I joined a local gym a few weeks ago so that should explain the skip in my step, and more importantly, the air in my head.
It dawned on me that I needed to eat a little healthier and exercise more than I do when I almost passed out on a brisk walk to my mailbox. Clinging to the box, it took my last bit of strength to grab my electric bill and slam the box door shut.
By the time I made it back to my porch, my dog was wondering if she should pull a Lassie and go get help from the neighbors.
My husband Jason and I are now official members of a gym.
I was so excited to join. They say your drive to really get in there and work out is at its all-time high in the very beginning. That must be the case because I purchased new shoes, dug out a cute gym bag and pulled out a few exercise pants and shirts that had never before seen the light of day.
Entering the gym my first week was a sight to behold. I strutted in the arena, gazing at the assortment of weight machines, bicycles, weights, tread mills and so forth. I did a light skip in the air, took a quick breath and dove onto the stationary bicycle.
I told myself that I would go six miles on the thing, and I was determined to meet my goal.
Thirty minutes later, while the sweat continued to fog up my contacts, I went to make my exit off the machine. Not realizing my new shoelaces were extremely long, one got caught up in the pedal and almost ripped my foot off as I tried to swing my leg over.
Playing it off, I did a sudden skip toward the walking track. The grandmother behind me shook her head. I couldn't bare to pass her by again so I kept taking water breaks until she moved to another machine.
I have since adjusted my shoelaces.
While Jason was over at various weight machines, I decided that girls could do those things too. Mind you, I haven't been on a weight machine since high school. As a basketball player, our coach insisted we lifted weights a few times a week.
I was a good defense player, not so hot on offense. My coach reminded of that every time we entered my high school weight room.
"Get on those leg weights," he grunted. "Get on the calf raise machines. Do not work those arms. Focus on your legs. Your legs are what I want strong on the court."
He even told me one time he better not see the ball in my hands any longer that five seconds. In other words, I was an awful shooter.
Reflecting back on my high school days, I got on the weight machines focused on the legs.

I was doing great until I made my way to the hamstring curl machine.
That weight machine is beyond explanation. You have to lie on your stomach and stick your legs under this bar that you curl up and down with the weights.
And of course, when I get on it, a lady I know walks in. Mrs. Morrison greets me and begins various exercises on the weight machines. With seemingly little effort, she knows how to work every one of those confusing machines.
There I was on that machine that resembled a torture device from the Middle Ages.
And then it happened. I got a cramp in my leg and couldn't move it. Losing control of my leg, the weight came crashing down, echoing through the gym.
I couldn't move. I just laid there, on my stomach, looking ridiculous. I didn't have the heart to ask anyone for help. While Mrs. Morrison sat next to me, I stayed there in silence, hoping she wouldn't notice that my socks didn't match or that I couldn't move.
After a few seconds, I got feeling back in my legs and I quickly wiggled my way of that forsaken machine.
I didn't tell Jason about it nor did I have the heart to even speak to Mrs. Morrison. I was ashamed, sore and embarrassed. I didn't even tell Jason that I almost died on that machine, and that I am sure I did permanent damage.
I do hope no more "accidents" happen to me while at the gym. I want to stay motivated and continue my plans.
But I warn that you might you see me get thrown into a wall while exiting a tread mill. Dropping a weight on my foot is bound to happen. I may knock myself out on that arm curl machine.
I may flip over a medicine ball. And I probably will squirt water up my nose at the water fountain.
Please just ignore me. I'm inspiring someone in there...I hope.