

**From
STARVING**

**to
FULL
STEAM
AHEAD**

by
Angela Treat Lyon

From Starving to FULL STEAM AHEAD!

If I had one wish...

It would be that every child on the planet get clean, crisp, succinct financial training, along with a constant, never-ending fortified dose of self-confidence building, starting at age 5 and continuing until the exit from home.

My childhood was padded - life felt like a large feather pillow surrounding me. I went to school, walked back home. I was sent away to boarding school, art school - all the time enshrouded in my comfy little pillow of ignorance.

Not once, in my soft, protected life as a child (and don't get me wrong - protected is OK! Educationless is not) did I learn a shred of anything about finances. Oh! That's not true - my mother took me down to the local bank and helped me open a savings account - maybe at age 11? By the time I graduated

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from high school, it held one hundred and three dollars. I wasn't too impressed.

Independence?

Off I went to live in New York City - an adventure, exciting and frightening all at once.

The second day I was there, I walked downtown to the main Chase Manhattan Bank: I was determined to be independent, and checks would make it happen!

The nice-looking man behind the mahogany desk by the velvet teller ropes shook my 19-year old hand, introducing himself as Mr. Yates. He asked me what kind of account I wanted to open. I said I didn't know about accounts, all I wanted was some checks.

Mr. Yates leaned forward on his seersucker elbows and very quietly told me that I needed to open an account to be able to write a check, then waited for me to tell him which kind I wanted. I knew if I outright told him I didn't know I had to have money in an account before I could write those checks, he'd fall onto the waxy marble floor.

Imagine my chagrin. I felt the blood rush from my chest, climbing swiftly up my throat, crawling over every inch of my face. Sweat turned cold on my hands, ran down and soaked the back of my bright yellow sundress. I stammered an excuse and tried to maintain my pride as I escaped at a very non-dignified sprint out of those sacred halls.

Whose fault, really?

Perhaps my parents really did try to educate me about money. Perhaps I was too rebellious by the age of 10 to consider anything they had to say to me about anything was worth listening to, and I don't remember much before that. I really don't know. I spent many years blaming them for every trouble I ever had, but the cold eye of time has revealed to me that I was just as implicit as they in my own ignorance.



Be that as it may, from that day in the bank on, I was so furious at them that I couldn't utter one civil word to them, and my fury lasted years after they had both left this good earth. Is it too late to say I'm sorry? How I miss them! How I wish they could see me now - no longer a starving artist!

Stars to dust

After a very brief stint in advertising, I spent 20 years as a fine art studio potter. I hand-made state of the art porcelain pots that were so thin you could see light through them. Prize-winners! Rah rah!

I invented stains and glazes that the ancient Chinese would have puzzled over. I spent hours covering each pot with unique designs in a technique only I know today how to do. I even invented the tools to do them. No one could figure out why my designs didn't melt at the temperature I fired my pots - a very high side of 3000 degrees (normal is 2300 to 2600).

For a while, I was a star, and I made a little good money.

Wrecked

At the age of 36, just free of a stifling 10-year marriage, a red light and a screech of tires streaking through it into my car landed me in bed with orthopedic doctors declaring that I probably wouldn't walk again.

Right! With two very energetic little boys running out of control? I don't think so! I found a chiropractor right down my street who had me walking again in 6 weeks. By then, my "good money" was all gone, my car was totalled, and the doctors and emergency room said I owed, I owed I owed.



I tried welfare. You'll notice I didn't capitalize the word. It doesn't deserve it. I spent three months being yelled at, chided, criticized and demeaned by obese angry people who had iron grips on every cent they doled out, as if it was marked by the almighty for special use and I didn't rate. Starving was better than treatment like that.

An attempt at training

With what money trickled in from my work - now stone sculpture - I determined to teach my boys how to behave as adults. I took them out to the cheapest places I could find, and gave them our dinner money so they could practice paying, making tips and feeling comfortable with money.

But did I help them open accounts or show them how to manage a checking account? No. It didn't even occur to me. The sins of the parents are visited upon the children.

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Fast forward to age 48. Find me lying in bed sick unto death with heavy metals poisoning. Still the starving artist, still creating every moment I felt strong enough. Art was like an addiction, allowing me to not-feel. Giving me the comfort of an identity that cushioned me from the full realization that I hadn't a clue how to go about being in the world.

