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1 1/2-ish-Hour Separation in X-rays Shows Joseph Westbrook's L3, L4 Neck Bones Go From "Shattered" to "Normal"

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Feb. 3, 2026

This is the fourth story I'm showing that my celly Joseph told me from his life. In the last one, I said that ~~one~~ two of the "back-from-the-dead" stories (of five) were ~~acty~~ actually "close-to-death". However, I asked him about the Cosmo story, drawing from his first telling of the account, "Did you command his spirit to come back into his body?" He ~~without~~ pause, he nodded and said, "Yeah". That makes it a death-and-back experience. This present one is also one he described as "not death-and-back". But I have the impression that there was death involved. As you read it, see what impression you get, and when the "death" segment likely occurred, which he does not recall or realize as such yet.

He estimates that this accident occurred on early summer of 2014, ^{also in Oroville, CA.} He was homeless by choice, to save on the costs of housing and save up ^{living off the land, not the govt.} some money. His "hustle" was prospecting for gold. ~~They~~ He and his brother, David had found an area with quite a bit of quartz crystal, which they'd break up then pan for gold from the powder/dust/grains. He said he was pretty good at it, making "hundreds" of dollars - which goes much further when homeless.

He had filled his backpack with about 70 lbs. of the rocks/quartz, and was headed back on his bike, travelling along a ^{paved} "levy" ^{for} that had ~~trails~~ on the top and a paved trail ~~in~~ the bottom to the side of the levy, with occasional dirt trails between. ~~He was~~ He said he jumped from the levy to the bike trail (see end note ^{elaboration}), and when his bike landed, the front tire popped off and the forks went

into the ground (pavement) (see endnote 2 elaboration). He fell forward, his face (left side) hitting the pavement, with the 70 pounds of rock shattering the back pack. He said the rocks hit him on the back of the head. (see endnote 3 elaboration).

He said "I stood up immediately, grabbed the bike and threw it into the bushes. 'Piece of shit!'" He then walked to the top of the levy from the bike trail, walking normally. (See endnote 4 elaboration.)

There, he saw a friend sitting on the hood of his car, "smoking a blunt." "I went walk up to him and say, 'Hey Jason, I need a ride to a hospital, I think I broke something.' He said, 'Man, you look like you just walked out of the grave. Get in the car. I'll give you a ride to the hospital.'"

On the way to the hospital (about 2 miles away, city streets), Jason called 911 to inform them he's on the way, with "Got someone who had an accident. Dropping him off right now." Joe said he was starting to go into shock.

At the hospital, he was taken directly "straight to the E.R. # The doc sees me, asked, 'What seems to be the problem?'

"I crashed my bike riding in [off] the levy."

'Ok, we're going to do an emergency X-ray (on whole body), chest up, chest down)'. "

Doc comes in after the X-ray, says, "I don't understand how you're able to walk [miraculous bolstering] because you broke your neck in 2 places, L3, L4 are 'shattered'. We're going to life flight you to Erlou Hospital to do emergency neck surgery."

Joe continues, "I was put in a helicopter to Erlou, (about 11 miles away) and when I arrived, I was taken to the E.R.

A (gorgeous) nurse walks in, says, 'what happened to you?'

(See endnote 5 elaboration on superficial wound clean up)

'I broke crashed my bike [understatement] and they (Orville) said I broke my neck.' [understatement]

'Okay. We're going to do an X-ray and find out exactly where to do emergency surgery.'

He was taken to the X-ray. "Same apparatus."

Doc comes in, "I don't understand it. You're fine. There's nothing wrong with you." He showed Joe the X-ray. Nothing was broken.

~~sure~~ The doctor then contacted Orville Hospital to make sure there wasn't a mistake. They faxed over their X-ray.

It showed the neck broken, L3, 4 (shattered).

The pretty nurse came in and said,
 "I've never seen anything like this before. Orville says neck is broken. Compared X-ray. This is clearly you. You can see your fillings in both X-rays. Shows it's you."

Joe popped his neck in front of her, voluntarily torturing his head one way, then the other, then said, "I'm fine. Just give me some pain meds, and I'll be okay."

He said he didn't have any pain except the road rash. (Road rash didn't heal immediately, like the neck did [which was also dynamically bolstered in the mean time - until he full healing before second X-ray]) "They prescribed me Bredon (sp?), let me go. I walked out."

I asked if he had any scars from this accident. "Yeah, my arm." He showed me his left elbow area, which ~~was~~ ^{is} indeed marked with several large scars. The largest is about 2.5 inches long, 0.75 inches wide. When his elbow is bent 45° it looks more like the ~~shape~~ ^{size & shape of} of a quarter.

