



## Introduction

This book is for those of you afraid to be fully present, asking for what you want, going after the things that matter to you without pause or apology .

This is for those of you tired of being the Good Girl, the one who smiles to hide the clenched jaw, laughs off awkward moments, and takes what the world dishes out because you just don't know how to say no without disappointing other people.

This is for those of you who have insomnia or grit your teeth in your sleep because you stuff your words down all day long. This is for those who fake orgasms because asking for what you want is too hard and showing it is embarrassing.

This is for all of you who agree to do whatever someone else wants to do – dinner, entertainment, vacations, religion, political affiliation, lifestyle –

because if you say what you really want you think you might lose your lover, spouse, friend, or family member.

This is for all of you who apologize for things you don't even do to keep the peace, clear the air, and maintain a balance.

***This is for all of you choking on your dreams because you won't open your mouth.***

You are scared because you are using someone else's voice, another person's words, and living another person's life.

This isn't you, and it never has been. You've been self-consciously adjusting this outer image, adding blister pads when it rubs the wrong way, learning to live with the constant irritation and resulting rash.

You think no one sees the real you, and you're right. You never give them the chance.

What would happen if you stripped off the ill-fitting skin of another person to showcase the delicious, full-grown, vibrant woman underneath? Would it ruin anyone else's life if you did this? Probably not.

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Would it change your life? You're damn right it would.

Let's try it out right now while you're alone to show you how good it feels. Shut the door if it makes you feel better. Grab a notebook and a pen.

Now get comfortable. Take a deep breath and unclench your jaw. Relax your shoulders and welcome your thoughts, the ones you are scared to say in front of others, the ones you stuff down and try to ignore.

*If you don't appreciate me, I'm leaving.  
I want and deserve a raise for my hard work.  
I've always wanted to do this, and this year it's going to happen.*

Luxuriate in those thoughts, give them life, and welcome them. Step back and see them in the full light of day with no judgment. Walk around and examine them from every angle. Gawk at your audacity and nerve. Appreciate the complexity and nuances of your thoughts and the path it took to bring them into being. Capture them in ink in your journal. Don't worry about grammar and punctuation. Go with the feeling and let it *out*.

Put your pen down and read the words to yourself. Close your eyes and feel what you just read. See the words dancing on the back of your eyelids.

*What you really want  
What you no longer want (or possibly never did) What  
you've been afraid to say*

Now roll them around in your mouth for a while, tasting the power of having your words on the tip of your tongue, knowing you are going to release them into the world. Pull your shoulders back and say them out loud. Savor them as they come out of your mouth.

Say them louder; now louder again.

Your words, your feelings, your opinions are free. You've released them and nothing bad happened. In fact, you probably feel pretty damn good.

Go on; lick your lips like a satisfied cat.

Do you have more? Keep writing, even if you fill your journal or run out of ink. Read the words to yourself, close your eyes, and absorb every ounce of feeling for what you are about to say. Then release it

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into the room. Whisper at first if you need to. The feeling doesn't care, as long as it gets out.

*What you need to be happy*

*What you want to accomplish in this world How you demand to be treated*

Tell the room what you've been dying to say for years about your relationships, your job, the food you like, the side of the bed you prefer, the places you want to go, your secret dreams, the way you want to be treated, and what you want from your lover.

Speak every single line out loud to yourself. (Go ahead. I'll wait.)

Damn, girl. This is some powerful stuff.

Go on now; roll your head around on your neck a little. Stretch your limbs, crack your knuckles, and feel yourself settling in to your own skin, the one that fits like a glove. Make a little noise if you want. It feels good, doesn't it?

This is a small peek at what confidence and authentic living feels like. It is different from bravado or

playing a part, because it comes from deep within. It isn't fake or put upon. It is real, as real as you are.

This book is all about uncovering your confidence and wearing it well, and we're just getting started.

Hold on tight.

Have you ever worn something that didn't fit?

Maybe you gained a few pounds and those favorite jeans became a mini torture chamber, choking your legs to death and reducing your breathing to a quick gasp every minute or so. Perhaps it was a funky bra that gave you side boobs, or the jacket too tight to button but you wore it anyway because it camouflaged your ass. Did you cover it all up with a shapeless sweatshirt or muumuu giving no hint of curve, hiding all your womanly attributes? Maybe you pinched your feet into shoes that didn't fit or allow you to walk comfortably to portray a confident or sexy image you certainly didn't feel as you hobbled around.