Next, an amazing five-year recovery and periods of sheer grace delivered by the hands and hearts of kind people without whom I certainly wouldn't be alive. But did I yet know how to handle money? No.

Teasers

Stumble through to 2001. A mini-awakening: Angela meets EFT, the Emotional Freedom Techniques!

I'm sure my slippery, suicidal thoughts, and ever-present disappointment in myself and my ability to feel successful as a person would have ended me by now if not for EFT.

EFT is based on the (think Quantum physics) precept that everything is made of energy: if we can heal the skewed parts of our energy system and manage our energy, pain, hurt and out-of-control emotions subside. Life improves. Made sense to me.

The end of ending me

I latched onto, learned and used EFT every single day. By the end of the first 6 weeks, I awoke one day and puzzled about

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an odd feeling. Ah! I wasn't crying! The world didn't look bleak and impossible! I cried again - for the gratitude, for the release.

I was emotionally better now, but still broke. I became obsessed. I thought about money endlessly. I asked myself, "How do they do it? How do those 19 and 20 year olds buy those shiny new cars, and I can't even afford a junker? How do those people get such huge houses?"

"Well," my righteous left-brain said, "they have jobs!"

Slavery

I tried jobs. I got exhausted, emotional, and ended up feeling like a slave at \$7, 10 or 15 bucks an hour. How do people *do* that? Without going mad? My mind was too free for too long to live like that. My nervous system was too tautly strung to hold a job. Managers hated me because I wasn't afraid to speak my piece.

But I tried it! I even schlepped time-share on the sweltering streets of Honolulu - seven hours a day, half hour for lunch, no food allowed at our booths, the bathroom across the street, 7 bucks an hour.

The manager kept telling us it was a numbers game, and there was "no such thing as a 'bad' location" - even when we were stationed in dead hotel lobbies with two tourists a day walking by!

"Just tell as many people as you can and they will add up."

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Mine never added up; I sank down into despair. One day I just couldn't go in. I called and quit. The irate manager chewed me out and hung up on me. I had no money. This was in spring of 2004. What was I going to do? I was 58.

Final frontier

For four years, I had been studying internet marketing, internet business, internet ebook sales, internet tele-classes, internet everything.

I sent for every free thing I could get my hands on - free teleclasses, free ebooks, free reports, free software - you name it - if it was free, I got it. I studied assiduously, but didn't yet have the guts to break free.

Until I saw how much good EFT was doing the people with whom I practiced it. Back pain! Relationships! Headaches! Fear! Anger! Gout! Fingernail biting! Public speaking fear! Cancer! Self confidence! The use of EFT helped them all.

I became a certified practitioner - and a maniac. I had no shame about asking people who looked like they needed help if they'd like to try something a little different to get relief. The ones who said, "Yes," walked away happy. As was I.

Since EFT was still so young that there were hardly any books I could find on the subject, I decided to write a comprehensive manual. Including illustrations and case stories from the people I had been working with.

It was a hit. Everyone I showed it to wanted one. I obtained

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the software to make it into an ebook. I learned how to build a website. I learned how to use the then-new internet payment gateway called paypal.

I started making money on something *I* had written! **MY BOOK! Ha!**

Change of tide

I STILL wasn't handling the money I made well enough to do much more than hold my head above water - sometimes sinking badly. At this time, two very distinct landmark events occurred.

1. One day as I was in despair about the rent - how will I pay it? Only 3 days to go and I need x amount, blah blah blah - I called my friend Doug and said, "Talk to me! You know me enough to know exactly what I'm going through! Just talk to me!" He screamed in my ear:

"ANGELA! STOP IT STOP IT STOP IT! IT'S JUST ENERGY!"

I got it:

What you **see is what you **get**.**

Focus on poor-me, and I **get poor-me.**

**Focus on the light at the end
of the tunnel, and you
get to the end of the tunnel.**

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2. The other event was another call from a dear friend of 25 years. “I just did T. Harv Eker’s Millionaire Mind Intensive.” She couldn’t tell me most of what she had learned, but I gleaned just enough that I could see how using his system would make a real difference in my financial life. I made a decision.

Got that? There’s the secret: I decide.

I decided I couldn’t bear the way my life kept dragging on with no discernable improvement.

I decided I would really rather die than live one more month as broke, anxious and desperate as I felt. I was no longer suicidal, but I wasn’t rich, either.

