

BE **CAREFUL**
WHAT YOU

ASK FOR

a horse may
grant your
— wish —

**HOW I BROKE MY
BACK IN 3 PLACES**
and why this may be a good thing

Mimi Emmanuel

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU ASK/PRAY FOR... a Horse May Grant Your Wish
How I Broke My Back in 3 Places and Why This May Be a Good Thing

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Another MOSAIC HOUSE PUBLICATION

Mosaic House Co.

Post box 25 Noosa

Queensland 4567

Australia

Or visit us at www.mosaichouse.co and www.mimiemmanuel.com

With special thanks to Red Hat Inc and www.canva.com

Made in the Commonwealth of Australia.

Published in the United States of America

Cover design by M Emmanuel courtesy of canva

Layout and formatting by SunnyEdesign

Editor Elaine Roughton

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INTRO

I'm on a Mission to Reduce Horse-Related Injuries.

You like horse riding? You're not alone. The [Australian Bureau of Statistics](#) and sources such as [Roy Morgan](#), show us that horse riding is one of the most popular sports in Australia.

We have 200.000 registered horse enthusiasts in Australia. Horse racing is also one of the most popular spectator sports in Australia with [A\\$14.3 billion wagered in 2009/10](#) with bookmakers and the Totalisator Agency Board (TAB). On an international scale Australia has more racecourses than any other nation.

There are [an estimated 400.000 horse owners in Australia](#) and an estimated one million domesticated horses in Australia. This tells us that many people encounter horses on a daily basis in Australia.

I had one such encounters myself a little while ago. I want to tell you about this event for the following three reasons.

1. I'm on a mission to reduce horse-related accidents.
2. This is a massive thank you to all who helped me recover.

3. I'm encouraging appreciation for the forces and responsiveness of the universe, which I call God.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU ASK FOR... a Horse May Grant Your Wish

Praying for a Recharge and Readjustment *Getting My Back Muscles Back to Normal*

Everything was going so well. After my health scares, inoperable ruptured appendix, septicemia, and a variety of other ailments, I was finally recovering.

Life was once more heading in the right direction. Family matters needed attention, however, and this prompted a more-than-a-year-long Sabbatical. Emergency rooms, hospitalisations, the works. The stresses. Eventually my prayers were heard, and I was winding down my Sabbatical and getting back into writing.

After nearly a decade of bed rest and being mainly home-bound, I was starting to venture out and keen to get my back muscles back to normal, and to once more participate in life fully.

All I needed was a recharge and some readjustments. I prayed for this. I hoped for this and I waited for this.

By the end of 2018, a kind friend, Dan, offered me to come along on a beach ride. Dan and my daughter would

go out beach riding regularly and he said, 'Why don't you come along?'

'How was that even possible?' I was struggling to get around normally. On good days I could walk a little here and there, but those days were few and far between. Horse riding? Me? My back wouldn't be able to support me to sit up straight in the saddle for more than a few minutes, surely.

Dan explained to me that a few decades ago he broke his back and that horse riding was one of the main therapies that got him back up and running again.

My daughter has been an equestrian coach for around a decade and had often mentioned that she would like to get me on a horse's back and practice [equine-facilitated learning](#) with me as well as [hippotherapy](#). We had made some attempts, but our perfect therapy pony fell pregnant two years in a row, and that was the end of that.

Crystal had told me that riding a horse is similar to walking, without the pressure on the spine. For those of you who read ['My Story of Survival,' 'God Healed Me,' and 'Live Your Best Life by Writing your own Eulogy,'](#) you know that even though I got up from bed, I still had some way to go.

Our friend Dan reiterated what Crystal said, and there I went. Wow! His beautiful Percheron, Bonnie, carried me alongside the waves on the beach for way longer than I otherwise was able to sit unsupported. How was this possible?

Dan and Crystal explained to me that the movement of the horse stimulates the spine and my back. This made it possible for me to sit up unsupported, something I was not able to do without the movement of the horse's back.

Needless to say, I now wanted to join them on their beach rides with my own horse. Even if I were to start off on little rides... the world started to open up for me. Me riding on the beach on my own horse? Even in my wildest dreams I would never have thought this possible.

Thank you, Dan, for opening my mind to these new and exciting horizons!

Crystal said that this could be arranged, but we should take it easy and start off with a sulky (cart) adjusted to my needs.

My daughter figured that an ex-racehorse (a pacer) would do the job. Now you may think that you know where this is going... but you're wrong.

Not One but Two Therapy Horses *Coco-Bliss and Lancelots*

This ex-racehorse that Crystal got for me is the most beautiful animal I ever laid eyes on. Absolutely gorgeous to look at, with an even better nature. All she wants is cuddles. At 15+ hands, she'll stand next to you and put her big head alongside you to be cuddled and hugged. She did not want to race. Perfect! Just what we want, a nice big softie that has already been trained to pull a cart (sulky) and can get me to the beach and back in comfort.

Next Crystal and I are looking for a sulky. We find a bright red vintage one in perfect nick, and I decided against it.

Why did I decide against this bright red, shiny sulky?

Because for some reason the trip to collect the cart brought on kidney stones for me, and a few hours after our trip I ended up in the hospital emergency ward, diagnosed with kidney stones. Ough!

If you've experienced the pain of kidney stones, you know what I'm talking about. If you haven't, count your lucky stars. It's right up there with childbirth, and some even prefer to give birth to a child rather than pass some of these wretched stones.

The experienced horse cart salesman had warned me that these carts, even with the best of springs, can be bumpy and my back may not like it. Well, if I wasn't going to handle a few hours' car trip without ending up in Hospital Emergency, then cart rides all of a sudden seemed like not such a good idea.

