

# Stressed to the Max

---

Peace for Women under Pressure

Joni Eareckson Tada



[www.newgrowthpress.com](http://www.newgrowthpress.com)

New Growth Press, Greensboro, NC 27404

www.newgrowthpress.com

Copyright © 2013 by Joni Eareckson Tada

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publisher, except as provided by USA copyright law. Published 2013.

All Scripture quotations, unless otherwise indicated, are taken from the *Holy Bible*, New International Version®, NIV®. Copyright © 1973, 1978, 1984, 2011 by Biblica, Inc. Used by permission. All rights reserved worldwide.

Scripture quotations marked KJV are taken from the King James Version of the Bible.

Cover Design: Faceout books, faceout.com

Typesetting: Lisa Parnell, lparnell.com

ISBN-10: 1-939946-09-3

ISBN-13: 978-1-939946-09-6

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Tada, Joni Eareckson.

Stressed to the max : peace for women under pressure / author  
Joni Eareckson Tada.

pages cm

Includes bibliographical references and index.

ISBN 978-1-939946-09-6 (alk. paper)

1. Christian women—Religious life. 2. Stress management for women. 3. Stress management—Religious aspects—Christianity.  
I. Title.

BV4527.T325 2013

248.8'6—dc23

2013018370

Printed in Canada

20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13

1 2 3 4 5

December was upon us and my husband Ken had been planning our vacation to Hawaii for months. He had shown me every possible brochure of “things to do” on Maui, including a drive to the top of the Haleakala Crater to see a 5:00 a.m. sunrise. He had checked and double-checked our reservations at the Sheraton-Maui and had called Wheelchair Getaways five times to confirm our van rental. He was even “gift-ing” me with a friend to go along to help with my needs. My husband was *excited*. “Joni, I want to do everything I can to make sure *you* have a good time!”

Now the long-awaited day of departure had arrived. With me in my wheelchair tied in the back of our van, my friend sitting nearby, and suitcases piled all around, Ken drove us down the 101 Freeway to LAX airport. Since it was early afternoon and I knew the Joni and Friends office was open, I was asking my friend to help me check my iPhone for emails all the way to the 405 interchange.

“What are you doing back there?” Ken said to me in the rearview mirror. His voice had a slight edge. “You’re not working, are you?” Our eyes met in the mirror, and I sheepishly put away my phone. After a long minute he sighed, “Joni, you’ve been so busy; it’s important that you take a break. You *need* this break.”

*What I need is to have my computer on this trip*, I inwardly grouched. And so as we were speeding down the 405 Freeway and Ken and my friend jabbered about the fun things we would do, I kept wondering how I would find time to keep up with emails, rearrange deadlines, write a new message for a

holiday speaking engagement, and—oh yes—shop for Christmas. *How am I going to do that in Hawaii?!* I felt my throat tighten with the pressure. *I do not have time for this. A vacation isn't alleviating anything; it's only adding more stress.*

When we got off the plane in Maui, the Wheelchair Getaways van we ordered was late in arriving. We had to sit curbside for a good half hour. So while my husband made a call to the van rental place, I snuck out my iPhone to check on things at the office. One or two emails required an immediate response, so I hacked out quick replies.

Minutes later we were loaded up and driving along the coast to our hotel. I was struck by the aquamarine color of the sea and the huge clouds above the smaller island of Lanai in the distance. Still I kept thinking, *This vacation is just plain inconvenient. Timing couldn't be worse.*

The next morning I slept in. I was stunned at how late I slept, but the bed was comfortable and the sheets were nice and soft. After a leisurely brunch, we strolled the walkway along the beach. I put my wheelchair on slow speed, stopped often at the tourist kiosks, inhaled the sea air, and listened to the clicking of palm fronds above us. As we walked on, I asked to see my iPhone, but it was dead. *No problem; I'll do it later.*

But later came and went, and I never got around to plugging it in.

For the rest of the week Ken and I lingered by the pool and sipped smoothies. He talked me into snorkeling (frightening for a quadriplegic like me). When he