We've all done it, and we've all paid for it. We don't look as nice when we wear ill-fitting clothing, and we certainly can't be ourselves, what with all the organ damage and suffocation going on. But we think we

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have to do this to get by, to cover up, to not appear to have gained weight, to look “together,” or because we simply didn’t take the care to buy clothes that really fit us to begin with. We’re always adjusting to our environment instead of demanding it adjust to us.

It works the same way with voicing our thoughts, feelings, and preferences. We mash in our feelings and side boobs emerge. We flatten out our hungers and a muffin top peeks up. We cover it all with a shapeless tent of a shirt, hoping no one will notice everything going on beneath. We stuff, bind, elevate, squeeze, and mask ourselves to be presentable to the world, dying for the moment we can unbutton, unhook, and slip off our emotional torture chambers and just be ourselves at home.

But where is it? What is the “home” we long for, this place we can stretch out and fully be ourselves, loving our soft bellies, the slight jiggle as we walk, admiring our strong calves, broad shoulders, or breasts which nurture life and love? If you are a recovering Good Girl like me, this home is elusive. You are probably sleeping in your clothes, at least figuratively. We might laugh at characters like Tobias

in *Arrested Development* who suffer from “never-nude syndrome,” but there are a lot of people out there figuratively showering in their jean shorts just like him, terrified of seeing themselves in the buff.

Maybe one of those people is you.

This book is going to examine some of the ways we hide our true selves, silence our voices, and distrust our own instinct and judgment out of fear and uncertainty. I’ve told the story in the context of stripping off our clothes because this is such a perfect metaphor. Being naked is also not what Good Girls do. Until now, that is.

This isn’t just an introspective exercise, however. After we identify all the ways we are covering up our true selves in the wrong costumes, we’re going to do something about it.

***We’re going to strip off one layer of ill-fitting feeling at a time, unclenching your shoulders, releasing your breasts, emancipating your diaphragm, liberating your legs, and freeing your toes to actually grip the soft grass under your feet.***

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As we figuratively disrobe together, we're going to examine the fears and negative self-talk that taught us to cover, alter, lift, or compress in the first place and how we can confidently step forth in a mental and emotional outfit that actually fits our curves like a glove, showing the world exactly what we're made of.

## **How the book is arranged**

Each chapter focuses on a specific body part to mirror an aspect of fear. Then we get into the good stuff, learning how we got so covered up and, more importantly, how we can free ourselves.

Each chapter contains a special section to illustrate one of those pesky voices in your head, the ones who tell you to hide who you are and what you want. You're going to learn how to identify this gang of freaks so you won't be under their spell anymore.

The chapter is summarized with a section called The Naked Truth, and then an action sequence called Show Us What You've Got will show you how to put those lessons into practice on the main stage of your life. This is where a journal or notebook will be useful to help you explore your feelings and

motivations as we work through your anxieties about self-expression.

Not everyone finds the same benefit from journaling, so I encourage you to explore and express in the way most beneficial to you. I find a lot of answers to my deeper questions when exercising outdoors or soaking in a tub – the “disconnected” states are best. The point is to give some time and attention to the prompts so you come away with a better understanding of how you first allowed yourself to be silenced by fear.

This serves three goals:

- To understand your past and how it informs your present
- To create your own path out of the silence
- To guard against allowing it to happen again

## **Why I wrote this**

I wrote this book for the me of 15 years ago. At the time I had all these great ideas and energy but I pushed them down inside of me, waiting for some

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kind of permission to release them. It didn't even occur to me until I turned 30 that I was the only one holding myself back, and I spent the next 10 years of my life gradually owning my ideas and words and creating the life I always wanted. Since 2010, I have been traveling around the world with my husband after two years of saving and planning to live the life of our dreams (read more at [www.MarriedwithLuggage.com](http://www.MarriedwithLuggage.com)). Even though this is the thing people often find most compelling about my story, none of it would have happened without reclaiming my identity and voice 10 years earlier, and *that* is the story I want you to know so you can do it, too.

Books by people who skirt around issues and lay it on too easy are not for me, and I don't write that way, either. If I pick up a book to help me, I expect it to do just that in a clear and action-oriented way. My style is direct, and especially when dealing with fear and lack of confidence, this approach can be a little shocking at first.

