

Join in | Christin Smith Myers

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Two weeks ago I attended a laughter yoga class.

Have you been to a laughter yoga class?

It's wild. No jokes. Just laughter. Loud laughs, quiet laughs, belly laughs, high-pitched laughs and pretend-we're-trying-on-shoes-that-have-a-string-connecting-them laughs.

It's hard to explain.

It's very silly. And silly isn't necessarily my thing. Sure, I'm plenty goofy when I'm giving a speech in front of a group of people. But sitting in the basement of a library creating my own laugh feels 100 times harder for me. I'm so worried about not doing it right or people laughing at me (which, in this case, was exactly the point). Having been teased a lot as a kid, I have a tendency to assume I'm being judged and mocked, even when I know that's not what's happening because I've learned no one's thinking about me as much as I'm thinking about me. But old fears die hard. In fact, I had to drag myself into the convenience store recently because I was so embarrassed to be in a costume, and it was Halloween, so I certainly wasn't the only one.

So that night at laughter yoga I had to really suspend my fear and let loose.

I would love to tell you I walked out of there a new person as a result of joining in. Or that I signed up for the very next class. I would be lying. But there was something special happening there. I felt much better walking out than I did walking in. It was cathartic.

I've heard Gretchen Rubin say, "If you can't get out of it, get into it." I got into it. And it made me feel like I belonged.

In what ways do you need to join in?