

# Fitness Center Ankle Injury

An Anecdote From Brian Rainie

I had just finished my martial arts workout and stepped out into the main area of the fitness center to do some light stretching and meditation. I looked to my left just in time to watch a thirty-something woman step off the treadmill, then twist her ankle on the uneven floor. Her reaction was typical -- immediately regain balance and put weight on it to see if it was truly injured. It was. She collapsed. I walked over and gently helped her into a chair. She was a bit embarrassed, but seemed comfortable with me.

I introduced myself as a martial arts instructor, and told her I had quite a bit of experience with injuries. I asked her permission to take a look at her ankle just to get an idea as to the extent of the injury. I seemed credible enough, and she agreed. I checked her ankle and found it was a light to moderate sprain. Not too bad. I read it more deeply, and now I have the full story.

The next part is a bit tricky. I told her that martial artists are always getting banged up, and we've been trained to heal the lighter injuries by running energy on them. She seemed more curious than frightened, which was a good start (I hate it when they scream and run). Again, I was given permission to work. I took her ankle and cleansed it with soothing/healing energy, taking the pain away. She was impressed at how little it took. I told her the effect would last an hour or so, enough time for her to get back to her office. I recommended elevation and ice.

I knew what part of the complex she worked in, so I paid her a visit a few hours later. I found her at her desk, foot propped up, ice pack wrapped around it. She thanked me again for the assistance, and said the pain relief lasted just over an hour. I offered her a second experience of healing energy, telling her it would remove the pain again and also promote a quicker recovery in the long run. She eagerly said yes.

The next part is even trickier. Ethics allows me to read people, any time, any place, but only share that information with the person I read and only with their permission. As I worked on her ankle and took the pain away I gently started the conversation. "How's your week been. It's Friday, so any plans for the weekend?" She decided it was OK to share, and talked about her frustration. In-laws from out of town were driving her crazy. She had been waiting on them had and foot, and not getting much rest. This weekend was going to be even worse. I empathized, mentioning that I've felt the strain of entertaining guests many times.

"So I guess this throws a wrench into the plans. You'll probably be stuck on the couch all weekend taking care of your ankle." She agreed. Funny how things can work out that way.

"So maybe next time you might consider finding a way to resolve the conflict without bringing in an injury." I read from her that wonderful combination of shock, acceptance, and comfort that came from hearing truth. She realized she had created it. She felt no judgment from me, just a suggestion, and thanked me for it. I could see her mind working, looking back on our interactions, each step allowing her to give me more and more permission to eventually walk her to a place of clarity. She wanted to know more about my work...

