



Too Blessed  
to be  
Stressed



**Debora M. Coty**



**about**  
**Girlfriendships**



# Too Blessed to be Stressed

## About Girlfriendships

Biblical truth gift-wrapped in humor from the books of

**Debora M Coty,**

Humorist, Popular Speaker, and Award-winning author of  
Numerous inspirational women's books including the best-selling

*Too Blessed to be Stressed*  
series

*“If you fall, your friend can help you up. But if you fall without  
having a friend nearby, you are really in trouble.”*  
ECCLESIASTES 4:10 CEV

## Chic Chat

\*Adapted from Debora's book, *Too Blessed to be Stressed*

*Someone might be able to beat up one of you, but not both of you.*  
ECCLESIASTES 4:12 CEV

Didn't your heart bleed for astronaut Heidemarie Stefanyshyn-Piper when she lost her purse while space-walking on international television?

Actually, it was her tool bag and it wasn't her fault – a grease gun exploded while she was lubing a solar panel. As she busily cleaned up the mess, the bag slipped from her gloved hand and the entire world watched her white intergalactic pocketbook float away to no doubt grace the closet of some stylish lady Martian.

My guess is that men watching the newscast just shrugged and flipped the channel to a ballgame, but I'll bet I'm not the only woman who totally identified with the mortification of this space sister. I can't count on three feet the number of purses I've lost.

There are some things only women can understand. Like why you grab your cell phone to answer the question when a bumper sticker asks, "How's my driving? Call 1-800-..." Or how to read your child's temperature by his eyes. That it's absolutely necessary to have four pairs of black shoes. Or that your dog needs a hug instead of a swat when he watches you pet the cat and then suddenly re-appears with your favorite ceramic statue in his mouth.

And of course, there's the BBP. You know - the bursting bladder phenomenon. That inexplicable law of nature that expands one six-ounce cup of hot tea consumed before bedtime into two quarts an hour after you hit the sack. And then mysteriously

dredges up another quart every half hour thereafter. The gift that keeps on giving all night long.

Girls bond over such dribble, er, I mean drivél. Yes, girlfriends fill in the holes in our relationships with others . . . especially the sinkholes. They make us laugh when we least expect it. I adore an e-mail I received from my Puerto Rican friend, Nina (who writes in the same accent with which she speaks), about her contribution to an upcoming girlfriend brunch: “I have at hand some yougart and whipped cream, walnuts and little fruit. I can make a concussion with that.”

There’s no one on earth with whom I’d rather share a yougart concussion.

Girlfriends are the way we hone our Christ-likeness. Face it, there are no perfect friends. If we wait until we find one before investing ourselves, we’ll be lonely forever. By spending time together, we learn how to be there for others; to be nurturing, loving and non-judgmental. We practice extending forgiveness and compassion, just as our Godfriend does when we spend time with Him.

We develop patience in these give-and-take relationships with select girls who are true *friends*, not just those with whom we are being friendly. We give them our attention, allegiance, and trust. In return we receive affirmation, security, and honest advice. From someone who desires a solution to our problems as much as we do. “*A man’s counsel is sweet to his friend*” (Proverbs 27:9, NASB).

But what happens when we neglect those special girlfriendships? When we get so busy or distracted that we take them for granted and cease making time for them?

Have you ever seen an overgrown garden? A once beautiful, well tended, manicured landscape that has grown ugly with tangled vines and choking weeds? The

lovely place that once lit eyes with gladness turns them away in repulsion. All because of inattention. Lack of investment. Indifference.

So how do we find time to nurture girlfriends so they don't become like neglected gardens? To maintain that unique relationship in which we can un-frazzle by baring our kaput nerves and distressed souls? To be the friend that our friend needs so that we know we'll always have each other's backs?

- Make girlfriend time a priority. Third only to God and family, consider this time crucial to your sanity.
- Invest yourself. Plan ahead to carve out time for this lifetime relationship.
- Do life together. Schedule face-to-face chic chat time – weekly if possible, or at least every other week. Be creative: Shop together (you've got to do it anyway, right?), meet for lunch or lattes, carpool to events together, arrange kid play dates, or volunteer for the same school, church, or community events.
- Grow together. Combine spiritual and emotional nurturing: join forces in a Bible study or prayer group. Be accountability partners. Keep prayer journals and share Papa God's amazing grace notes in your life with each other.
- Send pal-entines. And I don't mean red hearts on February 14. Let her know you're thinking about her and praying for her during the week by personal e-mails (not just forwards!), notes, or quick calls. Add these important gal-pal tune-ups to your calendar so you won't forget.

