

EFT ***Shorties***

The **Ankle Injury** **That** **Should Have** **Taken Six Weeks** **to Heal**

Angela Treat Lyon

EFT for Fast Healing



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The Ankle Injury That Should Have Taken Six Weeks to Heal!

Hi Everyone,

Listen as Angela Treat Lyon uses EFT on a badly injured ankle to dramatically reduce her healing time.

Hugs, Gary Craig (Founder of EFT Emofree.com)

Recently I was in LA at a very intense CEO retreat. I decided to spend time afterwards at a friend's just resting and getting all the new ideas I had learned settled in. After a couple days, feeling a bit rested, I went out and started walking up to the local store, only 2 blocks away.

Halfway to the store, I was walking along, looking at a really lovely garden along the way. I didn't notice a differential of heights in the paving of the sidewalk, and I slipped and twisted my ankle very badly.

A long time ago I learned that when an accident or trauma happens, it's as if the energy running through our bodies is like the amount

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of water from a fire hose trying to run through a garden hose—there's suddenly too much, way too fast. So I learned how to cover my mouth with my hand and scream loudly from the bottom of my belly to allow that too-much energy out.

This I did, several times, and it alleviated enough energy that I could think straight enough to lean on the tree there, and then sit on the little grass verge and start tapping. I looked around to see if there was someone who could help me back to the apartment, but the usually busy street was completely empty!

I felt so discombobulated that I didn't bother with the karate chop—I just tapped on the collarbone points, and said,

- ❖ I fell down!
- ❖ How could I *do* that?!?
- ❖ I feel so dumb!
- ❖ I wasn't paying attention!
- ❖ *Duh!*
- ❖ Look at those paving squares!
- ❖ Anyone can see they're at least an inch different in level!
- ❖ Who *wouldn't* fall on that!

That resolved and calmed another level of the pain and shock. I stuck my leg out straight and dared to look at it for the first time, and I could see that it was turning a little blue and beginning to swell up over my sneaker top.

So I continued tapping away on my collarbones -

- ❖ I'm *MAD!*
- ❖ I feel so *stupid!*
- ❖ I'm all alone and I forgot my cell phone and who would I call anyway (my friend was out of town).

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- ❖ Here I am all alone in LA with no one to help me back to the apartment, what am I going to do?
- ❖ I'm out of food and I can't even get to the dumb store!

I could literally feel the energy flowing from above my knee, down my shins and out my foot, into the ground. Suddenly an immense feeling of gratitude and peace came over me, and I tapped:

- ❖ **I'm all alone but I'm OK.**
- ❖ **I'm so grateful I'm leaning against a tree, and that I have grass to sit on and not some icky alleyway trash!**
- ❖ **I feel so glad it's sunny and not cold and foggy or wet.**
- ❖ **I'm glad that when I do get back, my friend's apartment is comfy and safe.**
- ❖ **I know I'll get food somehow and I refuse to worry about it.**

I sat back against the tree and closed my eyes for a second.

Then I heard, "Oh! Are you OK? You don't look homeless, can I help you up?" I looked up, and there was a gal about my age, reaching down to help me up!

I took her hand, got up, and—no surprise, really—no pain, and the swelling had gone down. Turned out she was from Hawaii, too, so we had a little laugh about it. I walked to the store, bought some food, and headed back to my friend's.

After putting the food away—I wasn't hungry anymore—I drank a bunch of warm water to stay hydrated, covered up to avoid shock, and put ice on the ankle, as the walking had started the swelling up again. I tapped and tapped:

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- ❖ I'm in a bit of pain,
- ❖ It's swelling again,
- ❖ I should have come straight here and didn't,
- ❖ Dumb me,
- ❖ I feel shocked and disrupted,
- ❖ I can't think straight, and so on.

Finally I forgave myself for being so silly, and fell asleep.

Later, another friend came by, gave me a long touch-for-health treatment, swabbed the ankle with liniment, and put an Ace bandage on me—and even walked up to the local Indian restaurant for take out for both of us! I felt so blessed, and other than the annoyance of being stuck horizontal, everything was so sweet. I don't know how to describe it any other way.

She had told me that she couldn't remember her dreams, so I showed her how to tap for it, and we tapped about five rounds. At the end of it, she was bright as a candle, and I felt better, too. Love those borrowed benefits!

That night, the swelling was down, but I kept tapping for it, as I had to fly home the next day. I tapped on:

- ❖ Worrying about getting to my flight,
- ❖ Getting through the check points,
- ❖ Heavy bags,
- ❖ Not being able to put my foot up during the flight,
- ❖ Worrying that my foot and ankle would be as big as a balloon at the end of the flight, and will hurt...

On the plane home I tapped mentally about my foot swelling up and not wanting to be disabled for a week afterwards - or however

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long it takes to heal these things—almost the whole trip, and actually was able to sleep.

If this had happened to me five years ago, the only thing I'd have known to do was that scream-into-my-hand thing. But now, only three days later, my ankle is only partially swollen, it never did turn as black and blue as it could have, never did hurt very much—and I have only taken an anti-inflammatory once, on the flight home.

In the past, without tapping, smiling or hand-screaming, I'd have been a scared, worried wreck, and I'm sure my ankle would have been a huge, painful, black and blue lump. Using what I now know about my mind, body and energy system, I was able to create an entirely different experience. I'm so grateful!

Later: Today is three weeks exactly since I turned my ankle. On a visit to my chiropractor right after I got home, we saw that the bone had been chipped. He recommended that I go get it in a cast. I chose to just keep off of it and do a LOT of tapping!

It worked, because when I went to him again this morning, he exclaimed when he saw me not limping. He was astounded that not only had 97% of the swelling (that came up as a result of the plane trip home without being able to raise my foot up) gone, but there was no trace of any discoloration; other than a slight lurch as I go downstairs, no limp at all; and no pain since about 4 days after I hurt myself. *He told me he was amazed, that it "ought" to have taken at least 6 weeks to heal, with the foot being in a cast and me on crutches.* I'm so grateful to have this incredible tool.

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