

LOOK, MA, NO HANDS

Clyde Shoe, Carnation, Washington

I didn't need a fitness class. I was getting by—pretty good—considering. After all, I walked most days. I even chopped firewood. And I had to expect aches and pains and lost vitality with age. Right?

This was my calcified mind-set, but it was like a sore tooth nagging in the back of my head. I didn't know, but suspected, that there was a whole galaxy of muscles and ranges I wasn't even using. I didn't know that "pretty good" could get a whole lot better until I joined Paige Denison's Lifetime Fitness class.

Paige sometimes warms us up with Patsy Cline singing *Heartaches*. Then Patsy glides into *Anytime*. Man, that gets my desiccated old heart beating just right.

It's been a long time since I could swivel my neck like an owl's. Then by last year I couldn't even turn my head enough to safely back my car. Now I can, onlooker remarks notwithstanding.

Last year I struggled getting out of my low, over-stuffed easy chair. Now I launch with, "Look, Ma, no hands." In small, useful, satisfying ways, life is getting better. Getting better is a series of little steps. Lifetime Fitness is a whole flight of little steps.

We exercisers get as much camaraderie as exercise. Does Paige ignore the toothpaste smeared on my chin? No, she wipes my chin and compliments me for brushing my teeth, just as she doubtless does her young sons and husband. I ask you, where else could one get such warm fuzzes in a workout? Yo! for warm fuzzes.

Remember that old song, *Dem Dry Bones*?

"The foot bone's connected to the ankle bone
The ankle bone's connected to the shin bone
The shin bone's connected to the knee bone..."

and on up the muscles and skeleton to the head bone. We in Lifetime Fitness know that physical fitness and mental fitness go hand in hand. It's all connected. We face aging with a connected united front. Come join us.