- Celebrate together. Whenever possible. Cheer, inflate balloons, hug, wear tiaras, scarf triple chunk brownies . . . uplift your hearts in acknowledgement of every possible victory, however big or small. Life's made up of little accomplishments – don't obsess over the holes and miss the doughnuts!
- Hold hands through the tough times. Physically, sure, but emotionally, too. No one else can support like a girlfriend. She needs you. You need her. In totally inexpressible ways. Nurture your relationship to a level deeper than words.

I will never forget how my girlfriend Cheryl ministered to me when I was sidelined by a skiing accident that required three left knee surgeries within seven months. For the first few months, kind church folk brought food, prayers were lifted up and get well cards arrived. Despite my crutches, braces, chronic pain and inability to get around, I was fine, just fine, I assured everyone.

But Cheryl tuned into my depressed spirit carefully tucked beneath a smiling exterior. Every second or third day, month after month, I received a three-minute phone call simply inquiring, “How *are* you today?”

Some days I burst into tears when I heard her voice, other days we chatted about life happenings. But always, her faithful, assuring, “Just wanted you to know I was thinking about you” healed me more thoroughly than any medical treatment ever could.

I was, in turn, blessed to reciprocate when my friend Sharon was diagnosed with cancer. Through months of tests, chemo, surgery and recovery, I made it a point to devote

a few minutes every other day to a brief call. She says those faithful little reminders that someone cared meant more to her than pure gold.

Never forget that the best stress reliever we have is each other! Papa God blessed us gals with a unique kinship that helps us grasp underlying meanings. Like the dear sister at one of my speaking events of whom I asked, “Do you think the way I do this is tacky?” Without missing a beat, she picked up that I needed a little affirmation, flashed me a sly smile, raised one feisty eyebrow, and replied, “Hey, you’re the one who made tacky okay!”

I sense a new girlfriend in the making!

“Friends are those rare people who ask how you are  
and then wait for the answer.”

~Unknown

### **Let’s Decom-Stress**

1. Romans 12:15 says, “*Laugh with your happy friends when they’re happy; share tears when they’re down*” (MSG). Do you have a girlfriend who fulfills this verse in your life?
2. Are you this kind of friend to someone? Whom?
3. Take the time today to pray for your closest friends. Is there a special someone (or two) who would benefit from a pal-entine from you?
4. What are you and your girlfriend(s) currently doing to grow together spiritually and emotionally? Is this something you’d like to take to the next level?

## Boogies and Bosoms

\*Adapted from Debora's book, *More Beauty, Less Beast*

*If you fall, your friend can help you up. But if you fall without  
having a friend nearby, you are really in trouble.*

ECCLESIASTES 4:10 CEV

Sweat stung my eyes and steel butterflies ricocheted in my belly. My friend and tennis partner, Trina, had just rocketed a forehand shot down the line to tie the second set 5 to 5. It was now my serve. The pressure was immense. We both knew our collective fate in the match depended on this game.

As I grabbed my towel from my tennis bag, Trina jogged over to join me.

“How should we play this?” I asked, turning my back to our opponents to keep our strategy secret. This was sobering stuff. We'd never been so close to beating this team before. My nerves began rattling louder than my knocking knees.

Handing me a tennis ball, Trina eyed me closely. Suddenly, the corners of her mouth twitched as if she were fighting a smile. And was that a twinkle in her eye?

Had to be my imagination. Although we loved to laugh together, there was nothing funny about this situation. We had on our game faces. Serious tactical discussion was essential if we had a prayer of winning.

I had just launched into a strategic game plan utilizing my tricky slice serve and Trina's Linda Ronstadt baseline blast, affectionately known as her “Blue Bayou” shot (blew-by-you – get it?), when Trina interrupted.

“Boogie at three o'clock.”

“Wh – what?” I asked, dumbfounded.



“You know, three o’clock; if your face is a clock, your bangs are at twelve, your chin is at six –”

“What in heaven’s name are you talking about? This is the most stressful match of our meager lives and you’re channeling Snoopy and the Red Baron?”

A toothy smile creased her sweat-glistened face from ear to ear. “You’ve got a boogie hanging out of your left nostril, girlfriend. It’s a squishy one, too. Why don’t you add a little lubrication to that slice of yours and serve up a boogie ball?”

