as One Unified Whole

Hippocrates was born around 460 BCE on the island of Kos, surrounded by a horizon that teaches a person how small and sacred life is. We know very little about his personal life. No surviving letters describing his joys or griefs. No diary pages about heartbreak. No stories of whether he held his own children, or whether he buried one too soon. But we do know he

Hippocrates: The Godfather of NeuroFaith®

-Jeffrey E. Hansen, Ph.D.

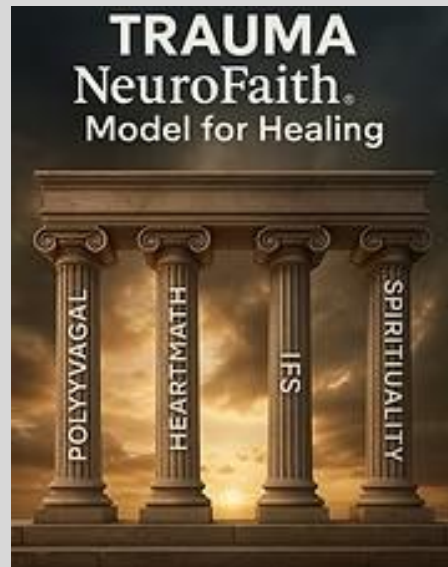
came from a line of healers, passing down knowledge not as theory but as relationship. Healing was not an idea to him; it was a way of seeing.

The Four Pillars Remembered

And what he saw was remarkable: the mind and body are not separate things. They are one. Emotion lives in the flesh. Thought moves through heartbeat. Pain is not an abstraction but a memory the body carries. Hippocrates saw the human person as one thing, not a divided thing. A unified being of heart, body, mind, story, and presence. This was centuries before the vocabulary of integration existed. Which is why I call him the Godfather of NeuroFaith®.

NeuroFaith® rests on four pillars that bring the person back into wholeness. **Polyvagal theory** teaches us that the nervous system determines our felt sense of safety or threat, shaping who we become in relationship.

HeartMath®/Neurocardiology reveals that the heart is not merely a mechanical pump, but an emotional and meaning-making organ. **Internal Family Systems** show us the parts of the psyche that rise in trauma to defend what was too tender to bear. And the **Spirituality** dimension reminds us that the human being is not only something physical but someone relational, purposeful, beloved, and capable of transcendence.



Hippocrates did not have these terms, but he lived in their truth. His worldview assumed wholeness, embodiment, and relational healing. He understood that emotion is felt in the body, that memory resides in the heart, and that healing cannot be separated from meaning. He was already speaking the language of trauma integration long before it had a name.

We still instinctively echo this ancient understanding. We say, “He died of a broken heart,” “Bitterness ate her alive,” “Anger killed him.” But we never say, “Gratitude ruined his health.” We know that love heals. The body remembers what medicine forgets.

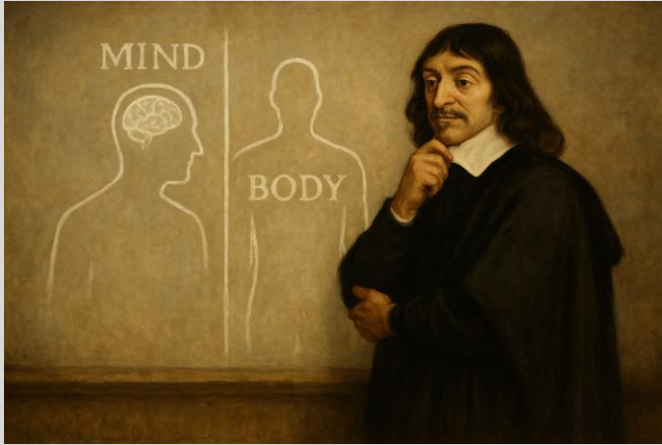
Primum Non Nocere

Hippocrates gave us the ethical foundation beneath all healing: First, do no harm. Primum non nocere.

The original Hippocratic Oath included not only restraint from harm, but a vow to practice medicine with humility, reverence, and a deep sense of responsibility for the lives entrusted to one’s care. It presumes that the healer is not a dealer of power, but a steward of humanity.

Healing is not merely technical; it is moral. To touch a human being physically, emotionally, or spiritually is to step into sacred ground. A healer without humility becomes dangerous. A physician who cannot pause, reflect, feel, and wonder cannot truly heal.

