



Don't Stress...  
Your Life is Calling!

*5 Things You Can Do Right Now to  
Permanently Eliminate Stress  
(So You Can Get On With Your Life)*

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**Includes  
easy-to-follow  
checklists!**

## **Contents**

The Wake Up Call, or “How to Spray Perfume on the Garbage” .....	Page 2
Why I Wrote This Book, or “How to Gain a Following by Losing a Contest” .....	Page 7
The Case of the Aching Tooth, or “Stop Complaining and Go to the Dentist!” .....	Page 9
Step One: Get Your Financial House in Order.....	Page 11
Step Two: Get Your Physical House in Order.....	Page 19
Step Three: Put Your Life on AutoPilot.....	Page 23
Step Four: Surround Yourself with Support.....	Page 27
Without Step Five, It Will All Be for Naught, or “How to Make Your Life 7 Times Worse,” or “The Simplest Part is the Hardest” .....	Page 30
Appendix A: Resources All in One Place.....	Page 37
Appendix B: My Contest Entry.....	Page 42

## **The Wake Up Call, or “How to Spray Perfume on the Garbage”**

It was Sunday, October 2, 2005.

For several days previous, I had been experiencing a strange sensation in my chest. It wasn't exactly pain, more like pressure--like someone was stepping on me or squeezing my heart. And it was random--nothing in particular seemed to bring it on.

It began happening frequently enough, though, that on Saturday I told my husband that the next time I felt it, I was going to call the nurse.

The next morning I said good-bye to my husband (he was going to a race and would not be back until the evening) and proceeded to get myself ready for the day. I showered, got dressed, and made breakfast for the kids--you know, the normal stuff.

And then, without warning, I felt it again.

“Well,” I sighed, “I did say I was going to call if it happened again.”

So I called the nurse and began to describe my symptoms. She asked me a few questions and then said scariest words I had ever heard in my life:

“Margie, I want you to hang up the phone and call 911.”

It was like a bullet tearing through me.

I started to cry.

I knew what she was saying. She thought I was having a heart attack.

“Margie--” I heard her say, “Will you do it?”

I had to compose myself.

“Yes--” I said. “As soon as I find someone to watch my kids...”

My mind was racing. How could this be happening? I was young-- only 37! I was a vegetarian--aren't we supposed to be immune?

I called my friend, Susan, and choked out, “Susan, I need you to come over right now.”

She came immediately, without even asking what was going on. She's like that.

Then I called 911.

When you call 911, they stay on the phone with you until help arrives, so I was still talking to them when Susan got there. I hardly had time to explain before the ambulance pulled into my driveway.

Thinking quickly, Susan offered to call her husband to come watch the kids so she could ride with me to the hospital.

So that's what we did.

The EMTs hooked me up to several machines and whisked me out to the ambulance.

It's funny how your mind works during an emergency--

The only thing I could think about was how mortified I was at what the neighbors might think (and how grateful that none of them emerged to find out!).

The technicians were friendly and asked me lots of questions. I overheard one of them call the hospital and relay the answers I provided, and I remember joking with him, "You must be a good husband--you're a really good listener."

My own husband was not reachable. We tried calling him several times throughout the day, but he was not in cell phone range. He would not hear the story until it was all over.

At the hospital, I was hooked up to more machines, had blood drawn, and was interviewed and examined by the nurse and the ER doctor.

And after all that--

They could find nothing wrong with me.

Again, it's funny how the mind works. I mean, I didn't *want* to be sick, obviously, but at the same time, I hated to go through all that trouble for nothing!

The ER doctor suggested that I make an appointment to see my regular doctor.

At the time, my life was blessed by a wonderful, amazing, holistic family practitioner, whom I visited the next day. As we talked, he noticed that I was sighing frequently. He asked me about it, and I said, "Yea, that's just how I breathe. People are always commenting on it."

(And that was true--people were always asking me what was wrong, and I was forever saying, "Nothing! I'm just breathing!!!")

Dr. Mathis said, "Well, sighing like that is a sign of stress. What's going on in your life?"

That's when it all poured out, and the answers flooded in: *Stress* had landed me in the hospital.

Looking back now, it was hardly surprising.