Girlfriends. What would we do without ‘em? They’re our link to levity when reality becomes too intense, our safety nets when we’re freefalling, the purveyors of painful truth who break it to us ever so gently and then share our pain. They’re the distributors of grace when we’re fragile, tears when we’re broken, and warm hugs to begin fitting the pieces back together.

Girlfriends are the rare finds who hear the song down deep in our souls and care enough to sing a duet when we can’t manage a solo.

Everyone needs a soul sister, a kindred spirit who offers unconditional love and acceptance. Someone who believes we *can* be beautiful and overlooks our inner beast when it takes a bite out of her booty. A safe place where we can store our secrets and be sure they won’t leak. Aristotle said, “The anecdote for fifty enemies is one friend.”

Anne of Green Gables was right about girls needing bosom friends, someone who *understands* intimately, someone whom we hold close to our hearts and know they reciprocate. Take Jan, for example. She’s been my best friend since the sixth grade. We’ve been bosom buddies since, well, since we got bosoms. (Nothing’s wrong with the special men in our lives, of course, but their bosoms just aren’t the same.) I can tell Jan

anything and know she won't judge. She'll always look for the faintest spark of beauty in me and fan it to flames.

Girlfriends can be found anywhere; sometimes in the oddest places.

In my job as an occupational therapist, a charming 60-something-year-old patient arrived for therapy one day arm-in-arm with a snowy-haired friend. She introduced me to her "wife-in-law."

"Um, I'm not sure I understand that relationship," I responded as the two ladies giggled like teenage BFF's.

"After my divorce, she married my ex-husband," my patient explained. "Then he died and we became best friends." Ookay. You just never know where you'll find a soul sister!

Girlfriends don't necessarily have *everything* in common. One of the gals on my tennis team is a self-avowed atheist and is as politically liberal as I am conservative. We differ on every social and theological issue. But she faithfully shows up at my Christian bookstore signings, buying my books for her "religious" mother-in-law just to support me. She may not understand or even agree with my views, but her loyalty and thoughtfulness supersede all boundaries. I feel honored to call her my friend.

Friendship doesn't recognize age. One of the most beloved passages in the Bible is between Ruth and her mother-in-law, Naomi. Although of different generations, both women have suffered the devastating losses of their husbands and Naomi has decided to return to her homeland. With a breaking heart, she urges Ruth to stay in her own country, with her own family and support system. Through hot tears, Ruth whispers those heart-stirring words that are now repeated as wedding vows: "*Where you go, I will go, and*

*where you lodge, I will lodge. Your people shall be my people, and your God, my God*"  
(Ruth 1:16, NASB).

How revealing that this beautiful declaration of allegiance between friends is regarded as the foundation for loyalty in marriage. Friendship is not to be taken lightly. Papa God views true friendship as a relationship with bonds as deep and strong and sacred as those between a husband and wife. That means friendship, like marriage, requires maintenance and attention, including a little TLC (tender loving care) and gentle patching up when feelings inevitably get scraped or bruised.

*"A friend loves at all times,"* (Proverbs 17:17, NASB). We can tell a bosom friend by their degree of blindness when looking at our faults. And we know that our bosom friends will always be there for us – through bloated and svelte, sweet and grumpy, thoughtful and insensitive, tissues and boogies.

"Friendship isn't a big thing – it's a million little things."  
~Unknown

### **Taming the Beast**

1. So which girlfriend is *your* safety net? Your soul sister whom you can't imagine living without? Have you told her so lately? Go on – give her a liver-squeezing hug and make her wonder what you've been sniffing.
2. Who is your most unlikely friend? You know, the one you really *shouldn't* click with in theory but do in reality in an amazing way. What brought you two together?
3. Do you have any relationships with friends in your past or present that may need a little TLC? What's stopping you? Take the first step and give her a call.

## Hangin' With My Besties

\*Adapted from Debora's book, *Too Loved to be Lost*

*"Godly people are careful about the friends they choose..."*  
PROVERBS 12:26 NIRV

Girlfriends. We need 'em, we love 'em, we just can't jive without 'em.

Girlfriends are the way we learn how to love unconditionally; we learn to overlook zits, burps, and hideous hair days and honestly believe that this special person who overlooks my own shortcomings is the most beautiful creature on earth.

The very same way Papa views us.

Through loving on our girlfriends, we learn forgiveness, compassion, mercy, and grace. Attributes straight from the heart of God. But to me, one of the most important things I gain from hangin' with my besties is laughter. Pure, soul-freeing, stress-dissolving belly laughter. I believe that laughter is the catalyst that releases the joy of the Lord in our souls, and nothing bubbles up joy like the hilarity of girlfriend giggles.

Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "It is the blessing of old friends that you can afford to be stupid with them."

I like nothing better than getting together with the gals in my weekly neighborhood Bible Study. It's always an adventure. We seriously and earnestly dig in to God's Word and then we seriously and earnestly dig into delectables like chocolate dipped strawberries, chicken salad croissants, and triple chunk brownies as we share the humor and minutia of everyday life with each other. Unless we're at Pat's house; then we

munch on hummus, legumes, and whole grain pita. (Thank goodness for the health foodie in every group, right? Otherwise we'd all OD on saturated fats and white flour.)

Anyway, from these and other educational chic chats, I've learned a few things – very important girl things – that I'd like to share with you now.

- An alligator clip on the tongue doesn't stymie blabber control issues.
- The best stress reliever women have is each other.
- You really don't want people to assume your hair stylist is from Oz.
- Life is what happens when we're waiting on it to start.
- I must rescue my own joy ... because if I don't it will stay lost.
- Your punishment for trying to fix your mother is to turn into her.
- It's much more productive to be a warrior than a worrier.
- In my younger years, I just wanted to be "normal." Now I'm happy to be you-nique.
- Mothers have a way of becoming travel agents for a lifelong guilt trip.
- A woman over 50 stops growing at both ends and begins growing in the middle.
- When wearing your bathing suit on a beach, avoid eye contact with passing people – summer judging, summer not.
- Quite often when the road looks like a dead end up ahead, it's really only a sharp turn. If you just stay on it a little longer, you'll find your way again.
- For a 100-calorie snack you can choose between 1 large hard boiled egg, 2 cups strawberry halves, 7 Doritos, 25 baby carrots, 2 Reduced Fat Oreos, 1 medium apple, or 1 cup of fresh blueberries. Tape this to your fridge. Save your calories for your next spat. Read on ...

- Chocolate repairs cracks in the heart: When an argument breaks out with your spouse or BFF, break out your fave chocolate bar and share it. By the time you're finished, nerves are calmer, voices are lowered, and you're both in a much more agreeable mood.

You know, now that I'm over fifty, regardless of how many hours I was up during the night (usually no small number) my internal rooster crows at 5:00 a.m. I wake up, slog out of bed, look in the mirror, and realize the new me is now the old me. Those Armani totes beneath my eyes remind me that sleep is overrated. I asked Papa God for more hours in the day and He sent me menopause. Now I have half the stinkin' night, too.

My menopausal theme verse has become, "*He awakens me morning by morning. He awakens my ear to hear as a disciple*" (Isaiah 50:4-5, NASB).

Seriously, I used to grouse and gripe about being an unwilling early riser until I discovered this verse and realized what a privilege it is to be awakened by Papa for those pre-dawn hours with just the two of us while the rest of the world slumbers. Now I consider my intimate prayer-walks beneath the morning stars precious and priceless.

Okay, one last thought about the importance of Ya-Yas (as you already know, that's the term that became synonymous with girlfriend tribes after Sandra Bullock's delightful 2002 movie, *Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya- Sisterhood*). They're simply indispensable. No woman should live without Ya-Yas.

I belong to two tribes of Ya-Yas, one comprised of gals who've shared the same profession for decades, and the other, church friends who first met thirty years ago when we were, as my granny used to say, young and full of hope.

Tribe size doesn't matter - your sisterhood can have as few as four or as many as fifteen. The idea is to shed your beasties and bond with your besties during periodic outings like beach weekends, mountain getaways, dinners out, sleepovers, Barry Manilow concerts (or better yet, Josh Groban – be still my heart!), and sublime chick flicks.

You know, things you can't drag your fella to and wouldn't really want to.

One of my Ya-Ya groups gets together twice yearly, the other quarterly. My friend Jan's Ya-Yas have been leaving their cares behind at girlfriend get-togethers for nearly twenty years. Jan cracks me up with tales of their zany adventures, like the overnight beach trip when everyone agreed to a hairdo-over. So they bought four-dollar hair color kits from Walmart and dyed one another's hair. They looked like a box of Crayola rejects. One poor gal's head went home strongly resembling a ripe banana; she had to spend over one hundred dollars on a repair job by a stylist.

Ya-Yas are the bosom friends that do the stuff of life with you; they walk every step of the way through illnesses, surgeries, marital woes, weddings, babies, deaths, personal tragedies and triumphs. They *understand* you. They dry your tears with tears of their own. They laugh till the iced tea squirts out their nose. They totally get why you have a Winnie the Pooh cartoon taped to your microwave that says, "Do you ever stop to think and forget to start again?"