When Medicine Forgot the Heart



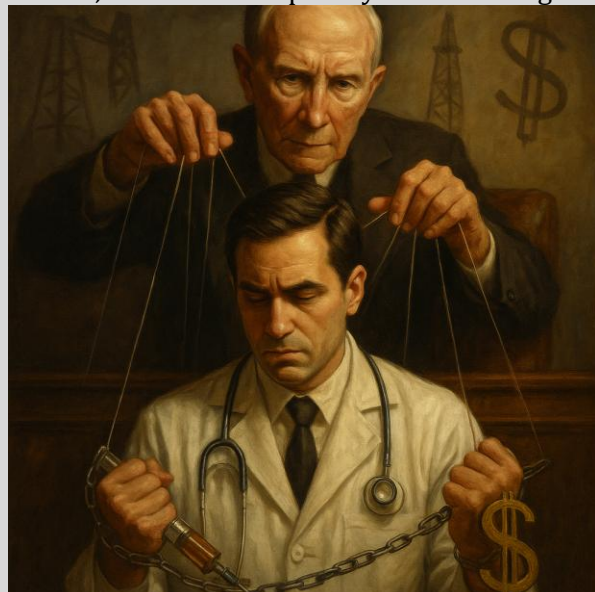
But history bent. In the 1600s René Descartes, brilliant and earnest, divided mind from body. His separation was intellectual, but it fractured the human being in practice. Then Newton's mechanical physics reshaped medicine into a discipline of parts and repairs. And it must be said: Newtonian medicine is extraordinary for acute physical trauma. For broken bones. For organ failure. For surgical emergencies. For

restoring life in the midst of crisis. We honor this. We need it. We are grateful for it.

But Newtonian medicine cannot touch wounds of the heart, the nervous system, the story, the soul. You cannot sew up grief with sutures. You cannot reduce shame with antibiotics. You cannot amputate loneliness. The human being is not a machine. The human being is a story.

The Age of Mechanism and the Market

John D. Rockefeller was, in his time, the richest man America had ever produced, the first true billionaire. Brilliant, strategic, and singularly driven, he built an empire by consolidating the oil industry under Standard Oil in the 1870s. But his influence did not stop with fuel and industry. He turned his attention to medicine, seeing that pharmaceuticals could be synthesized from petroleum byproducts. With the same precision he used to eliminate competition in business, he reshaped the American medical landscape. Through massive philanthropic "donations," he took control of medical schools, licensing boards, hospital systems, and research institutions. Herbal remedies, naturopathic approaches, integrative treatments, and community-based healing were labeled unscientific and



systematically defunded. Physicians were retrained to prescribe petroleum-derived pharmaceuticals as the primary treatment model, even as early data signaled carcinogenic harm. Medicine became centralized, standardized, and industrial. The healer became a technician. The physician became an agent of the system. And the system was owned. Not cruelly, but gradually, quietly, inevitably, doctors were no longer free to choose how to heal. They were captured. They were infected. Not everywhere. Not everyone. But enough that we feel the fracture.

A Return, Not a Rebellion

Yet the answer is not to tear medicine down. The answer is to remember. To return. To reintegrate. To reclaim the human being as whole. To honor both the surgeon and the poet, the cardiologist and the chaplain, the psychiatrist and the child who learned to dissociate to survive.

This is where we are going. And we are not going alone.

Quantum mechanics now tells us that the universe is relational, not mechanical. Consciousness influences matter. Psychologist Dr. Lisa Miller's research demonstrates that spirituality is not an accessory to psychological life, but foundational to mental health. The ancients are rising again. The heart is speaking again. The body is remembering again.

The Shoreline of Kos

And so, I imagine this: Hippocrates and I, walking the shoreline of Kos. The morning air cool. The sea breathing slowly. We pick up smooth stones and skip them across the water. We talk about meaning, grief, safety, beauty, faith, and the strange gift of being human. We do not argue. We wonder. We remember. We smile.

Let us return to that kind of medicine.
Let us return to that kind of psychology.
Let us return to that kind of humanity.
Not by erasing what has been built, but by completing it.
Let us heal the fracture.
Let us become whole again.
Let us remember who we were before we were divided.
And let us build forward, with compassion, courage, and joy.

Carrying the Flame Forward



Hippocrates, thank you. For guiding us from 2,500 years away. For inspiring what is good and integrative and human in healing. For being, in some mysterious way, my early colleague. I will carry the torch. I will move your wisdom forward. I will help restore the wholeness you once knew.

You are still smiling.

And we are walking toward the shore.