Many thanks to the wonderful staff at Wide Bay Hospital; the passing of a kidney stone was an unforgettable experience.

I learned that I still don't travel well and I learned to keep my fluids up because I get dehydrated easily.

A couple of decades ago I also managed to become dehydrated, and get heat stroke, after a family outing to a fun water park on the Gold Coast, on a hot day.

I ended up in the Flynn Hospital with double pneumonia, but that's another story altogether. Suffice it to say that I need to watch my water intake and add some electrolytes to my drinks, such as a pinch of Himalayan salt.

Mmm, now what. We re-assessed and decided against a cart. My daughter said that Coco-Bliss (my ex-racehorse's race name) would happily carry me, but I

felt that 15+ hands was a little ambitious for me who hasn't ridden for a long time.

I said, 'No, thanks. If you want me to go on a horse I want to go on something a little smaller.'

No worries. Within a couple of weeks my daughter shows up with a solid-as-a-rock 13.2 hand pony.

Lancelots is his name. Cool as a cookie. So cool, in fact, that when my two massive hounds (Mastiff/Dane and Mastiff/Wolfhound crosses) rocketed up to him to say hi as he was rolling around in the grass, he did not blink an eye and kept rubbing his itchy spots on the grass.

Yeah! Now I had not one, but two therapy horses. Coco-bliss for cuddles and for Crystal to ride, and Lancelots for therapeutic rides. Of course, my daughter had to test them out first, being new horses and all that; they needing assessing as to how safe they would be for me. So she took them to the beach and rode them along the golf course and in the paddock and was impressed with how all this went.

After two months with Coco-Bliss and one month with Lancelots, my daughter decided that after a bit more training I would be able to test them out myself.

The Wide Bay Region is known as a cyclone-prone region and cyclone 'Oma' was forecast. Time to put the horses in the big 45-acre paddock instead of the small paddock next door.

'Crystal, before you put them in the big paddock I would like to have a couple of minutes on each of them to see how it feels. Other than on Bonnie, it's been lifetimes since I've been on a horse, and I'd love nothing better than getting my back healthy again and to move around freely like I used to a couple of decades ago.'

The thought of being on a horse being led by my experienced and capable daughter, who had been an equine coach for more than ten years, was so exciting, I was doing a little victory lap around my recliner before I even got on. I knew that once the horses were taken to the big 45-acre paddock it would probably be quite a while before I would get to ride them, and after a couple of months of watching my daughter ride these lovely animals, I was keen to get a feel for it myself.

Re-activating Nerve Endings and Muscles

My One and a Half Minute and Ninety Second Ride

My daughter had tested the horses and equipment over the past couple of months, the dogs were locked up. Phone off the hook so as not to be disturbed by anyone or anything, and Coco-Bliss was going to be my first ride. Coco-Bliss' mother's name is *Party in Paris*. How cool is that? You can find her racing history [here on this link or in the notes](#).

Her racing history is abysmal and exactly how I like it. I am not after a racehorse, I am after a sweet, kind horse that is happy to casually walk me up and down for a few minutes at a time, to re-activate nerve endings and muscles in my back that seem to have gone to sleep.

My daughter put a bareback pad on Coco-Bliss because the saddle we bought for her doesn't fit correctly. The bareback pad does not have stirrups on it for some reason. I hold on to my daughter as I step on the stool to then climb on Coco-Bliss, holding on to my daughter as well as Coco's mane. She is gorgeous!

I feel supremely wobbly, and for the minute or so that I sit on her, Coco stops every time she notices that I struggle to keep my balance. My daughter is holding onto me as well as leading this beautiful ex-racehorse. After a

minute and a half I've had enough. I want to come off. I cannot believe how hard it is to stay straight on her and find it near impossible to imagine that I'll ever be able to ride her, or any other horse, confidently and unaided.

I wonder why I hadn't felt wobbly on Bonnie. My daughter explains the difference between a pacer and a Percheron to me. Also, that a pacer used to be a racer, which means that she has a particular gait which is comfortable once you get used to it. The walk of a horse can be therapeutic for hips and backs.

If I could have picked any horse to have therapeutic rides on, it would be Coco for sure, if only she weren't so high.

Anyway, I feel unsteady, and with the help of my daughter and Coco's patience, I quietly slide off her and sit on a chair in the shade, feeling excited and subdued at the same time.

My daughter asks, 'Have you had enough, Mum?' And to be truthful, yes, I've had enough. My gut says; 'NO!' It was scarier than I thought, but I do not want to be a party pooper so I say, 'Bring it on! Lancelots' next.'

'Would you rather I put a saddle on him?'

'Yes, please. It'll be less wobbly when I can put my feet in stirrups, what do you think?'

'Sure,' she says. 'I'll be a minute.'

She saddles Lancelots up in no time at all. As soon as he is organised I am happy to get on him, being two hands shorter than Coco. I wear my brand new, charcoal coloured jeans that I bought especially for my therapeutic horse rides.

It feels so much better sitting on a saddle with my feet in the stirrups. I feel solid but annoyed at Coco, who is breathing down my neck.

'Crystal, can you please...' Before I can finish the sentence with 'tell Coco to go away...' I'm flying through the air performing an involuntary half somersault. The current of electricity surging through my back is taking my breath away. Waves of powerful charges travel up and down my spine, again and again, as I land with the back of my helmet-less head on the rocky ground.

Crystal is whispering, 'This isn't happening, this isn't happening. Mum, this wasn't supposed to happen.' I couldn't agree more, but the intensity and pain of the electric current that continues to surge through me makes me blurt out, 'Lift me up Crys, lift me up.'