Your Ya-Yas sincerely believe you're a good egg even though you're hopelessly cracked. They start nodding their heads in agreement long before your last word crosses your lips. We need them. They need us.

United we stand; divided we go to the mall.

I'll never forget the time I was wallowing in the pit of despair after my third surgery within seven months (on the same knee) when my Ya-Yas appeared at my door equipped with perfume, make-up, pedicure supplies, and a delicious girly lunch just to cheer me up. By the time they left, I was break dancing with my crutches.

Now that's Papa's love with toenail polish on it.

“Friends are kisses blown to us by angels.”  
Unknown (but I wish it were me!)

### **Following My GPS (God-Powered Satellite)**

1. A kindred spirit once said, “A friend accepts us as we are but helps us to be better.” In what way would you say this has been true in your experience?
2. Who would you consider your besties? What do you love about them?
3. According to Ecclesiastes 5:12 (MSG), “*By yourself you're unprotected. With a friend you can face the worst.*” Can you recall a time when you were able to face the worst because of the love of a friend?
4. Do you belong to a tribe of Ya-Yas? Would you like to? How about starting one of your own? You'll be surprised how many gals are just as eager as you to belong to a sisterhood.



## Girls Just Need to Have Fun

\*Adapted from Debora's book, *Too Blessed to be Stressed*

*"Happiness makes you smile; sorrow can crush you."*

PROVERBS 15:13 CEV

Do you know the one stress reliever that women need every day but often neglect? Nope, it's not love, sex or Death by Chocolate, although those things definitely rank in the top ten.

Are you ready? It's *fun*! That's right – good ole' giggle-producing, endorphin-generating, tension-popping fun!

Need proof? Stop a minute and take this little zest test:

1. What is your favorite outlet for expressing creativity?
2. Name your happiest memory of participating in the above activity.
3. If you could do anything today just for fun, what would it be?
4. When was the last time you laughed till your cheeks ached?
5. What was your favorite thing to do as a kid? Have you done it lately?
6. Which current peer activities provide you with a satisfying sense of togetherness?
7. Who are the two friends that you most enjoy hanging with?
8. What or whom makes you laugh more than anything else in the world?
9. How does listening to your favorite music make you feel?
10. What exciting place do you look forward to going one day?

You're smiling now, aren't you? Feel your heart floating in your chest? The load on your shoulders lighten up? Don't you feel like you've swallowed an anti-aging vitamin just thinking about these happiness-inducing sources that leave frenzy behind?

Studies show that there are definite correlations between enjoyable activities and stress reduction. In fact, stress management professionals recommend that you engage in at least one activity regularly just for fun. But hey, why stop at one?

Not only are fun activities a key stress coping mechanism, but cultivating relaxing hobbies provides a way to express yourself creatively, sharpen latent talents (or develop

skills you always wished you had) and release pent-up angst. We can't always change our stressful circumstances, but we *can* empower ourselves to weather the stress better by grabbing a girlfriend and pursuing rejuvenating activities that refill our joy tanks rather than suck us bone dry.

We all desire to be productive, but I've found that all work and no play makes Deb pig out. How about you? Do you reach for comfort food when your nerves are frayed and good judgment is weakened? Well, that's the wrong kind of productivity – all we produce is jiggy thighs. There must be something non-fattening that's productive *and* fun to do, right?

After years of accommodating everyone else in our families, many of us grow out of touch with what *we* like to do. Here are some suggestions that many gals adore:

- Do some gardening. It reconnects you with Papa God's amazing creation; lets you explore fresh avenues of color, texture and sensory creativity in a calming environment; and allows you to nurture new life (sooo fulfilling!). Plants enable you to beautify your personal space and provide lots of regenerating oxygen to your little world.
- Participate in sports. A socially acceptable way to release frustration. (Better than beating up your trash can or shredding your panty hose.) Also a great way to deepen relationships, exercise and work off a few white chocolate macadamia nut cookies. If you're not the competitive type, you don't even have to *play* anything; walk, run, or bike with girlfriends or your spouse (a double-header investment in your marriage and your health). According to marriage expert Willard F. Harley Jr. in *His Needs*,

*Her Needs*, “Among the five basic male needs, spending recreational time with his wife is second only to sex for the typical husband.” Hmm. Who knows? Maybe one recreational activity will lead to the other!