This is your shortcut to the lessons that took me over a decade to learn. I want to put you on the fast track to living the life of your dreams – whatever that

means to you – with confidence and power. These lessons are deep and hard-won.

By the time you finish reading this book, I want you to be in a delicious state of emotional undress, feeling the breeze and warm sun on the bare skin of your soul, the green grass of comfort cushioning every step of your life's journey, vowing never to cover your flawed and fabulous self again.

*Now let's get naked.*

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# PART 1:

## STRIPPING 101

### Chapter 1: Set the Stage

How many times have you felt like you were going on stage, under the hot lights, and exposing yourself to the world? *What will people think?*

We don't want to be examined, questioned or challenged. In fact, we often don't want to be singled out at all, put on the spot to say what we want, believe, and choose. *I can't let them see me naked!*

As much as we are terrified of walking out naked on the main stage in the spotlight, we are even more afraid of doing it and getting the wrong response, finding we are more suited to the side stage, the opening act, or worse yet, the lunch shift.

Let's examine how we got so far from our authentic, naked selves and why we care so damn much about what everyone else thinks.

When I was growing up, my family spent a lot of time at church. My mom was the church secretary, my dad was in the choir, and both taught Sunday school classes. We were there three times a week at least, and we socialized with other families from our church.

We didn't dance or play cards and there was never a drop of alcohol to be found in our home. We prayed before meals and ate dinner as a family together every night. Our religion was not just a belief system but also a way of life.

From a very early age I was a curious kid, and once I learned to read, the need to know was insatiable. My mother took me to the town public library every two weeks, where I checked out 10 books with the adult library card my mom let me get when I was 10 years old. My mother knew I was outgrowing the children's books early on – easy to do in a small town when you read 20+ books a month – so she wisely let me venture into the much bigger adult section and never censored what I read. (I adore my mother.)

Growing up in a small town in New Mexico, there wasn't a lot of salacious material available to be censored, though in hindsight I have to give credit to

the local library for having many books that didn't fit with the prevailing conservative values of the time.

These books opened up a whole new world to me, and I learned about things I didn't even know existed. There were people who didn't even go to church (a shocking revelation for someone in my situation), or who believed in religions that sounded completely fantastic to me. I mean, there were people who believed they would be reincarnated as other animals and humans after death, or there were multiple gods impacting their daily lives!

*Didn't they realize they were going to hell?*

And then my brain's maturing center of reasoning kicked in and admitted our belief system probably sounded just as strange to those other people. The Buddhists probably wondered how we could reach nirvana and arrive in heaven after only one lifetime, especially if so many of us planned to sin like crazy and only repent on our deathbeds. And the Hindus probably wondered how one god could possibly manage everything on the earth unchecked by the power and input of other gods.

The whole lifestyle question came up, too. How could I be planning to find a nice man and settle down in my small town when Gloria Steinem was changing the world, Erica Jong and Helen Gurley Brown were exploring women's sexuality, and Margaret Thatcher was running a whole damn country? I wanted in on that action!

All of this was swirling in my head as I ventured into high school, trying to make what I was being taught fit with my own blossoming opinions and ideas.

I began making excuses and drawing conclusions in my own mind to make all this information awkwardly fit together. Obviously the dinosaurs coexisted with man and there was a scientific problem with carbon dating that would eventually be discovered. The Big Bang was the scientific equivalent of God saying, "Let there be light!" Of course I could find the right man and settle down in my small town and pursue my education and career and change the world without pissing anyone off or taking a stand on anything I had been taught. If I thought about it long and hard enough, I could make it all fit together.



Silly girl. Of course I couldn't make it fit together because it doesn't. As my mom frequently says, you can't have it both ways. I was spending all my time trying to make all these ideas coexist in my mind, never showing preference for a particular one because it would mean turning my back on something important.

***It never occurred to me I could disagree, modify, go another way, or be different. It simply wasn't done.***

I was scared to death of what people would think, and because of this all my gusto for action and progress withered down to a gentle breeze of conformity.

I didn't get over this for many years. As a Good Girl, I wanted to be nice, unobtrusive, and reliable. If I spoke up for something disagreeable to the people around me, or weighed in on something that would impact their lives, or chose a path that would cause other people discomfort, then I would no longer be a Good Girl.

Which only left...well, I don't exactly know what. But I was very scared of turning away from the Good Girl pack and being labeled as

anything different, even though I longed to live in a different way. It doesn't make a bit of sense, does it?

