

✪ The Warm Fuzzy Story: Chapel Tour Choir Edition ✪

Once upon a time, in a town much like yours, there was a high school choir preparing for a long-anticipated tour. The students had worked hard, practiced their parts, and packed their bags, ready to share their voices across the country in churches and on stages.

Before they left, their choir director gathered them in a circle and gave each of them something special: a pouch full of *Warm Fuzzies*.

“Each Warm Fuzzy,” the director explained, “is a word of encouragement, a helping hand, or a kind smile. When you give one away -- whether it’s helping carry someone’s music folder, cheering for them after a solo, or simply sitting with someone who looks a little homesick -- you’ll actually *create more*.”

The choir members smiled, ready to carry their Warm Fuzzies on the road.

As the tour began, the first concerts were magical. Harmonies blended perfectly. Audiences clapped with joy. Backstage, members of the choir passed around Warm Fuzzies without even realizing it: “You nailed that high note!” “Thanks for getting me water!” “That was the best we’ve ever sounded!”

But a few days in, something changed.

Some students grew tired. Tempers flared. Someone grumbled, “Why are we always late?” Another rolled their eyes when someone messed up a verse. A few even began handing out *Cold Pricklies* -- they looked like Warm Fuzzies -- but they were created by snide comments, selfishness, gossip, and silence.

The Warm Fuzzies started to disappear.

Voices cracked from stress. Friendships grew tense. One night, the choir sang in a beautiful sanctuary -- but the music lacked its usual heart.

The director noticed and gently reminded the group, “Do you remember what happens when we stop giving out Warm Fuzzies? The music isn’t just in our voices -- it’s in how we treat each other.”

One brave soprano stepped forward. “I think I gave out a Cold Prickly today,” she admitted. “I was rude when we were late to practice. I’m sorry.”

That simple apology was like a spark. A tenor followed: “I’ve been moody. I’ll do better.” Others began to smile again, laugh, hug, and -- most importantly -- began to *sing* with renewed joy.

Warm Fuzzies returned, flying around the coach, between sections of choir, and in the warm-up rooms. Notes of encouragement appeared in backpacks. Handwritten cards popped up in folders. Their final concert was so full of harmony and heart that it moved the audience -- and the choir -- to tears.

Just like singing, kindness is something you *give and receive*, and it *multiplies*. You can’t run out of Warm Fuzzies unless you stop giving them. And when you do give them, you make the music -- and the memories -- so much richer.

So next time you board the coach, warm up your voice -- and your heart -- by making someone else’s day a little brighter. Because on tour, The Journey is Our Home!