- Find your creative outlet. Draw, sing, knit, craft, scrapbook, work puzzles, paint, write, cook, explore photography – the list is as diverse as your interests. Taking classes and trying different things not only expands your skill set, but increases your self-esteem and stocks you up with interesting conversation ammo for those awkward “now what?” silences at get-togethers.
- Laugh! See funny movies, read hilarious books, associate with light-minded people and search for humor in life’s everyday situations. Girlfriends are a priceless source of belly-laughs; plug into a group that compliments your personality. This proactive lighten-up formula not only produces a positive frame of mind, it transforms your unintentional scowl into a smiley face and naturally attracts others to you. Laughter reflects a joyful heart! Who doesn’t like to hang with uplifting people?
- Enjoy music: take piano lessons (I love teaching adults – they learn quickly and truly value musical self-expression), pull out your old high school band instrument and join a community orchestra, listen to music you love. Boogie. Belly dance. Polka. Get your bad self down. Music has the magical ability to speed us up, calm us down, distract (in a good way) and inspire us – tap into this simple source of happiness (pun intended)!

- Fall into the pages of a good book. Nonfiction. Fiction. Biographies of amazing people. Christian Fantasy. Inspirational Romance. Mysteries. Faith-centered novels are an invigorating escape into another life, even another world. Just don't forget to come back...
- Seek adventure. Plan and save for those special vacations. Anticipation is half the fun. My friend Pam plans several road trips each year with girlfriends and has a complete blast. Having something exciting to look forward to expands the imagination and quickens the heart like nothing else.
- Take mini-vacations. Long weekends or even day trips are great fun if time and money are an issue. Visit that quaint B&B (bed & breakfast) nearby or the museum you've never seen, spend a day at the beach, go window shopping with a friend, or relax around a campfire with those you love. Just don't forget the bug spray.
- Get involved in a cause you believe in. This can be fulfilling and fun if you make sure it doesn't become work. The goal here is refreshment – not more drudgery.

About now you're probably thinking, *I shouldn't be wasting time doing those things for myself. I have my family to take care of.* C'mon, now, shed the guilt, sister – fun is good for you *and* your family members! You're investing in your health and future, which directly affects their health and futures as well.

Scientists have proved that laughter increases circulation and exercises skeletal muscles (unfortunately that includes sphincter muscles if you laugh too hard!). One study I read about confirmed that laughing fifteen minutes every morning for three weeks significantly increases optimism, positive emotions, social identification and ... um, regulation.

Bye-bye prune juice.

Fun is actually contagious! A British medical journal concluded from social experiments that happiness transferred between people can last up to a year. A year! When you smile, the whole world really *does* smile with you!

My friend Jan was jockeying a cart containing her toddler grandson, Mason, through Walmart when they overtook a stooped old man inching his buggy along, his elderly wife shuffling behind him with weary eyes and sagging shoulders. As they passed the somber couple, Mason placed a chubby little hand over his mouth and blew them the biggest, loudest kiss you'd ever want to catch. Two worn, wrinkled faces instantly transformed as they returned giggles and air kisses the rest of the way down the aisle.

Remember, Solomon, the wisest guy who ever lived, agreed, "*I've decided that there's nothing better to do than go ahead and have a good time and get the most we can out of life*" (Ecclesiastes 3:12, MSG). So make it a point to add a little frolic to your to-do list and start looking forward to tomorrow!

"The more I've watched the connection between humor and creativity, the more I've realized there is very little difference between the terms, 'Aha!' and 'Ha Ha!'"  
~Vatche Bartekian, Stress Management Writer

### **Let's Decom-Stress**

1. What does Proverbs 17:22 (above) tell us about the importance of having fun?
2. Which new fun activity sounds like something you'd like to explore? Any particular friends come to mind that might enjoy this activity with you?
3. What is keeping you from scheduling this activity on a regular basis?

Books featuring the offbeat blend of humor and hope of **Debora M. Coty:**

*Too Blessed to be Stressed*

*More Beauty, Less Beast*

*Fear, Faith, and a Fistful of Chocolate*

*Too Loved to be Lost*

*Mom NEEDS Chocolate*

*Too Blessed to be Stressed Cookbook*

*Too Blessed to be Stressed: 3-Minute Devotions for Women*

*Too Blessed to be Stressed Journal*

*Too Blessed to be Stressed Coloring Book for Women*

*Too Blessed to be Stressed 5-Year Keepsake Journal*

*Too Blessed to be Stressed: Inspiration for Every Day  
(365-day Devotional)*

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