This fear stuck with me as I struggled to reconcile what I felt on the inside with how I acted on the outside. How did this play out in my early adulthood?

- Turning down a scholarship to a university to stay in my hometown and be with my family because I was scared of the challenge of school and being on my own.
- Joining my boss's political party and even putting together the monthly newsletter when I opposed almost every single idea they stood for.
- Telling family and friends my first husband and I would eventually have children while I faithfully took birth control pills every single day.

- Spending every vacation going where my first husband wanted because I didn't want to make him do anything he didn't like.
- Downplaying my career success to others so they wouldn't think I was getting "too big for my britches."

You can see how I turned over my educational, lifestyle, political, career, and entertainment decisions to other people. I went along in order to get along, and I smothered my true self in the process. I did it to myself, shielding my true wants, needs, and opinions from everyone so they would still like me.

Trouble was, I didn't like myself very much. The awakening I finally experienced at 30 – getting a divorce, moving by myself across the country to pursue a new job, experiencing a whole new life as a single woman in a major city, and beginning a life of travel and adventure – was the best thing that ever happened to me. But

it was also completely unnecessary to have such a dramatic awakening. In fact, it was less an awakening than it was an explosion of repressed

feeling and need. The relief was palpable, but the resulting mess took a long time to clean up.

Had I cared more about what I thought from the start instead of what everyone else was thinking, I would have gotten there faster and with less collateral damage to the people I loved. I would have spoken up about my doubts to have the deep conversations necessary to see things clearly, expressed my desires so I could achieve them, owned my successes to build upon them, conveyed my fears to get comfort and help, and told the people in my life what I wanted and what wasn't right for me, *thank you very much*, saving us all a lot of unnecessary work. They could have had a clearer picture of me because I would have put out an accurate image to start.

But I didn't, and they worked from the picture I allowed to be pieced together through my inaction and associations with other people and their ideas. I can't blame them for not knowing what to think when I finally gave them something to talk about.

*How could she know so much about me?* It is scary to realize someone knows what you are thinking, especially when you wouldn't dare utter those words out loud. The reason I know is not because I'm

spying on you but because I have been there, felt those same claustrophobic emotions, and wondered how I would ever be brave enough to speak my mind and live the life I really wanted.

You are with a kindred spirit, someone who knows what it is like to stuff yourself down into such a tiny ball you wonder if you'll ever stand up to your full height again. You're going to see very clearly that you are not alone. My goal is to show you how I grew my confidence by a method of subtraction instead of addition.

***You are enough. I am enough. We are enough.***

You don't need to add more of anything to be stronger, smarter, or braver. You are already confident under all those layers of societal expectation and history. In fact, your problem is just the opposite – you have too much crap standing in the way. It is only by stripping these layers away that you will find the authentic voice that has been yours all along.

Before we start stripping, however, let's chat a little bit more about how we covered up our hot, sexy confidence in the first place.

It all starts so innocently in our youth. A friend, boyfriend, teacher, or parent makes a statement or decision you disagree with, maybe even strongly so, and you keep your dissent to yourself. You tell yourself it doesn't matter, that disagreeing would turn it into a bigger deal than it really is, or no one is interested in your opinion anyway. You may even feel like you don't have enough information to make an informed statement yet and your input would be premature, so you remain silent. Even if you feel pretty strongly about your stand you may feel the need to reconsider after hearing someone you respect state something different.

You start dwelling on the idea and have an entire conversation in your head about what was said or done and what wasn't. You spend a lot of time thinking about this, but no one knows what is going on inside your head but you.

Because you didn't say anything to contradict or question the statement or decision, the other person assumes you agree. In fact, by not stating something different, you *do* agree, at least as far as the outside world is concerned.

And this is where it gets sticky. You've now been pegged as a person who likes, believes in, or does a certain thing because you never stated a preference otherwise. This is where the cover up starts, and each layer thereafter is coordinated with the piece before it, even if it was wrong for you: turtlenecks for a beach bum, overalls for a diva, a power suit for the farmer, or flip-flops for the mountain climber. On the face of it, none of those clothes are bad, but they are wrong for the person wearing them. They may fit, but they don't *fit*.

We can blame this on youth and inexperience, or even the very natural practice of trying on several personas as we come into our own, but assigning blame doesn't solve the problem. We're here to make change and not dwell on it. That's what got us into this trouble in the first place!