Crystal is looking at her crumpled Mum on the ground thinking, s p i n a l i n j u r y !

She responds, 'Hell no, Mum, I'm not picking you up. You'll have to wait till we get help.'

I know that if someone doesn't take the pressure of my spinal cord this unspeakable torment of currents of electricity pulsing through me from top to bottom will be the end of me. I just know.

Through gritted teeth I spit at my daughter, 'If you don't lift me up right now, you will regret this forever.'

She understands and carefully places her hands underneath my armpits and ever so gently lifts my torso slowly to unfurl my spinal cord from being squashed. This puts a stop to the electrical waves 'recharging' my system.

I start breathing again with a big sigh, 'Ok, thank you, that was bad. Thank you, now don't move, don't move, don't move, STOP moving! I cannot bear it, PLEASE hold my back up.' My teeth are shattering.

Crystal can't stop saying, 'This wasn't supposed to happen.'

And I won't, can't let her move an inch without grinding my teeth in pain.

'I need to get help, Mum.'

'You're not going anywhere, you cannot let me down. It's unbearable torture when you move. DON'T MOVE!' I hiss at her.

We're sitting on the rocky ground right at the end of the yard. Crystal is sitting on her knees, with me half reclined on her lap.

'Can you phone Stacey (my physio)?' I say, Half in jest and half serious. Surely I'll be needing some adjustments after this tumble. My head is throbbing. My foot hurts and is tangled up in stirrups and saddle leathers etc. I'm still holding on to the saddle.

I'm wiggling my fingers and toes.

What Happened? *I Want My Six-pack Back*

'Look, I can wiggle my fingers and toes. We'll be right. Praise The Lord!'

'What happened, Crys?'

'You came off, Mum.'

'I know that. But how come I'm still holding the saddle?'

'Cause the girth broke, Mum, and Lancelots bucked. I don't know what came first.'

'Oh.'

Sitting on my butt, I wonder, 'Why does my head hurt?'

'Cause you landed on your head, Mum.'

'Oh.'

I'm feeling at the back of my head for blood to find an egg-sized lump growing at the base of my skull.

'I need to phone for help, Mum.'

'Yes, of course. Phone Stacey first, will you?'

'You're going to need more than a physio, Mum.'

'Mpphh.'

My daughter defies my orders to phone my legend of a physio.

'I need to go, Mum, and get help.'

'Just phone.'

'I cannot. I don't have my phone on me.'

'Uh. You cannot move and leave me.'

'I cannot feel my legs anymore, Mum, I need to move.'

'You cannot move, not allowed to move, ok? Back says, don't move.'

'Mum, I need to get help. You need to let me go.'

'Hang on, let me think. Help me if you can and put the saddle underneath my back to support it just a bit... ahhh, don't move!'

I don't know how long it took to manoeuvre me to half recline on the saddle... 20 minutes, half an hour later Crystal runs to the house to phone for an ambulance.

The ambulance takes an eternity. We phone at least three times to check that they are on their way.

By the time the ambulance officers arrive, Crystal is paler than a sheet of paper. I ask if the officers can please check her out. She looks as if she's in shock. But the lovely lady ambulance officer is too busy asking me all kinds of silly questions such as the time of day, location, my name, etc.

What time is it? Time to go to the hospital.
Location? Bonanza's Ranch.
And my name? Is Miss Dumbo.

'Can I ask you a question please?'

'Sure,' they say.

'I like morphine,' I say. 'I like it a lot. You wouldn't carry some on you, would you now?'

No worries, I'm handed a [yummy green whistle with analgesic](#).

Bliss, it only takes a few sucks for it to work. I still feel the bruised tissue and damaged bones, but at least the edge is taken off the torment.

I'm being tied onto a stretcher and taken to the ambulance for a ride to the hospital.

I'm joking with the ambulance officer and nurses in Hervey Bay Hospital as they cut my clothes off me in the Emergency Unit. 'These weren't my favourite clothes anyway. Those brand-new jeans now know how to fall off a horse and therefore I'm happy to get rid of them.'

I don't know what they put down that drip but it mostly works. That is, until the nurses attempt to turn me around. We don't want bedsores, do we?

My spine does not agree and my back lets the nurses know. Those words that come rolling out of my mouth aren't mine, they come straight from my damaged spine. Even I am shocked about that language.

This happens a few times, and after a couple of these unfortunate 'turnovers' it is agreed by the medical team of the Spinal Unit in Brisbane that a 'stand-up' x-ray will be taken of my back. If the spine is stable... all good. If not, I may get a free ride in the Air Ambulance to the Brisbane Spinal Unit.

I'm not warming to this.

If I cannot tolerate nurses rolling me over, how will I appreciate a helicopter ride?

The long and the short of it is that I am not able to stand up for this 'standing-up x-ray.' Instead, I'm transferred to Maryborough Base Hospital.

Massive Thank You!

All I can say is that the ambulance officers and all staff at Maryborough Hospital are angels sent directly from heaven. This includes admin, kitchen staff, nurses, social worker, wardens, cleaners, physio and assistants, doctors, occupational therapist, receptionist, orderly, pathology, pharmacist, and whoever I have contact with at the Maryborough hospital.

The food is superb, with a wide range of choices catering to all kinds of diets. The cleaners are thoughtful and kind as they daily check on bins and dust and mop and sweep.

The wardens and orderly are efficient, quick, and friendly. The nurses are caring and compassionate and responsive to my needs.

