

Hitting the tennis lines again



Maybe. Possibly. We'll see. That's about where I am with an out-of-the-blue request from an old friend to rejoin him and his gang for tennis. It's been quite a few years since I last played. My game and shape have not profited from the respite. It's why I'm not yet all-in with hitting the tennis lines again.

Hitting the conditioning again

Huff. Puff.

So, while I'm still in decision making mode, there's lots to do. Most importantly, some stamina.

I mean, I've been walking, but I'm not going to run down many lobs or corner shots by walking to them.

On this morning's walk, I tried some interval jogging. 60 seconds of jogging followed by several minutes of fast walking. Rinse, repeat.

Here's what I found out: My walking shorts are terrible for jogging (as my iPhone was bouncing in dangerous ways). My ankles and ligaments are not what they once were. And I'm in real trouble on any extended rally. Thankfully, they play on clay, which is both softer and slower.

But, I'm not playing tomorrow (if at all), so I have time to work on that. Bottom line, though, is that I had to cut my walk/jog short at 2 miles. I just didn't have confidence I could do more.

The sorry state of my equipment

Easiest thing to do was to pull out the rackets and drop them off for restringing. One was still strung, but it was from 3 or 4 years ago, so getting that done made sense, too.

I first tried the local Dick's Sporting Goods. Bah. No one meets me at the tennis area. When I finally corralled an

employee, she says it will be 2 weeks before the racket would be done.

See ya. So, I went where I should have originally.

I have used a little tennis shop in a small shopping area in Boca called Stuart's. Had used them for many years during my playing days. When did I want it, was always the first question.

One thing he sees immediately is that the unstrung one is cracked. Badly. Yeah, well, now I know why it is unstrung.

Leaving the good one with him to pickup Saturday afternoon, I head home. Upon arriving, the broken racket goes in the new trash bin (a story for another day).

Clothing makes the man

Unless that man has gotten fatter since last playing tennis.

I had plenty of tennis shirts (five, I think). No change in the chest area. But, I had long since sent my old (skinny) tennis shorts to the charity of my choice.

What to do now? I am old school and like the zipper fly style shorts. Apparently, very few others do anymore, since they are ever-so-hard to find. Even Amazon didn't do me right here.

But, good ol' Tennis Warehouse has some in stock and, while they have mixed reviews, I'll try them myself before deciding whether to pick up more.

I still have to find some tennis sneakers (my old ones long since worn out from general use), but that should be reasonably easy anywhere.

Hitting the tennis lines again

So, I guess I'm at least preparing as if I'm going to be hitting the tennis lines again. But, I'm still not sure it's the wisest thing to do.

I'm terribly out of practice and there aren't exactly places to get "back on the bike" (my friend thinks it will be like the axiom about riding a bike).

I'll scout around to see if there are some handball walls I can pound some tennis balls at. And I'm sure I can practice serving, at least, at some of the public courts.

It's still a bear of a drive to go down to play with the guys. 45 minutes each way and most of that is on highways, so it's not close. I can still recall the return trip felt ultra-long after a couple to few hours of heat and exertion.

I do enjoy the game and my friend says the players are good guys. Maybe it's time I got a little more exercised about

tennis again.