



The Birth of a Man: I Didn't Become a Man Until the Birth of my Daughter

I witnessed my wife deliver our first child at a birth center. It was beautiful—a peaceful introduction to what natural birth could look like.

When our second child came, things were different. He was born in our living room before the midwives arrived. I wasn't prepared. It was chaotic and raw—but she did it. (The tension I saw in our son's tiny body afterward is what eventually led me to chiropractic school.)

For our third son, my wife wanted to birth alone. No midwives. No assistance. Just her body, her will, and her trust in the process. I had my doubts. I had questions. But more than that, I had faith in her. That birth was unfiltered—primal in sound, radiant in strength, and deeply humbling to witness.

But it wasn't until the birth of our daughter that something in me truly changed.

It was a hot, humid day in June. My wife labored slowly and steadily throughout the day. My boys and I watched as she moved through contractions like she was moving through a song and dance familiar to her body. She walked our property, going from garden to garden, pausing between waves of labor to point out what would need watering or tending the next day.

As evening fell and labor intensified, she turned to me and said, "I need you." She needed pressure—my hands, my support. For the first three births, I had only watched from a respectful distance. But this time, she trusted me to touch her, to help carry her through. That trust, that shared moment, cracked something open inside me.

Then our daughter was born. Having sons is one kind of responsibility—but a daughter? That shifts everything. I saw in her not just a baby girl, but a future woman. A future mother. And I knew in that moment that I was being called to more. Called to be the kind of man she would one day measure other men against. The kind who shows up in hard times. **Who brings strength, steadiness, and tenderness when it's needed most.**

Her birth wasn't just her beginning. It was mine, too. A wake-up call. A turning point. The moment I knew I had to become the best version of myself—for her, for my boys, for my wife, and for the kind of legacy I want to leave behind.

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Protecting the Cave

Protection and providing for the family can show up in different ways for a man. It can be physical protection, ensuring one's body is physically fit to protect your family from physical danger. It can be emotional protection. Making sure what your children and family "consume" are wholesome, honest, and align with your values. It can be spiritual protection. Praying, visualizing, or meditating on their health and wellbeing.

What do I expose my children to? How do I show up for my children and my wife? How do I speak to them when I'm frustrated? How do I care for them, and how do I care for myself? How do we strengthen our bodies and minds? What am I modeling for them?

Protecting the cave is a physical, emotional, and spiritual practice that takes work.

Do I let them sit and watch YouTube on repeat? Or do I encourage outdoor play? Do I scroll endlessly on my phone while they watch? (Sadly, yes. Sometimes I lose myself in the dopamine loop. It happens.) But most of the time, I'm intentional—with what we watch, what we read, what we attend, and who we surround ourselves with.

What we teach our children, how we live and work, the moments of stillness, strength and navigating chaos—this is the lasting protection I am building for my family. One that shapes their cave—their brain—and their heart center.

Being a man takes skill. It takes knowing your own needs and how to meet them—while also providing for your partner and children.

Being a man takes sacrifice. It means you don't always get to do what you want to do.

Being a man means showing your emotions. Asking for help. It's about connecting with other men. Creating ceremony. Ritual. Habits that strengthen your body, heart, and soul.

Months ago, with a growing family and business, I found myself searching outside for answers, hoping that something out there might fill me up or make me a better man.

But the answers didn't come through a screen or coaching calls. They came when I began to sit in silence. It was in the quiet car rides around Mount Monadnock and along Dublin Lake that I finally started to hear what I needed to hear. It wasn't a coach that would ease my stress—it was community, connection to the land, and the physical discipline of moving my body.

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Community, I realized, wasn't something I would find. It was something I would need to build and shape.

So a friend and I started a men's group at my office. It's become a lifeboat for us and the 12 to 15 men that have shown up each month. They've shared. They've been vulnerable. They've listened. They've held space.

We all have similar struggles. Similar needs. Similar goals. But alone? Alone we didn't know that. Alone, we thought we were the only ones battling addictions or battling how we handle our emotions. Together, we saw each other. We opened up. We realized: We're just humans, trying to live this life together.

Protecting the cave is less about fighting and more about creating space. It's about listening, holding space, and creating ceremonies and rituals. Being a man is about becoming a living example— someone your children, your partner, your community want to be around. It's about being a magnet for the life you want. It's about finding peace in silence and still saying what needs to be said—with grace and humility.

Protecting the cave—especially when it comes to raising children—is about keeping their brain, body, and heart connected. It's making sure they feel loved and supported each night. It's trusting the body, trusting the home, trusting the chaos. It's giving children the space to be wild. To take risks without constant interference. It's trusting them to wander in the woods to find themselves.

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