

## A DAY IN THE ADULT FITNESS CLASS

Every Mon., Wed., & Fri. morning I ask myself this question, “Should I go or should I stay?” That is the question of the day.

So down the road I go, passing Evans Lake on my right and the corn fields & condos to my left, to that well-known dance studio everyone knows. The parking lot is somewhat full today with that large red car, license plate number PDQ - meaning (pretty damn quick), backed into it’s usual place. I see JoAnne is here also because that white Honda is also in it’s same space. The classmates slowly begin to file in & after a few warm hello’s, we take our usual positions as, though they were assigned to us.

I’m positioned in the far right corner, next to the speaker. I like loud music plus I can look out the window and see the birds & beautiful leaves in the spring and fall.

To my immediate left, there is the ballet, smooth flowing Molly. She is so thin. I ask myself, “Why is she here?” I would never want to torture myself if I looked like that.

To my back is my sweet friend Olga. I look at her socks to remind me of what holiday or season it is or about to be. If you really want to know what holiday it is, or about to be, just drive by her house.

Only an arms length away from me is my gum chewing pal, Cil. I know when I’m her age I’ll never be doing this. I truly admire you, Cil and we are all very proud of you!

The music begins and our tire less every-ready battery instructor begins to move as though she just had Mountain Dew for breakfast instead of decaf coffee. My new favorite country group, “Sugarland”, comes bolting through the speakers.

I glance at the mirrors in front of me and the other classmates in the room are swaying & wandering in thought with great intensity. I say to myself, “why are they so serious?”

I see Sara C. moving her arms but one of us is not in step. The first song is over then I hear the smooth sound of Celine. Am I in Vegas?

As the shoulder shrugs begin, I feel the tension start to leave me. Is that Jeri talking to Twila and not listening to our instructor? Let’s separate those two. I know Sara, Jeri’s attractive, young looking mother will lecture her after class.

It is now 9:40 am. - little Linda has just arrived. I think her watch needs adjusted.

I gaze to the far left corner of the room. Jan is here today. Her attendance is

lacking lately. I'll have to discuss that matter with her; even though I did see her at the New Middletown Dairy Queen last night. It must have been the \$1.99 banana split special. I also observed that she was not sharing with her husband. Jan, JoAnne said to stay after class and do 20 more push-ups! I see the hardest working girl in the class has returned from Florida. Dianne never misses a beat. How does she do it? You don't know this, but Dianne always has remarkable stories to tell which she shares with me on the way home.

It's time for those colorful mats. That means only 20 min. until class is over. Those bicycle exercises are a killer & those leg circles aren't much easier. By the way, "Where is Linda M.?" Not in Florida again. I've also noticed Pat is really progressing. We are all very proud of your undertaking, Pat! We welcome our newest member to our cast, my pal & neighbor, Joe. I guarantee you, things will not be boring around here anymore. Finally, I hear my favorite song, "Paris". Just 5 more minutes, but wait, who is that calm young lady in the back of the room? Its Jenny. I didn't realize she is with us today. She is so quiet.

This certainly is a warm, friendly and loyal group. We cherish and appreciate our instructor & leader, JoAnne. We truly appreciate her putting up with us. As we put our mats and weights back to their station and as we SLOWLY go back to our vehicles, we say to ourselves,

**AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU CAME TODAY??**

Written by Nick Stone  
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