The pharmacist comes to my bed to kindly explain in detail why it's not a good idea to refuse the daily injection with anticoagulant (blood thinner) used to prevent blood clots. And the pathologist collecting the

occasional blood sample is my very favourite from now on.

The social worker, physio, and occupational therapist at the rehab unit blow me away with their knowledge and how they manage to cater to each individual needs with such precision and warm hearts in this hospital environment.

The doctors... I have only praise for how they are attentive to all concerns, sympathetic, and follow up constantly to make sure that all medical needs are taken care off.

If this sounds like an advertisement, it could well be. The acute unit in Hervey Bay took excellent care of me, for which I'm grateful. This came and went in a blur, however, because I was doped up to my eyeballs to be able to cope with my injuries.

Maryborough Base Hospital is a different kettle of fish altogether. I'm feeling embraced, cared for, and loved by virtually everyone I come in contact with. If ever I needed a good hospital experience, this is it.

When members of the rehab unit ask me about my expectations I tell them that I expect to leave with the sixpack I came in with. I can assure you that if I don't, it is not because of negligence from staff, but more

because the sixpack I'm dreaming about hasn't been a reality of my life for quite some years.

Why Was My Major Accident Divine Intervention?

The Recharge and the Readjustments

Remember earlier when I said that all I needed was a recharge and some readjustments?

I've been asking for a recharge for years! Be careful what you ask for!

What I received is no ordinary recharge, this is divine intervention as pure as it gets.

I prayed for a recharge. I hoped for this and I waited for this.

I got both the recharge as well as the readjustment! But certainly not in a way I expected.

Whenever I had a little whine about needing a recharge, friends would suggest that I hold on to an electric fence. This appears to be an obscure remedy which helps some people reset their system.

The thought never appealed to me, and I've had plenty of unintended encounters with electric fences for me not to take the advice too seriously.

The surges of electricity which pulsed through my spine, up and down, up and down, up and down, during my fall, at least 20 to 30 times over, may well have recharged me better than any electric fence ever would or could.

With regards to the readjustment; how's [two burst vertebrae on my lower back and one compressed one](#) on my upper back for a readjustment?

I've decided that those vertebrae were my weak links and will now heal up stronger and better than ever before. This is why I'm saying that it may be a good thing that I broke my back in three places.

With the expertise of the physiotherapist and occupational therapist at the rehab unit I'm growing muscles in places where before only lived muscle knots.

During my fall my knees whacked into my chest with force and bruised my sternum. This shock seems to have reset my heart from feeling feeble and hurt, to strong and resilient, with more faith in humanity now, after suffering in silence for many years.

My left foot smashed into the rocky ground with the stirrup still attached. This thump seems to have displaced little joints. Overcoming this injury is teaching me to walk

and move more steady and deliberate than I used to before my fall.

Moving more deliberately can only be a good thing.

But best of all, the massive bump to the back of my head knocked some much needed sense into me regarding my ongoing rehabilitation. All of a sudden I could see clearer as to what I should and shouldn't be doing to enable me to get up and out again.

During my stay in Maryborough Hospital I was challenged when I was found out to be that person that had been cooped up in her bedroom for way too many years due to medical issues.

I learned about goal setting. Not as a theoretical exercise, but how to put this in practice for my recovery with tiny little baby steps.

I still cannot tolerate noises well, nor light and various foods, etc. But my stay at Maryborough helped me understand that this is not a surprising outcome for someone who has not been out and about for many years.

Not only is this not a surprising outcome, but now I've been 'discovered,' the help and therapy on offer will likely help me improve on this.

It was confronting to be 'outed,' but the love and support helped me cross barriers that I didn't even know existed and set me up for healing in a way that will help me reintegrate into society.

How lucky am I to have been transferred to a place where I was given the peace and rest for a number of weeks which helped me regenerate and recover, assisted by experts, in a way that I never imagined possible?

I am so grateful. Thank you to Hervey Bay Hospital staff and thank you to Maryborough Base Hospital staff for your dedication and truly loving care.

Be careful what you ask for because you may just get it.

[Knock and it shall be opened, ask and you shall receive.](#)

I wanted a better life with more mobility and community. My daughter set out to help me with that, and sitting on a horse led by her was one of the steps towards that goal.

Little did we know that my wish would be granted in such a spectacular and dramatic way.

My back has been reset and, as far as I can tell, the vertebrae are healing up nicely.

The charge of electricity surging through me may well help nerve endings to regenerate. I'm making this up as I go along because I like the idea of fresh new nerve endings.

Being 'found out' in the hospital gave me access to support and resources I didn't know were available to me. Being helpless for that many weeks reinforced the strong bond I have with family members, friends, and neighbours.

So many people came out to help with feeding the dogs, locking them in their kennel, accommodation for my daughter, food, gifts, flowers, cards, chocolates, wonderful messages of encouragement and support. I feel loved and humbled by it all.

Whilst I was in the hospital my computer failed to switch off during a heat wave. This computer was custom built by me with help from a few of my Reddit buddies and was super quiet. Imagine my distress when I came home from the hospital to find my computer had completely melted down. The experts at King IT Computers in Stockland managed to not only restore my computer, but deliver it to me even more silent than it was *before* the meltdown.

All the above outcomes make my accident potentially a 'very' good thing. I received more help and assistance;

lotsa love, prayers and care from neighbours, family, and friends; potentially a healthier, stronger back; and definitely a more quiet computer!

This is a massive thank you to all the Good Forces from Above and the universe for the boost of life and understanding that I received.

I'm supremely grateful also to the one who held my hand from start to finish, my daughter who took me on this equine adventure.