We start thinking and acting this way in our late teens and early adulthood, and the habit becomes quickly ingrained and very hard to break. When you hold back who you are, what you believe in, and how you want to live, you allow another layer to be slipped over your head. You can't blame anyone else for this because they don't know you disagree, have

another idea, or want to talk it out before you make up your mind. The people around you don't know the turtleneck makes you feel as if you are choking, the overalls deflate your energy, the suit makes you feel stiff instead of at one with nature, or the flip-flops make it difficult to traverse the mountain.

***Going along to get along is the start of the problem, and it quickly escalates from there.***

Is any of this ringing a bell with you? Instead of being open with myself and those around me, I chose to hide behind their beliefs and decisions. On the stage of my life, I was standing in the shadows, clinging to the curtain, letting other people direct my moves. When things didn't work out later – surprise, surprise – I blamed them for holding me back and then went all soap opera on them with my antics for the next couple of years. It is a wonder these people still talk to me. (Well, most of them, anyway .)

This is a hard truth you will have to accept about yourself to move through your fear. It is not anyone else's fault you feel trapped. You chose to take what you thought was the easier route, letting others make the decisions and take the heat and the glory for

them. You stood in the shadow of their actions and beliefs, and now that you want to feel the sun on your face or be seen for who you are, you can't blame them for standing in your way.

***You put the giant tree in the middle of your path, and it is up to you to cut it down or move around it. The tree isn't going to move itself.***

It's a tough realization, and one that takes a little time to process. You aren't a bad person because you hid your true self. You are simply someone who let herself be taken along a path with other people instead of forging your own way. Even if you quickly realized this wasn't the right path, you may not have known how to get yourself back on track.

It isn't too late to fix things, but I want to make sure you know from the start there is usually no one else to blame in this scenario. Even if there were, we wouldn't waste the time talking about them because you can only change yourself. Your parents, family, husband, boyfriend, girlfriends, friends, boss, coworkers, neighbors, teachers, classmates, and peers may have had an unwitting hand in helping you

create and maintain your Good Girl image, and they may even be the first people to

rebel when you start stripping off your fear in public, but they are not the focus in this book.

They didn't make you this way, and they cannot keep you this way.

Our main focus will be you and all the actions you can take to fully express yourself going forward. You are on the main stage, and you decide how authentic you will be every single day with yourself and the people around you.

What will people think? I dunno. Let's give them something worth talking about.

## **The Naked Truth**

Before we go any further, we need to get over the hump of why you feel the need to conceal your fears and desires, who is really to blame, and how it has impacted your life so far. It is perfectly natural for us to look for a scapegoat (we're Good Girls, after all, and we don't like to be wrong), but that's the easy path, and you've already seen where that road leads.

- You are a Good Girl through a combination of youth, inexperience, and reluctance to draw attention to yourself during your formative years.
- You are a Good Girl because the people around you encouraged the behavior since it made their lives easier to have you agree with them all the time.
- You are a Good Girl because you thought it would be an easier path through life, and it is only now you are discovering this is not true.
- You are a Good Girl because you are still thinking of yourself as a 17-year-old girl who didn't have the life experience or wisdom to forge her own path.
- You are a Good Girl because you are scared, and you think you are the only one who feels this way.

To quote a famous 12-step program, to admit you are this way is the first step. You can't move forward if you don't accept that this way of life is not working

for you anymore and you need to do something different. The something different I'll be advocating is probably not the direct opposite of your Good Girl, but it is a genuine expression of who you are, and since you've been taking direction through other people's beliefs and decisions for so long it is going to be a little bit nerve-wracking.

Hell, who am I kidding?

*At some points it will scare the metaphorical pants off of you. And since that's the whole point of this book, I want you to be ready for it.*

## **Show Us What You've Got**

It's journal time. Settle into a nice comfy chair with your journal and pen. Don't worry; the club isn't open yet and no one will disturb you. Give yourself the time to really think about your answers and dig into your history. Like most things in life, you get out of this exercise what you put into it.

What was your first memory of caving in to someone else's idea, activity, or opinion so they would like

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you or because it was too scary to state your own preference? How did it work out for you? For them?

List three ways you've allowed yourself to be folded into someone else's decisions or opinions because you didn't speak up. How have those three events shaped your life?

