

Let's get physical



In about a month I'm due for my annual physical and once again I've planned it with perfectly awful timing.

For years, I just didn't go to doctors. Maybe I got a cold or a cough every year or two, but otherwise, what was there to go for? To be surrounded by other, sicker people in the waiting room? No thanks.

After much harassing by a friend, I finally went for a full physical. Of course, I neglected to remember to fast, so I couldn't get my blood tests done and had to come back.

The next year, I had one of my rare colds that I recovered from about a week before the exam. Of course, that meant no exercise and crappy diet right before the checkup.

Last year, I had a brain burp and spent the week prior to the exam enjoying ice cream, steaks and other really useful foods that did not do me any favors on the blood tests.

And this year? How about 2 1/2 months away from home, not exercising and eating terrible food. I must have a super power about bad timing.

I've a month to get myself back into at least some semblance of health. The eating changed immediately upon returning to my refrigerator and oven. Today began the physical efforts.

This morning, I started back on my daily exercise routine, a brief limbering exercise and a short abdominal workout.

Surprisingly, I made it through the ab routine without the expected struggle. Also surprising and somewhat alarming, was

how hard the limbering exercise was.

The series of stretches and pulls are something I've done for a long time, before any physical exertion (such as walking) or athletic engagement (tennis, for instance). Today, I was dismayed at the lack of flexibility and tightness across many of my muscles and tendons. Hopefully, it won't take long to regain that agility.

I also went out for a morning walk. Nothing heroic, just a 4-miler to test the pins. That went very well and likely I could have extended it further. It will be interesting to see how soon I can get back to 10 miles and how well I accommodate the 2 1/2 hour commitment that takes (hey, I'd like to see you maintain better than 4 mph over 10 miles in the real world versus some comfy treadmill).

After 70+ days of listening to my playlist, I took the walk in silence. It was nice, since it's mostly quiet at 6 in the morning. The quiet helped me do something I haven't done in a long while. But that's a blog post for another day. Specifically, tomorrow.