By all accounts, I was a supermom--overworked and over committed, raising my two kids, active in my church, my kids' school and my community, and struggling to make ends meet by running three (yes, three!) failing businesses from my home.

I honestly felt that if I did not personally hold the world up, it would come crashing down.

And here's the best part: I thought that the world needed more people like me! "I have to do everything," I thought. "If everyone else would just step up and do their part, then I wouldn't be so stressed out."

At the time, like most people, I thought the solution was to *manage* my stress.

Dr. Mathis gave me an herbal supplement that was supposed to make me feel calm and relaxed. I started lighting candles in the evening and listening to classical music. I did yoga, took hot baths and got massages.

Unfortunately, while these things felt *great* (and I'll bet you feel good just reading the above paragraph--go ahead, read it again), they were only treating the symptoms, and not the cause.

It was like spraying perfume on the garbage: **It may smell better for awhile, but until you take out the trash, the stink just won't go away!**

It wasn't until I learned how to actually *eliminate* the stress that my life finally started turning around.

As I started putting the pieces together, life felt good.

I couldn't believe how I could sail through life's challenges without getting worked up like I used to. I was happy--happier than I can ever remember being. People started saying things to me like, "Margie, you are not the same person I met 10 years ago."

I was like a piece of old furniture. Stripped, sanded, and refurbished, I was still me, but I became a shinier, happier, and more beautiful version.

I decided to start writing about what I was experiencing and the things I found that were helping me along the path. I even started a blog, [www.StressFreeLikeMe.com](http://www.StressFreeLikeMe.com), so I could document my journey.

And then an amazing thing happened.

## **Why I Wrote this Book, or “How to Gain a Following by Losing a Contest”**

In January of 2008, I sat down and thought about my life. I thought about what I enjoyed--what I wanted to do more of. I thought about what I wanted to accomplish--where I wanted to be within the next year.

I decided that I wanted to become a known author.

For some time, I had been writing short stories--stories about my life and how they relate to success principles. I put them in my blog and reread them for my own pleasure.

Now, I wanted the world to read them.

No sooner had I put this thought out into the Universe than I received an email from 4-time best-selling author Mark Joyner, announcing a contest called “Be the Next Best-Selling Author.” He was putting together a course not just on becoming an *author*, but a *best-selling* one. You could win one of three spots in his class (a \$1000 value) by recording a short YouTube video of you or someone else reading one of your stories.

I could not believe the timing.

Immediately, I wrote and filmed my heart attack story and figured out how to post it on YouTube.

Since one of the prizes was going to be given to the person who had the most views, I began telling everyone I remotely knew about the video and asking them to watch it and send it to their friends.

Alas, I did not win the contest, but as the video made its way around the globe, I learned something shocking.



Over and over people said to me, "Wow, that happened to me, too," or to their sister or to someone else they knew.

I was stunned by just how many people were, like me, being sent to the hospital because of a manmade condition--*stress*.

I realized I was in a position to help.

I had already escaped the tar pit--I had an obligation to share what I've learned.

Are you ready?

## **The Case of the Aching Tooth, or “Stop Complaining and Go the Dentist!”**

Not long ago, I had a toothache.

My tooth bothered me every hour of every day. I thought about it, complained about it, and worried about it. I had a huge cavity that I looked at, talked about, cleaned and put medicine on.

This went on for months, and yet, I did not go to the dentist.

Why?

Because going to the dentist meant finding the phone number, picking up the phone, calling the office, figuring out a time to go, arranging for child care, getting in the car, driving all the way to the office, waiting in the office, undergoing the exam *plus* whatever treatment was necessary, paying more money than I thought I should, driving all the way home, and dealing with the effects of the treatment.

Nah...I'll just complain, thanks.

I complained and fretted and worried and, yes, *stressed*, until the pain got so bad I just couldn't take it anymore.

And then I reached a critical point: The *actual* pain from the tooth overpowered the *imaginary* pain of getting it fixed.

So I finally took the necessary steps (in my case, it was so bad it had to be pulled), and *voila*--no more pain in my tooth. Sheesh. What took me so long?

I have found that stress in our lives has become so commonplace, expected and, unfortunately, even admired (but we'll talk about that later), that it is like a dull ache in our lives. It's there--it's there all the

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