She was with me in the hospital when I needed turning, changing, feeding when I wasn't able to take care of myself. She's still holding my hand now as we're looking forward to our next adventure.

My readjustment and recharge taught me that it is easy to take life for granted. Mine could have been gone in a flash, but it wasn't.

Sometimes we think that life sucks and we don't appreciate the progress we're making.

At other times we don't fully appreciate the people around us and the support that they're giving us.

I could have been content with the status quo, but I wasn't. I wanted more, asked for it, and I got more. Haha, way more than I expected.

This whole horse riding journey started out to, 'get the blood flowing properly again throughout my back.'

For a brief period of time, in my ignorance, I thought that the accident was an answer to my prayer.

Then I realised that I had not paid attention to my gut or any of the signs that came my way.

At the time of the accident my gut had given me a loud and clear 'NO,' and I failed to respond appropriately to this strong message. I overrode this message because I did not want to be a wet blanket.

My accident was *not* a loud and clear message and answer to my prayers.

What became loud and clear was the understanding that I must

1. ALWAYS, not only listen but also respond to my gut feelings, particularly when dealing with horses, and
2. That, even though my daughter loves anything horsey, this is not the way to go for me.

A little bump would not have made me realise that horse riding is not for me. I know that for sure, because over the months of preparation, I received countless

messages and nudges indicating that horsey adventures are not for me.

But I kept going along for various reasons and not in the least because I tend to be hard-headed and focused once I decide my trajectory. I also loved the idea of riding my own horse on the beach.

I prayed alright... but did I listen for the answer?

Not really.

I adjusted course only twice. Once was after I suffered kidney stones and I decided against a cart. And the second adjustment came when I decided to ride a pony instead of a horse. Other than that, I ignored all hints and signals that continued coming my way, such as f.i. that out of dozens of friends and family members, only two agreed that horse riding was appropriate therapy for me.

The most important lesson that I learned from my horsey adventure is this: When we send questions and prayers out to the universe/God, we better sit up and listen to that still small voice, which eventually screamed at me; [‘This is not for you girl; I have better plans for you!’](#)

I’m in a happy place right now. At the time of this writing, the pain is still quite intense and I’m not as steady on my feet as I would like to be. For shopping we bring a wheelchair. I have a slight limp which I expect to

go, but even if none of this would improve: Hey, I could have been dead or worse.

I'm still around to share my story with you and encourage you to be grateful for every living minute on this earth. And please pay attention to that small voice within. I hope that my story motivates you to [live out your life's mission](#) and embrace those close to you.

And when you ask and pray for something... be careful what you ask for; a horse may grant your wish!

To all horse lovers; be sure to read the Afterword!

And if you're not into horses but know someone who is; please forward this book to them. Thank you!

Afterword

My Mission to Reduce Horse-Related Accidents

This afterword is for all lovers of anything equine.

Do me a favour and walk to your tack shed right now and throw out all tack and saddles which are more than a few years old.

My daughter bought a brand-new saddle especially for me, but it didn't fit the horse I was riding so we used an old saddle.

Crystal had been riding on this saddle to the beach and she had oiled and assessed it and it looked and worked fine whilst she rode on it.

This saddle has now been stuffed in the bin.

It was an old saddle. There was no way of predicting that the saddle leathers on this saddle would break with pressure. But they did. Two of them broke when the horse bucked.

You cannot reliably predict if a horse will buck or not and you cannot always predict if tack will break or not, so

your best bet is to ride with new gear. This way at least you eliminate 'tack failure.'

Riding a horse is the most dangerous sport in Australia.

[HORSE riding has been rated the most dangerous sport in Australia](#) above rugby league, bungee jumping, and skydiving.

According to a leading insurance underwriter (SLE), the unpredictable nature of horses, the popularity of the sport among young children, and the high frequency of accidents makes it an insurer's worst nightmare.

SLE Worldwide Australia is a Managing General Underwriter which specialises in insuring risks in the world of sports, leisure, and entertainment.

Quoted from Sports, Leisure and Entertainment Worldwide Australia, *'We won't [insure] anything to do with horse riding centers. We used to and it cost us millions... We have a problem with humans riding an animal because we can't control [the animal]... We would insure bungee jumping; from our point of view it's safer than going riding in [Sydney's] Centennial Park.'*

Statistics about dangerous activities

Motorbike riders have a [30 times greater chance](#) than car occupants to have a fatal accident. The risk for a serious injury is approximately [41 times higher](#).

A motorbike rider can expect a serious accident at the rate of 1 per 7000 hours.

[A horse rider can expect a serious accident once every 350 hours.](#)

This means that equestrian related sports and activities have a serious accident rate 20 times greater than motorcycling. [Horse riding is more dangerous than riding a bike.](#)

According to [Associate Professor Kirrilly Thompson](#) (cultural anthropologist at CQ University's Appleton Institute in South Australia) there were 98 horse-related fatalities between July 2000 and June 2012, or an average of 8.2 deaths per year.

Using Bird's Triangle Theory, each death can be seen to represent 600 near misses. That's 4920 near misses each year, averaging 13 near misses each day of the year.

[The most dangerous animals](#) in Australia are not sharks, snakes, crocodiles, spiders, death adders or jellyfish. [According to Science Alert](#), what caused the most deaths

in Australia between 2008 and 2017 is not native wildlife, but horses and cows.

According to an [Australia's National Coronial Information System \(NCIS\) publication in 2011](#), horses are the most 'deadly animals in Australia.'

New South Wales is [the first state to develop a horse-riding code of practice](#) to cut the number of accidents involving horses.