I asked him if he asked for Jesus' help. He responded that right after the accident, he shouted, "God, please help me" so 50-100 yard radius could have heard.

I asked him what his family & friends said when he told them about the accident. He replied that he didn't talk about it much. "Too hard to believe."

[It would have gotten copies of the X-rays and glazed it to the world, to proclaim the glory of God. But my

(See endnote 6 about the X-rays.)

(4)

World (surroundings, mission, associates, paradigm) is very different from Joe's.]

ENDNOTES

1. Levy-to-bike-trail jump. When I met Joe last Thu (1/29) night at his arrival here to the cell I'd had to myself, he gave his nickname as 'Super'. Apparently [my guess], when he had his death-and-back experience at 7 y.o., he was also granted some special powers of strength and protection and healing. The second day here, he washed my feet. Third day, I worked on his ankle he hurt getting off his bunk.

When I asked him for details on the "jump" he took before the accident — one he said he'd done many times before, he said it was "thirty feet" from the levy down to the bike path. That's essentially impossible for a human, even with the shock absorbers of the bike, unless the landing was steeply declined. He said it was flat.

2. Front tire popping off, forks going into pavement. Apparently, this time, with the 70 lbs of quartz rocks added, a previously stressed bike (axle?) gave out.
3. 70 lbs of rock crashing on his head — ^{Falling from 30 feet} would have smashed any skull that got in its way, like a ~~tomato~~ tomato. Some kind of divine protection would have to have been involved to at least diminish the blow. ‡
4. Walking normally up the levy — would have been impossible with L3, L4 shattered. He had to have had some kind of dynamic support so his spinal ~~column~~ ^{column} would not be pinched.
5. Superficial wound clean-up and dressing: Joe said this occurred ^{at} ~~at~~ Gravelle, took a few minutes. Said his head was dripping blood in the car, so he tore off his shirt to press against it. Said it wasn't bleeding when they did the X-ray. I would think such clean-up would take an hour at least, with all the dirt that would have been involved. I asked Joe about this, and

⑤ L3. L4

he said the bike path was covered in dirt and gravel. I asked about his previous stunts of making that jump. He replied, "It's only something an advanced junkie would do." That comment came after I pointed out that gravel on pavement is like bearings for the wheel surface - not able to stay upright. That would be hard just to ride on, let alone to jump onto - from 30 feet. Yes, that is hard to believe.

Bringing this to the question of clean-up of the debris from the road rash, etc... Joe said it wasn't a problem. So, if this really is a true story, this would be another miracle that somehow God got rid of all that dirt and debris from his skin, and mitigated the bleeding.

Regarding the "advanced junkie" response, I believe God gives us gifts to bless humanity, not tangle with life for advanced thrills. Our body is a temple and is not to be needlessly jeopardized. The physics scream that this is a made-up story.

Earlier, ~~when I~~ tonight, when I asked for clarity on coming down from the levy to the bike path, he said he went down the dirt path. When I reminded him he had used the word "jump" before, that's when he said he jumped from the levy to the bike path. Seemed he was not keeping his ~~st~~ (made up) story straight.

As his celly, I've heard him tell ^{a few} lies to people to get stuff he wants. He gave about 20 versions of why he's in an TRD, which seem like bits and pieces of a complicated story.

6. X-rays It was the two X-rays that had me convinced at the start. I tend to believe people's stories. I can be gullible, and ~~had~~ have fallen for bogus stories many times before, both in Free Energy News and in person. I want to believe this story. I'm making excuses for seeming problems with the story. I see the scars on his body. Those are not fake.

So this evening, I had a great idea. "Let's create

a permission statement you can sign that allows anyone to access these medical files about this ~~last~~ event, so people ~~use~~ who want to document this can avoid the HIPAA (sp?) rules. He was adamantly against that. Would not hear my reasons to do it - get a notarized signature. People can ~~easily~~ verify that we were cellies. Can compare your signature. No, no, no. "They'll just have to believe me," That was the biggest red flag for me. ~~I'm~~

I'm calling B.S. on this story. Which calls into question all his other stories.

I want to believe these stories. They have some great messages. God will perform miracles even though a dragged-out, thieving homeless guy. But if they're not true, that makes me party to his lie.

God wants us to be holy. Joe seems to want to be a man of God without also being holy. Are these stories his way of justifying his wicked ways?

Endnote

As I read this to Joe, when I got to the ^{endnote 5} ~~part~~ about the physics screaming this ^{is} ~~isn't~~ true ^{he} asked, "Then why did you write it (the story)?" ^{That's why (at first)} I told you I didn't want this story done because it's too hard to believe."

I replied, "I didn't come to this until I got to this point in the story."

He didn't want me to continue reading. Done for the night (close to midnight).

