

# Pink Hair & Chocolate Cookies

real life lessons from a real life coach



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Cover design by Chris Shelby

Printed in the United States of America

## Foreword

I remember a delicious time in our town, when a French bakery opened its ovens and its doors. The smell of bread baking mixed with Nina Simone's throaty voice came curling along the sidewalks, drawing people into this classy and comfortable venue. We came for the plump crusty loaves or the buttercream cakes; perhaps just for a tidbit of something decadent and fresh. But underneath that need to satisfy a sweet tooth, people were drawn to the beautiful French woman behind the counter, whose whole personality glistened with enthusiasm, wit and wisdom.

We wanted to just watch her, or share a story, or get her opinion on one of life's many challenges. Her chocolate eyes were home and her accent brought such music to the English language. Maybe her display case had just quit working or someone had burnt the batter, but Laura never let anything stop her. Whatever life presented was a new opportunity for creativity and ingenuity.

High school kids, mothers with their babes, men from the shipyards at the end of the street - they all knew they could open their hearts to this extraordinary person. She would remind them that life's unpredictable twists and turns could be met with a light heart and a dedication to growth, and there was laughter and delight ready to be discovered in the most unlikely places. With Laura around, life just seemed so rich and delicious.

She shared with me one day that her true passion was to be a life coach. It made perfect sense. People could have her undivided time and attention. In the next few years, her caring presence facilitated many people to accomplish their goals. Now, with the publishing of "Pink Hair & Chocolate Cookies," her unique attitudes toward life can be shared with even more people.

Get ready to treat yourself to these morsels. I hope they fill and nourish you with renewed appreciation for life's sweet gifts.

Joan Miller

## **The Gift of Not Knowing**

My son Costa wrote a book. He was eight.

The book was originally a secret that he kept from me until the day he presented it at a Young Author's Conference. On that day, I sat misty eyed, along with everyone else present, as the book (dedicated to me, mind you) was read out loud.

The fact that it was named "How Easily Love Can Be Found" only hints at its sweet brilliance.

A few days later, we printed a few copies, gave them to friends and life went on, with my son feeling a little more anchored in his knowing that he wanted to be an author.

About a year later, Costa came home from school one winter afternoon and announced gently that he was ready to publish and sell his book. Right away.

Oh boy.

Halfway through making dinner and studying for a mid-term exam, I felt my heart tighten a little bit as I knew two things to be true:

- 1) Publishing and selling a book is no small task - even for an adult.
- 2) While he would never resort to nagging, neither would he give up.

It was only minutes later that he asked me if he could use my computer and that I reluctantly agreed.

He was going to look for a publisher.

Ouch, double-ouch.

As a mom, and like a lot of parents, I try to walk the thin line between supporting my kids and letting them experience life's occasional bumps. To a point. The notion of letting my now nine-year-old little boy go through what I knew by experience to be a potentially devastatingly discouraging process was not a bit comfortable. I suspected that I would not be able to sit through this for very long. I began unconsciously holding my breath just a little.

As it turns out, I did not have to.

Within five minutes, Costa turned to me and asked: "Mom, why do I need a publisher again?"

To which I answered: "Well, to get your book into a bookstore."

Truth is truth, right?

That is when he said: "So, you are telling me that if I can get my book into a bookstore myself, I do not need a publisher?"

I nodded.

Then I saw him get up and walk to the local phone book. I watched him dial a number and I very soon heard him ask for Patti, the owner of our lovely local bookstore (whom he has known since he was little).

For some reason I started breathing better just as I was trying to not eavesdrop - although not doing a great job of it.

There was no way not to hear, however, when his voice went up a few notches as he excitedly asked "Really? Really, I can? How many?"

He then hung up, looked at me and said: "We need to get ten copies to her as soon as possible."

That was it.

No publisher. No heartache.

All this because he wanted to know. Because he wanted to understand.

While he did not dismiss my knowledge of the book-selling business, he needed to understand it for himself. To own it. And then, to explore other ways of doing it.

Which he did beautifully.

Within days, we had the books into the store and within hours, they were all sold. We spent the next few weeks keeping the bookstore stocked as the books flew out of the door, one sweet copy after the next.

That his words went to strangers and brought them joy seems like a very natural thing and I look forward to seeing more and more of it.

That he got to buy himself a digital camera from the profit of his book tickles my heart.

It is, however, his curiosity-infused solution-finding that I delight in sharing with you. His "innocence," really. You see, because he did not "know" how hard it could be, he did not have filters in the way. And so, he just moved forward. Because I "knew," I held my breath and I froze.

Big difference.

Where might you be holding your breath and preparing for a difficult time because you "know that you know"? And where might it be a good idea to "forget" for a while and really breathe your way into a different solution?

Sometimes, "not knowing" can be such a great blessing. Not knowing how hard things can be, not knowing how everyone else is doing it, not knowing how everyone else expects us to do it. Not knowing what's not possible.

I guess maybe that's a little bit what he meant by "How Easily Love Can Be Found."



## **About the Author**

Laura Lavigne was born and raised in France. She moved to the United States at the age of seventeen and became a makeup artist for the fashion and movie industries. She later went on to start a small organic herb farm, which eventually led to the co-creation of two award-winning French bakeries. She has found her calling as a life coach, writer and artist. Laura lives on an island in the Pacific Northwest with her three children and a small ménagerie.