

# THE 8 MASTER KEYS TO HEALING WHAT HURTS

for the **Highly Sensitive Person**



**BY**  
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*Foreword by Nancy Selfridge, M.D.*

# CONTENTS

<i>Chapter</i>	<i>page</i>
* <b>Foreword</b> <i>by Nancy Selfridge, M.D.</i>	7
* <b>1. Healing What Hurts with EFT</b>	13
* <b>2. Healing from “Soul Abuse”</b>	21
* <b>3. A Story of Hurting &amp; Healing</b>	25
* <b>4. The 8 Master Keys</b>	53
* <b>5. #1 “You Are Just too Sensitive!”</b>	63
* <b>6. #2 What Broke Your Heart?</b>	81
* <b>7. #3 The Cage of Your Awakening</b>	99
* <b>8. #4 When You’re Mad, Sad, or Scared</b>	127
* <b>9. #5 “Should I Keep the Pain?”</b>	151
* <b>10. #6 The TRUTH About You</b>	175
* <b>11. #7 BE the Wealth that You Are!</b>	199
* <b>12. #8 BE SELF-ish</b>	213
* <b>13. An (Enlightened) Medical View of Pain</b>	233
* <b>14. An Energy Psychology View of Pain</b>	241
* <b>15. A Spiritual View of Pain</b>	253
* <b>16. When Healing Doesn’t Work</b>	269
* <b>After-After Word</b>	269
* <b>About the Contributors</b>	293

Names of all clients have been changed to ensure privacy



## THE 8 MASTER KEYS TO HEALING WHAT HURTS

“clinging tighter and tighter. Like a big pincer. The pain feels red, intense.” She rated the pain in her buttock at an 8 out of a possible 10, with 10 being the worst.

We did some tapping for “this gripping pain in my left buttock...this clinging pincer in my left buttock...this red, intense pain in my left buttock...”

### **I asked what emotions were connected to this pain.**

She talked about grief and anger, the life she was losing, all the things she could no longer do. We tapped for the emotions.

All of this tapping helped a little, but when I asked what it felt like now, she really got on a roll. “It is like a malicious little leprechaun with a tiny set of needles. He is sticking me and sticking me! He is saying, ‘See - I’m still here! You can’t get rid of me!’”

When I asked what her self-talk was about this pain, her response was instant: “Oh why did this happen to me? Why am I being punished??”

### **We asked the leprechaun.**

“So Sally,” I said. “Imagine that you can ask this leprechaun a question. Ask him what he is trying to get FOR you through these needles and this pain?” She thought a minute, and then said, “He is just trying to get a rise out of me!”

Sensing some intuitive correspondences lining up in my head, I began by asking, “What has been a pain in the ass for you?”

“My father, she replied promptly.”  
And this: “Sally, what have you been sitting on?”

“Hmmm...” she paused. “My past.”

“Go deeper,” I said. “What, deep in you, have you been sitting on, all your life?”

## THE 8 MASTER KEYS TO HEALING WHAT HURTS

“My self-confidence,” she answered, taking a deep breath. “My faith in myself.”

I wanted to know what she would be doing if she *had* confidence and faith in herself.

She thought a minute and said, “I would work in a library, drive, re-establish a sexual relationship with my husband, stop worrying about so many things, see the good side of things instead of the bad. I would love myself more. I would come out of the light from the darkness. I would get off some of the drugs I am on. I would be out in the world more. I would have fewer self-defeating thoughts, more life-affirming thoughts. I would have serenity.”

“So!” I offered, “the leprechaun has for all this time been trying to get your attention through all this pain to *get a rise* out of you! He wants you to rise up from your past, get up off your butt, rise to your own serenity. He wants you to sit in serenity!”

Sally looked surprised and smiled. She thought for some long moments, her eyes filling with tears. I sat quietly, giving her space to process these revelations.

“You know,” she said, “for the first time, after all these years, I feel like I have a chance.”

“I *have* been sitting on my past, rather than in my serenity. I feel like today has lifted me from the self-involved world I have lived in...like the trees that grow so tall...toward the sun rather than away from it.

This gives me hope, hope with wings.” (I liked that, “hope with wings.”)

I smiled at her. “It has all been sitting there, waiting to arise in you,” I said.

I talked for a bit about her words “self-involved,” about how I think of self as being capitalized: Self.

## THE 8 MASTER KEYS TO HEALING WHAT HURTS

To me, Self means the soul, what is deepest and best and strongest, what is most creative and most loving and kind and passionate and purposeful.

As well as all the rest of us too, all the parts of us that mean well but so often wander astray. So those words “self-ish,” “self-involved,” “self-centered,” actually mean CARE FOR THE SOUL, care for myself.

### **And if we don't care for our own souls, our own selves, who will?**

I got a flash of an image of one of those old fashioned dolls that can be turned upside down so the skirt falls down over its head to reveal another head and torso and outfit, another whole doll being.

You can flip them back and forth, two beings in one. Self-involved/soul-involved. It is all the same thing.

“All of *who you most deeply are* has always been *sitting there*, waiting to *stand up for yourself* and come out...” (I delivered this brief message to her unconscious mind, reframing the theme of sitting that had threaded through our time together that day....).

I could see skepticism still remaining in her face as we talked and tapped together, working with the phrases she had used, her emotions of grief and anger, (“Why did this happen to me? Why am I being punished?”).

But she responded very well to EFT. The pain diminished significantly.

As we made our next appointment, I thought of what I wanted to ask her the next time she came: I would preface our session with a brief review of her long history with pain, paralleled with her long history of urgently seeking healing from pain. With such strong intention