'One worker in Australia is hospitalised every day due to horse-related injuries.' And for every worker injured, ten other people are hurt, often at workplaces like riding schools, equestrian centres, and trail riding businesses.

Considering these statistics, it makes common sense to reduce risk wherever you can when you participate in your favourite sport.

Crystal and I know that we could have separated the horses before riding. And that we could have done this and should have done that.

I certainly could have and should have listened to my gut which told me NOT to get on. But I did get on. Because I didn't want to spoil anyone's fun.

The thing with could haves and should haves is that they always come after the event and therefore are pretty useless.

The truth is that Lancelots had been sold to us, 'with not a buck in him,' and he had been tried and tested by my daughter. All indications were that he was solid as a rock. We watched Guy McLean, our local horse-whisperer and international champion, too many times to know that it is impossible to guarantee that a horse won't buck. It's part of the nature of the beast.

My daughter loves anything equine and no doubt will continue loving horses. Crystal has a solid safety record, where apart from my own accident, only one minor injury was suffered by someone in her care. This is a phenomenal record for someone who has been involved with horses on a regular basis for sixteen years, and coaching for the last ten years.

Crystal insisted that I would ride on a new saddle and I brushed her concerns aside because, at the time, it didn't matter to me either way.

I know there are many horse lovers out there. According to statistics a few million people deal with horses each year, either as bystanders or participants. For the sake of your own health and that of your loved ones, please use the best possible tack that you can afford and don't risk using old equipment.

And always, *always*, pay attention to your gut and follow that advice when you're dealing with horses in any way.

There are many factors to consider when we ride a horse. For instance, the age and ability of the rider and horse, temperament, training or lack thereof, tack and clothing, helmet, environment, other riders and animals, expectations and so on and forth.

But two easy ways that you can control, which will help you enjoy your rides without incidents are:

1. Always follow your gut
2. Ride with the best possible tack

To download NSW Code of Practice for managing risks when working with horses, type into your search engine www.safework.nsw.gov.au and look [for Code of Practice Managing Risks When New Or In experienced Riders Or Handlers Interact With Horses In The Workplace pdf.](#)

These directions are useful for experienced as well as inexperienced riders.

Enjoy your equine adventures and stay safe!

Coming up: Read the CONCLUSION to find out about my favourite exercises and how I healed.

Conclusion

How My Back Healed, in a Nutshell

When I was catapulted off the horse on February 23, 2019, I burst vertebrae L5 and L1, and ended up with a wedged vertebrae at T10. I bruised my sternum, had an egg-sized lump at the back of my head, and injured little bones in my left foot. The healing is still in process.

WHAT IS A BURST FRACTURE OF THE VERTEBRAE?

A burst fracture means that the vertebra is now compressed. This usually happens because of severe trauma, such as a motor vehicle accident or a fall from a height; in my case, a horse. A great deal of force vertically onto the spine can crush a vertebra.

WHAT IS A WEDGED VERTEBRAE?

A wedge fracture is a compression which happened anteriorly or laterally. The affected vertebra now resembles a wedge. These fractures are usually found in the thoracic spine.

With two burst vertebrae and a wedged one I'm now a little shorter than I used to be.

CAN DAMAGED VERTEBRAE HEAL ON THEIR OWN?

Yes, they can, and usually heal on their own with pain medication, reduction in activity, and temporary immobilization of the injured body part. Depending on the severity of the break of course.

Every injury is different. I've heard stories of people who are back at work shortly after spinal surgery.

DR JOE DISPENZA

[Dr Joe Dispenza](#) has become famous for refusing spinal surgery and for getting back to work ten weeks after breaking six vertebrae in a motor bike accident.

Joe's story shows us that [our bodies are designed to heal themselves](#); the main thing is not to get in the way of this unfathomable healing power.

Doctors and nurses can help us do so. Bedrest and spinal surgery can help facilitate the body's healing processes and minimize complications. [Fractured bones on average heal within six to twelve weeks](#) but the bone will continue to strengthen for months to come.

Dr Joe Dispenza was not operated on and I did not have spinal surgery either.

MY STORY

For the first few weeks I couldn't move myself at all. I was not able to get up or turn myself over or move from

side to side. After a number of weeks I managed to sit up reclined. Eventually, with encouragement, I dangled my feet over the side of the hospital bed. I followed the directions of physios, OT's, doctors and nurses, and with their help I managed to get up and start walking again.

ANY SECRETS?

No secrets. Our bodies are designed to heal themselves. This is what we did.

PRAYER

Prayer works a treat for my family and I. I believe that He who designed us, knows how to heal us.

BEDREST

I rested and was allowed to rest for as long as I needed for the inflammation to go down and allow the initial healing process to take place without interference.

BEDREST FOR AS LONG AS WAS NECESSARY

PRAYER	FAMILY & FRIENDS HOSPITAL STAFF
THERAPIES	EXERCISES

FAMILY, FRIENDS

Family, friends, and hospital staff supported and guided me way over and beyond. Nothing is better for recovery than to be surrounded by caring and knowledgeable people.

PRESCRIBED THERAPIES AND MEDICATION

Initially I was put on a drip and doctors prescribed various painkillers adjusted to how I felt on any given day. This really helped me early on when the pain was severe, and later on the painkillers helped me to get and keep going with the exercises.

The nurses would give me heat packs throughout the day and night, which helped soothe also.

I received daily injections with anticoagulant (blood thinner) which is used to prevent blood clots.

The combination of laying still for weeks on end, plus pain meds, doesn't help bowel movements. After I was threatened with an enema I became fond of prunes.

My favourite naturopath prescribed a concoction which helped one of his family members heal after a broken neck, and this mixture worked a treat for me as well.

