

the HALL of FAME dress

During induction weekend in Cooperstown, we were to attend a private red-carpet reception with many baseball Hall of Famers and other celebrities. Weeks before, I had agonized over what dress to wear and, as shallow as this sounds, I couldn't sleep at night trying to decide. Silly me.

The first dress I had selected from my "fancy" section of the closet was what I finally decided to wear, after trying on all of them a hundred times over. I had decided to trust my first gut instinct ~ a summer strapless white long dress.

One of my best friends Sue called me the next day while we were still in Cooperstown and left this message on my cell: *"Where did you get that ugly dress? I knew I should have gone shopping with you. Oh, and the TV cameras don't add 10 pounds, they add 20!"*

I was mortified. I could not believe my decision turned out all wrong. Was my dress really ugly? What was I thinking? My confidence simply crumbled at the thought, even though at the party, I felt good in the dress. I had met Richard Gere in that dress!

It turned out *Crazy Sue* was joshing me. She had *not* seen us on TV and had no idea what dress I wore. It *was* funny, and I did laugh with her, although I could've smacked her when she admitted the prank. What a goofster.

But you know, when I dwelt on my reaction, I realized that initially I had felt sure about a decision, I had felt confident about something (even as trivial as a dress choice) and yet I allowed another person to snatch that confidence from me, and to negate it ... all with one joking cell phone message.

How often do we allow others to do this to us? Trusting ourselves is sometimes hard. Too often we rely on others' opinions and advice, when actually ...

who knows best for us than us?