

Painting a New Story with EFT and Art

Gai Miller – Australia



Gai Miller is an advanced EFT practitioner and watercolor artist who blends life coaching, tapping, and gentle art therapy to empower her clients to heal the past and create a brighter future

Facing A Blank Canvas

There I sat, facing the blank canvas of my future life. I had no idea what it would look like, only that the past definition of myself was gone, and I was lucky to even have a canvas.

This chapter marks a turning point in my life, a moment that reshaped every aspect of who I thought I was.

Looking Back

If you had asked me ten years ago to define myself, I would have said I was a professional project manager and designer in the engineering field, an independent single mother, and an avid sportswoman who loved any challenge.

My life was full: active, social, and certain. I played many sports, was adventurous and spent

hours by the ocean. I was financially secure and respected in my career and by my friends. Most of all, my son saw me as strong, capable, and unstoppable.

Then, in an instant, everything changed.

When the World Fell Silent

A serious workplace accident left me with a ruptured sternoclavicular joint, the joint at the top of my chest, and a serious neck injury. Surgery brought hope, and I truly believed that it would fix my pain, my symptoms, and life.

Instead, it was only the beginning of worsening chronic pain and new symptoms like dizziness, limited movement, vertigo, and blurred vision. But then, most frightening of all, was the partial hearing loss in my left ear. The isolation that followed was profound.

Doctors couldn't explain what was happening to my body. My world shrank. I lost my independence, my career, and the social life I loved.

Two years passed in a blur of tests and specialists without a definite diagnosis.

With growing despair, each time I walked into another consulting room, I hoped for answers and left with none. My body was failing, and so was my spirit. I felt unseen, unheard, and abandoned.

Above all, I felt as if no one was listening to me.

Eventually, I found myself back in the hospital, terrified and fragile. More tests, more drugs. Still no answers. I was in chronic pain, had reduced vision, screaming and pulsating sounds in my ear, vertigo, and weighed only forty kilograms, barely able to move. I felt as if my soul was slipping away.

It was only then that I was referred to one of Sydney's top professors for a second surgery. But while waiting for that appointment, things worsened. I lost the remaining hearing in my left ear, suddenly and completely. The silence was total. My hearing was gone for good.

The Silence That Made Me Listen

That silence became my breaking point, and, paradoxically, my beginning. With no clear diagnosis and nothing left to lose, I turned inward and began to *listen to myself*.

Years earlier I had learned EFT Tapping to help with my fear of flying in small planes, a necessity for visiting remote mine sites as part of my job. It had worked instantly, easing anxiety. The effectiveness of this powerful technique left a lasting impression on me, as it calmed my heightened emotions and exposed the root cause from which the fear was created.

I knew that EFT could be used at a much deeper level to release limiting beliefs. With that understanding, and a strong determination to heal, I began tapping once again.

I began tapping every day. I faced the beliefs that had run quietly beneath the surface of my life: *I'm not good enough, and no one listens to me. I don't belong.*

Each round felt like untying a knot of fear and negative beliefs. As the tears came, something softened. The more I tapped, the more I could finally hear my true self.

Finally Being Heard

Then something extraordinary happened. I went to Sydney to see a new specialist. On the way, I said to my friend, "I really feel today they're going to finally find out what's wrong with me."

When I met the professor, he listened carefully, then said the words I had been longing to hear:

"I hear you. I hear you."

With his investigations that looked at the vein, not just the artery, they found a large blood clot in my internal jugular vein.

He stared at the scan, stunned. He told me he had never seen a clot in that position before and was astonished it hadn't been detected earlier, or, worse, travelled to my brain or heart.

I felt an incredible peace come over me. My body had been shouting for years, and now someone, and I myself, was finally listening.

The Miracle of Trust and Gratitude

Over the following weeks, I meditated and tapped every morning on healing, acceptance, and trust. Gratitude became my medicine. The work I had done on myself had led me to this feeling of calm, and whatever was meant to happen was out of my control, but I had made peace with myself.

When another scan was done, the clot had completely disappeared. My doctors were astonished. I was simply thankful to be alive.

As the weeks went by, my healing continued, though it became clear that some disabilities would remain. Doctors concurred I'd never return to work. Yet for the first time, I felt genuine peace, ready to accept the physical changes, challenges, and scars as part of my new life, I was completely changed.

Watercolor Healing

During my recovery, and a long, exhausting legal battle, I often felt drained, belittled and humiliated. Tapping daily was an anchor, but I also had a feeling of emptiness. That's when I turned to something new: watercolor painting. I had always loved watercolors and wondered if I would be able to paint with my restricted abilities.

At first, my inner dialogue said, *"You'll be hopeless; why even try?"*

But listening to a podcast by Caroline Myss changed my opinion. She said, *"The only one stopping you from your destiny is your ego."*

That struck home. What did it matter if I wasn't good? I decided to give it a go.

Watercolor painting became one of the most precious gifts I could give myself. It was a key part of my healing and therapy. The importance of the process and creating was where the healing and magic happened. Letting go and going with the flow while exploring colour combinations was an absolute joy. Losing track of time and forgetting the pain was such a gift... ultimate mindfulness.

My abstract paintings are fun, freeing, expressive, and unique. Each blank page turns into a creative, flowing, beautiful accomplishment. I have learned to let go of perfectionism!

Facing Old Fears with Tapping

Even after the initial stages of healing, trauma had left behind echoes: phobias and fears that surfaced at medical appointments or whenever I waited for results. The thought of *"What if something's wrong again?"* or *"Maybe they won't know what it is"* could send me straight into fight-or-flight.

Each time, I tapped. Sometimes only a few rounds were enough to steady my breath and remind me I was safe. EFT became my anchor, helping me calm my nervous system, reduce anxiety, and return to the present moment.

Becoming the Guide

Over time, my passion for tapping turned into purpose. I trained to become an Advanced EFT Practitioner, Life coach, and studied Art Therapy so I could help others experience what had transformed me.

Today, I blend these modalities to support clients in releasing the past and stepping into a brighter, more fulfilled life.

Seeing someone's face soften, their body relax, and their words shift from self-criticism to compassion is pure joy.

Acceptance and Gratitude

Combining EFT and art as my anchors, I've found a sense of belonging, and an unshakeable foundation of worth.

I see the world through the eyes of gratitude, for what I have, not what I've lost, and in far more vibrant colours than before.

Through this journey, I've come to understand that our deepest fears, *not being loved, not belonging, not being enough*, are universal. But the way back to wholeness always begins in the same place: within ourselves.

Listening Within

When you start listening to yourself, miracles happen. You can start anywhere: with a feeling, a colour, a sensation, or a single word. Tap on it. That's the beginning of hearing yourself again.

Today, not only do I see my life as a canvas that is colourful, joyous, and a masterpiece in progress, but I am also free from old beliefs that were limiting the colours of my palette. I can see the potential, feel the excitement of many canvases in the future, each one full of infinite possibility.

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