EXERCISES

After a little while, whilst lying in bed, I was prescribed gentle exercises such as moving my feet and legs around where possible and lifting up my arms and moving them

around. Gentle knee rocks and basic pelvic floor exercises were added in later. Every day a physiotherapist and/or occupational therapist would check in and add more exercises or adjust them.

FAVOURITE EXERCISES

One of my favourite exercises early on was the reflexology provided by my youngest daughter. She used rose, lavender and frankincense essential oils. Apart from the bonding exercise; reflexology helped relax, relieved the pain, and improved my blood circulation whilst I wasn't able to do so myself. Win-win-win-win.

My other favourite exercise was provided by my other daughter who showed up to my hospital bed with two unicorn [pinatas](#) filled with [chocolate kisses](#).

I'm not sure if these papier-mache lookalike ponies, which were hung on the top of the bed, gave me an unfair advantage over the other patients when vying for the attention of the nurses.

Every time I was asked to explain how I managed to break my back in three places, I grabbed the stick to punish the naughty pony lookalikes and have chocolate kisses as well as tears of laughter spill all over my bed covers.

Initially I wasn't able to perform this exercise myself and needed others to do so for me. But eventually I worked up to it, and managed to swing this stick with gusto.
Exercise-wise; genius!

Neighbours and friends brought all sorts of yummys and gifts. Their visits often had me in stitches which is good for the soul and oxygen flow.

Having regular visitors with delicacies encouraged me to sit up more each time, so that I could enjoy these snacks as well as their friendship.

Those were some of my favourite exercises.

Under [LINKS](#) below you'll find our favourite home remedies and therapies.

LINKS

Mimi Emmanuel website

www.mimiemmanuel.com

MOSAIC HOUSE PUBLICATION

www.mosaichouse.co

Artwork

www.canva.com

Australian Bureau of Statistics on sporting Australia

<https://www.abs.gov.au/AUSSTATS/abs@.nsf/2f762f95845417aeca25706c00834efa/1bd41c44da09fe66ca2570ec0011493b!OpenDocument>

ROY MORGAN on the top 20 Australian sports

<http://www.roymorgan.com/findings/6123-australian-sports-participation-rates-among-children-and-adults-december-2014-201503182151>

Horse racing is a popular spectator sport in Australia

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thoroughbred_racing_in_Australia

Why do we still ride horses?

<https://www.brisbanetimes.com.au/national/queensland/explainer-its-dangerous-so-why-do-we-still-ride-horses-20170424-gvr59u.html>

Riding-for-the-Disabled (RDA)

<http://www.rda.org.au/default-landing.aspx>

Equine Facilitated Learning Australia

<http://www.efl.net.au/>

Hippotherapy

<https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC5175116/>

Mimi's books

<https://www.amazon.com/Mimi-Emmanuel/>

Percheron

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Percheron>

CocoBliss racing history

<https://www.racingqueensland.com.au/racing-and-results/profiles/harness-horse/cocobliss-51386>

Stacey Carson physio therapist

<http://www.physiomatters.com.au/>

Yummy green whistle

https://www.ambulance.qld.gov.au/docs/clinical/dtprotocols/DTP_Methoxyflurane.pdf

Burst fracture

https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Burst_fracture

Ask and it will be given to you; seek and you will find...

<https://biblehub.com/matthew/7-7.htm>

'This is not for you girl, I have better plans for you!'

['For I know the plans that I have for you,' says My Heavenly Father. 'Good plans that will work out for you, so that you'll have a successful future filled with peace and not pain and suffering.'](#)

Live out your life's mission

<https://www.amazon.com./Live-Your-Best-Life-Emmanuelle/dp/1975956052>

Horse riding is the most dangerous sport in Australia

<https://www.heraldsun.com.au/ipad/horse-riding-is-the-most-dangerous-sport-in-australia-insurer-says/news-story/69754adaa52f21a323f1300e30c95f6c?sv=9642f76d207b9ab513823fe75c3fc24e>

Motorcycle safety

<https://research.qut.edu.au/carrsq/wp-content/uploads/sites/45/2017/05/FINAL-Motorcycle-Safety-2017-08-18-1030-screen.pdf>

Hazards of horse-riding

<https://bjsm.bmj.com/content/bjsports/25/2/105.full.pdf>

Horses more dangerous than riding motorbikes

<https://www.thechronicle.com.au/news/horses-more-dangerous-than-riding-motorbikes/3121858/>

4920 near misses a year with horses

<https://www.thechronicle.com.au/news/horses-more-dangerous-than-riding-motorbikes/3121858/>

Most dangerous animals in Australia?

<https://mashable.com/2015/08/06/australia-most-dangerous-animals/>

According to Science Alert deadliest animal in Australia

<https://www.sciencealert.com/what-s-the-deadliest-animal-in-australia-2018>

Animal most likely to kill you in Australia

According to an [Australia's National Coronial Information System \(NCIS\) publication in 2011](#), horses are the most 'deadly animals in Australia.'

<https://www.australiangeographic.com.au/topics/wildlife/2016/03/here-are-the-animals-really-most-likely-to-kill-you-in-australia/>

Download NSW Code of Practice for managing risks... with horses

<https://www.safework.nsw.gov.au/hazards-a-z/horse-related-injuries>

'HOME' REMEDIES AND THERAPIES

Tried and tested remedies which we use on a regular basis in our family are as follows:

For pain relief and relaxation we use a [TENS EMS unit](#) in combination with a [hot pack](#).

Reflexology stimulates nerve endings and blood flow

A person can massage your feet or there are various machines on the market that do a good job.