This is where it might get ugly. Now list all the ways you've negatively impacted the people in those scenarios because you withheld yourself from them, misled them about your feelings and opinions, or pretended to be sweeter, dumber, happier, or more satisfied than you really were. Your actions and inactions have consequences beyond yourself.

Not feeling like such a Good Girl anymore, are you? Don't worry. This is the biggest hump and the most necessary one. Withholding yourself serves no one – not you, the people you love, or the society you think you're making a better place by not speaking up or by saying words you don't believe.

You are far more powerful than you think and your impact is there whether you stay silent or speak up. Other people are watching and adjusting to your beliefs – real or assumed – just as you do to theirs.

We are all connected, and the process only breaks down when we fail to contribute our authentic selves in this world.

You may not find journaling to be as therapeutic as some do, so if you really feel compelled to keep going without writing this down, please do. Who am I to tell a Good Girl breaking through her walls how best to dismantle the bricks? You know yourself, and this book is all about expressing it authentically. Write, yell, draw a picture, take a photograph, create a video: do what works for *you* in working through these questions.

## **Voices of Fear: What Will People Think?**

Of all the voices in our heads, the What Will People Think (WWPT) voice is the one who probably makes the earliest appearance. We learn from our parents and teachers what other people think matters, sometimes incredibly so, and we not so subconsciously take this to heart as we make our

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choices with the considerations of those other people in mind.

If this Voice of Fear was a real person, it would look like the busybody older lady we all know, the one who sees you in the store and instead of stopping to chat focuses on the contents of your basket, not so silently judging you for your choice of snack food, alcohol, lack of green veggies, and even the trashy tabloid magazines. She is the blunt aunt who asks uncomfortable questions at holiday dinners. She is the nosy neighbor down the street who asks if you got a new car when she sees you've had an overnight guest, or wants to know how much that new exterior paint job costs and why you chose such an "interesting" color.

Her hair is immaculately set and protected by a scarf, and she never leaves the house without looking old lady perfect in her thick nylons, smart pantsuit, and squeaky, thick-soled shoes. Her half-moon glasses are perched on the end of her nose to better look down on you as she casts judgment.

This voice pops into our heads a nanosecond after every opportunity presents itself. In high school we wonder what our friends will think of us dating the

dorky guy from our drama class we really like but isn't popular (even though we aren't popular, either). We obsess over what we'll wear to school to fit in, and for some people this barely wanes in importance in adulthood. Then we worry what people will think of the college we choose to attend (or not), the jobs we take, where we live, who we live with, if and when we have children and how many, where we vacation, what we drive, how we vote, and what books, movies, music and television shows we choose for entertainment.

I'm exhausted just from writing this, so I can imagine how tired you are from living it.

In your head, the WWPT voice probably sounds suspiciously like your own, which is why you think it is coming from you. Wrong. This voice is cleverly masking itself to have more power, because if you heard what it really sounded like, you'd never give it the weight you do now.

This voice actually sounds annoying but harmless like Mrs. Kravitz on *Bewitched*, or it can be smarmy and judgmental like Dana Carvey's Church Lady from *Saturday Night Live*, depending on the



situation. You can see why masking is a necessity for this voice.

What is a recovering Good Girl to do when this voice makes an appearance? I like to think just imagining her as Mrs. Kravitz or the Church Lady is enough, but that's not always true. The key is not just imagining people's initial reaction, but to take it all the way through. Instead of imagining their initial shock at your decision to change jobs, imagine how they'd react six months down the line when you are happier, healthier and maybe even wealthier than you were at your old job.

Do you know what they'd be thinking then? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Because people really don't dwell on this kind of thing if it doesn't immediately impact them. Even if you are the topic of conversation for a few days, it will all die down. No one is as interested in you as they are in themselves.

In fact, this reminds me of the old - and true - statement about aging:

"When you're 20, you worry about what people think of you. When you're 40, you don't care what

they think anymore. And when you're 60, you discover they were never thinking about you in the first place!"

So when What Will People Think makes an appearance in your mind, remember that what you think about yourself is far more important than what anyone else thinks. Take care of the one, and you take care of the other.

Did you enjoy this preview of *Strip Off Your Fear*?

Get the whole saucy thing in print or ebook right here.

And hey, if you want know what living a flawed and fabulous life looks like, warts and all, get my weekly email updates by signing up at Married with Luggage.

I hope to see you there!