I was putting my stuff away for the night, and after about five minutes he said, "Do you know what would make this story believable?" ~~I~~

I stood up and said, "What?" in his a gentle voice. I could see his eyes were moist, like he'd been crying. That ~~sa~~ told me more than anything that he's not lying on this.

He said, "The X-rays."

I said, "That's what I was saying."

and end the start of endnote 6 about the X-ray claim and having been fooled before.

<2/4>

⑦ L3, L4

Here's another evidence that Joe is not lying, and that God is in this, and wants this story out. On the previous page, where I skipped a line, then started writing, "As I read ^{"red"} this to Joe...", as soon as I started writing, he asked, from his bed, where he'd been reading, "Now, what are you writing." I replied, "You'll see in a sec minute."

Exactly when I finished the last ^{of the page} line, ^{to the sec-}ond, he said, "Read it to me." God orchestrated that. His intuition picked up the signal to ask that at the precisely right time.

After reading that & addition (I think it was then), he asked, "So you believe me now?" I said, "Yes." He said, ~~defensively~~, He then said, "Read the rest of the article." I picked up with Endnote 6, continuing the into the text I'd just added, to show him the splice continuity, then stopped (for efficiency's sake). I'd already read that to him. He said he wanted to go to sleep. "Could you turn the light off, soon, when you're done?" I ~~stopped~~ ^{turned} the light out. (There's a niche-diameter, stainless steel, rounded knob you push [? doesn't have give], touch? [temp. detecting?] that is not super-responsive. Sometimes takes several seconds to get it to toggle.)

As I was gathering up my ~~pat~~ papers, he said, ~~defensively~~, "I wasn't crying." I replied that it's okay to cry. I realize ~~person~~ culture and his upbringing might have taught him it is not manly to cry. However, holding it in isn't good. You need to embrace your ^{emotions} emotions, work through them.

He added a Footnote about the 30-foot drop. "On Youtube you see them doing that all the time. Tony Hawk did 50 feet." I asked, "Onto a flat surface?" He replied, "Yes."

This morning, reflecting on this, I realize that perhaps the body of Christ, ~~foreordained~~-aspect of these adversarial juries is to show humanity how amazing the human body is, when properly conditioned / trained. The subconscious muscle memory plays a crucial role as well.

"Westbrook" & C.A. Levy
to win the tie between his last name and the location of this amazing incident/miracle.

Last night, ^{He said,} I pushed again to have him do the permission form. "But we're not going to get a notary before I have to roll up tomorrow, done with TRO." I retorted that I could write some text, and he could have it ^{later,} notarized, then mail it to Mary. He said, No. #

After the noon count, he told me he'd decided to go ahead and do the notary thing.

So it would seem that for now, people are going to have to just have faith. The X-ray evidence will have to come later. Maybe God wants the Faith component for now.

BTW, back to the question I posed about when Joseph was dead. I think it ^{may have} occurred at the time he crashed. It certainly should have. He should not have survived that.

I can't help think that God wants Joe and I to be cellies for a bit longer, and he'll get an extension of his TRO for some reason. (mine is indefinite - ~~due to~~ ^{to be my wife} pursuing Officer Rodriguez, being under investigations.)

Book-Reading Synchronicity

<Went to OMR. Joe is moving today, need to do Foster>

<I ran this article by Joseph.>

Joseph Westbrook
2/4/26

Contact: Joseph Troy Westbrook, 262576, Utah State Correctional Facility; 1480 N. 8000 W.; SLC, UT 84116; USA

Donations can be remitted through: Utah Access Corrections. com

(tell him not to use it on drugs)

See: EndComig.org/Blog/Joseph-Westbrook/

A couple of nights ago, as I was writing, Joseph read an excerpt from the book he was reading: Assass! is Fate by Robbin Hobb, about 213 through. We chatted. Then, when he returned to reading, the next sentence was about ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{little girl} ~~the~~ ^{her} ~~boy~~ telling ~~his~~ story and someone was hitting it down. That fits strongly to what he and I have been doing: his telling, and my writing. I see God's hand in ~~the~~ how that synchronicity unfolded. - God's blessing & affirmation ^{ON} what is going on here in this ~~is~~ telling of his stories.

JW

I, Joseph Troy Westbrook 262576
USCF Give Orville + entot hospitals
in California permission to release my
L3 + L4 fracture + healing x-rays
from my ~~old~~ bicycle accident approx
early Spring 2013 to any who inquire
or refer them to where they are posted
publicly.

Additionally I also grant them
+ U.C. Davis's permission to make my
medical records available regarding my
march 3rd 1997 van accident + recovery
redacting my SSN #

Joseph Westbrook

~~2/3/26~~
2/4/26