[Ask Google](#) to find out about the various types of reflexology machines and foot massagers.

Multi-purpose super balm works for most injuries

<http://www.drwheatgrass.com.au/dr-wheatgrass-shop/dr-wheatgrass-superbalm-160ml>

Any product by Dr Christopher works well for us

<https://drchristophersherbs.com/pages/about-dr-christopher>

Complete tissue and bone massage oil

<https://www.iherb.com/pr/Christopher-s-Original-Formulas-Complete-Tissue-Bone-Massage-Oil-4-fl-oz-118-ml/22972>

Complete tissue and bone ointment

<https://www.iherb.com/pr/Christopher-s-Original-Formulas-Complete-Tissue-Bone-Ointment-4-fl-oz-118-ml/10018>

Herbs to repair bones, flesh and cartilage

<https://www.iherb.com/pr/Christopher-s-Original-Formulas-BF-C-Powder-w-Comfrey-16-oz/46795>

Lavender essential oil for relaxing and soothing

<https://www.iherb.com/pr/Now-Foods-Essential-Oils-Lavender-1-fl-oz-30-ml/37823>

Essential oil of Rose because I LOVE the scent

<https://au.iherb.com/pr/Now-Foods-Essential-Oils-Rose-Absolute-1-fl-oz-30-ml/936>

Essential oil of Frankincense calms the nervous system and reduces pain and inflammation

<https://au.iherb.com/search?kw=essential%20oil%20of%20frankincense>

Favourite naturopath

Greg Turner in Pialba, Queensland, Australia

Legend of a physiotherapist

Stacey Carson <http://www.physiomatters.com.au>

If you order from www.iherb.com.au and put in the code MIN221 you will get a discount.

New book releases

<https://liveforeverhowto.us3.list-manage.com/subscribe?u=6a0e00ca2b56bfb0a993490de&id=6bdb5309e7>

Other Books by Mimi Emmanuel on Health, Faith & Book Publishing

are available from [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com) & www.mimiemmanuel.com



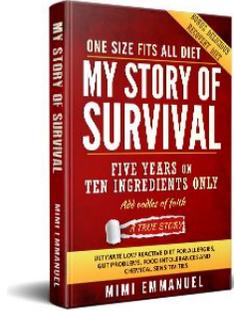
SHARING FROM HER HEART - "I enjoy Mimi's style of writing. She has a way of drawing the reader in to sit next to her while she wraps her arm around you and tells her tale while you listen." Virginia Ritterbush, #1 Bestselling author of *Reframe Your Viewpoints*

Mimi lives in Wide Bay, Queensland, Australia in a treehouse overlooking the bay with her family, puppies Layla-Joy, Lilac-Delight, and Sweatpea the rescued baby magpie. Lunch is enjoyed with the butcherbirds and geckos, whilst watching the kangaroos with their joeys hop around her front yard.

Mimi was born in Sydney and grew up in Europe. She lived on the beach where she helped her parents in their kiosk. Later on Mimi worked in the medical industry. She burned-out and initiated a career change. Mimi is now living her dream as an author. She writes from her recliner with industrial-strength mufflers on, and this is how she's become a bestselling author with her books ranking #1 bestsellers in over 40 categories.

Mimi is also a popular inspirational speaker. She can be contacted on her website for speaking engagements and private coaching sessions.

[Sign up here](#) to find out about new releases.



#1 Best Seller

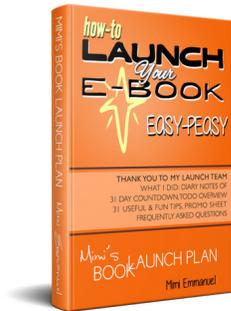


MY STORY OF SURVIVAL

THIS IS A GOD-SEND READ!

"This is a God-send read for those with mysterious food intolerances. Mimi learned how to craft her own survival diet out of just a very few ingredients. She shares her journey to show that there are answers to be found."

#1 Bestselling author of *Toolkit for Wellness* - Deidre J Edwards



#1 Best Seller



MIMI'S BOOK LAUNCH PLAN

SIMPLY BRILLIANT - A WEALTH OF KNOWLEDGE

"Perfect for all writers... the book is well written - it's like having a trusted friend in the same room with you... Highly recommended."

Bestselling author P Patel



#1 Best Seller

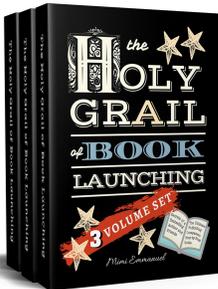


GOD HEALED ME

PROMISES THAT MOVE MOUNTAINS

"This is a wonderful book about a woman who was very ill and who overcame her illness by standing daily upon the promises in God's word." - Wade Howard

Check out the GOD HEALED ME JOURNAL also!



#1 Best Seller

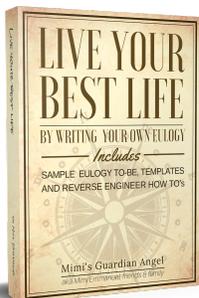


THE HOLY GRAIL OF BOOK LAUNCHING

THIS BOOK IS SOLID GOLD

"This book is a One-Stop Shop for everything you need (or could ever imagine)... nothing is left out!" - Dr Gia

"Very generous, comprehensive, user-friendly." - Utta Gabbay



#1 Best Seller



LIVE YOUR BEST LIFE

WOW. THIS BOOK BLEW ME AWAY!

"This is a powerful book. This is the type of book that changes your thinking and can change the world!"

#1 Bestselling author of *Author Your Success* - Ray Brehm

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