

Sample Chapter for Be the Star You Are!® for TEENS by Cynthia Brian

Book 2 in the Be the Star You Are!® series

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The Gift of Amusement

By Cynthia Brian

Golf is *not* my sport. I always felt that golf was something you took up when you were old and couldn't run anymore. Besides, my life is too busy to spend time chasing little white balls. Oh yes, I've heard all the public relations about how great it is to be out in nature, talking to friends, and making business deals. But when I want nature, I go up in my hills or play with my animals. Actually, I'd rather be gardening and smelling my roses.

Then it happened. My husband, Brian, and I bought a week's vacation at a school fund raising auction at a place called Fairmont Hot Springs in the Canadian Rockies, in a remote area of eastern British Colombia. The Rocky Mountains loom large on one side. The Columbia River is resplendent on the other-very picturesque and restful place...with *golf* as its main attraction.

After we had exhausted the hiking trails, the mineral springs, and the tennis courts, my husband said we really should try a few rounds of golf. "No," I protested, "I *hate* golf. It's for old fogies, and I'd rather read a book."

"Oh, come on," he said. "You'll be great. You're a natural athlete, and its better to learn a game when you're young. " So off we went to play my first round of golf.

The setting was majestic, very wooded, very green. Being the gardener I am, I found myself pulling up any weeds I saw. The first few holes went really well. I beat par. "See, I told you you'd get the hang of it," my amused husband purred.

"You know," I boasted, "I was always a champion miniature golfer as a kid. I was unbeatable." He gave me a funny look. We continued playing, and I admit I was kind of enjoying it by the time we arrived at the 9th hole next to a lake. The object of this hole, I was told, was to hit the ball across the lake and land on the fairway on the other side. He took his swing, and it landed perfectly. Now it was my turn.

Being an aggressive softball player, I stood over the ball, took aim, and whacked it like I was driving for a home run. What happened next could probably never be duplicated without special effects. The ball flew across the lake, ricocheted off a tree into a wooden bridge, rebounded into another tree, and arched gracefully back over the lake, landing squarely at my feet. All this happened in a few seconds while we stood trying to follow the ball's path. It was like a cartoon.

We looked at each other and began to laugh. We laughed so hard that we collapsed on the green. Other golfers joined in until the ground was littered with convulsing bodies gasping for breath between roars of laughter. It was obvious that my golf career was over. For that matter, I think it is safer for the rest of the world if I stick to miniature golf, softball, or gardening. Unless of course, you want a day of hilarious amusement. Then I'm your golf partner.

Make time for mirth every day. Humor is food for the soul. Numerous medical studies indicate that the deep breaths we take and the chemicals our body releases when we giggle hasten healing and reinforce the body's immunity. When you are having a bad day, rent several funny DVD's, and chuckle your way to amusement. You'll feel so much better once you've released those happy endorphins. As teens, we often take ourselves too seriously, worrying too much about school, getting into college, peer pressure, clothes, dating, and being cool. Forget it about it. Decide to have a good time, eliminate the boredom, amuse yourself with glee, and you'll find your troubles melt away.

Opportunities for amusement are everywhere, in everything, everyday. Hilarity is a healing drug with no side effects. And it's free!

Exercise: Amusement Musing

For this exercise, grab your stomach and laugh, laugh, laugh until your laughter is real and unforced. Your cares will melt away.

An alternate game requires a partner. Look at each other and play, "Whatever you do, don't smile!" No matter how hard you try, you'll both soon be giggling helplessly. When you can stop, wipe the tears from your eyes and go forth, refreshed and stress free. Amusement and merriment are food for the soul.

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*“You don't stop laughing because you grow old.
You grow old because you stop laughing.” Cynthia Brian*



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