I decided I would do my own tiny imitation of Harv’s system, just for kicks - things couldn’t get worse!

I decided I deserved better.

I decided.

Stop and start

Suddenly life looked OK. Using the Harv system, I watched as the trickle of money increased. I watched and managed my energy with EFT. I began to get excited.

Then my car died.

I had to use every penny I had accrued to buy a new one. New! Ha! A new junker! All that time struggling to put money aside, watching the percentages grow - and then nothing. I felt kicked in the gut. I ignored the system for a month.

Close call

I had bought airfare to go to the next Harv workshop, it was in only a month, and I had no money - other than my little stash of pennies. Book sales had stopped.

I called my friend. We talked about my not going, after all. I almost didn't go. But I decided - again. Each obstacle was a decision point. Do I go? Or do I stay stuck?

I got my pennies out and began playing with the money according to the system I had (partially) learned.

Amazing - books sales and money started coming in again! I know this sounds weird - like magic, perhaps. Maybe it is. But within the month, I had enough money to go, stay the weekend at the hotel, eat, pay for transport across LA, and even spend a couple of days with my friend.

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When I got back home, I had exactly \$7.03, including the pennies.

Financial birthday

I decided that since I had so little money, I had nothing to lose. I committed to using Harv's system every time I received money.



Sales started increasing. I received money out of the blue. People called me for EFT sessions.

I wrote another book - this time, in story form: ***Six Little P.I.G.E.E.S. Learn The Amazing Money-Multiplying Methodde***. I built another site to sell the book and its ***100-day Guide***, and started tele-classes teaching people my P.I.G.E.E.S. system (Yes, P.I.G.E.E.S. does stand for something).

Now I hold two tele-classes a week, as well as P.I.G.E.E.S. MasterMindSet Groups, individual sessions, audios and book sales. I write books and articles, I illustrate them; and I edit and build the world's most beautiful ebooks for myself and others.

I continue to use EFT every day to clear my energy; and I am more than ever committed to using the system I learned.

Without it, I'd never have been able to understand what my money habits were, how I was abusing money, or how I needed to handle it to make it work for me, rather than my slaving for it.

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I'd never have rid myself of my backwards and unsupportive beliefs about money. I'd never have understood this:

**If you don't learn how to
create wealth and well-being
for yourself,
if you expend your life energy
at a job you hate,
you are depriving the world
of your unique gifts.**

Since January of this year, I have doubled my little income each month - until now it isn't so little anymore. All that studying and trial and error has paid off. Morning terrors are gone, feelings of failure, depression, desperation, resentment, blame and complain are gone.

I've been blessed: even through the ignorance of childhood, the ensuing years of confusion, hurt and struggle, I've held onto an unstinting determination to Make It - combined, lately, with a very clear DECISION to FLY.

The result: I can declare, at a brand new 60 years old, that I AM making it! I'm flying! I AM! Full speed ahead!

Decide.

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Angela Treat Lyon is an EFT Instructor and practitioner, Accelerated Freedom Tools trainer and Success Trainer, and speaker about Personal Wealth and Energy Management.



Angela writes, designs, constructs and publishes both ebooks and print books. She has been a professional artist for over 40 years, and now specializes in stone carving and oil painting. She is a professional illustrator, graphic, web and fine artist (see Lyon-Art.com and TheLandofAmmaze.com). Maybe you can tell Angela has a bit of a maverick streak: she has ridden across the US on a motorcycle and sailed from Hawaii to California, and travelled for two years in her truck.

Angela is the author of ***Change Your Mind!*** (the popular comprehensive EFT manual, which includes case stories and fully illustrated basic and advanced tapping points), and ***Change Your Mind!, the Shorty EFT version*** (which is also available in Spanish) at EFTBooks.com.

The REAL Money Secrets at TheREALMoneySecrets.com.

The Six Little P.I.G.E.E.S. Learn the Amazing Money Multiplying Methodde and ***The Six Little P.I.G.E.E.S. 100-Day Millionaire MindSet Guide*** at PIGEES.com.

Angela conducts individual and group trainings, and twice-weekly ***P.I.G.E.E.S. Millionaire MasterMindSet Tele-Classes*** for creating and maintaining a high level of personal health and wealth.

Angela Treat Lyon can be reached at Lyon@PIGEES.com.

