MY LIFE AS A YO-YO

“I don’t think you have a single muscle in your body!” my naturopath laughingly told me. Well ha-de-haha. What a comedian! What a ripper joke to share with me while I’m lying there practically naked and unable to leap up (with dignity) and take my vengeance! That was 20 years ago and that comment still rankles to this day! The Lisa that I am now loves being strong, I love having muscle, I love warming up with weights that strong men are using for their full workouts. But it was a long journey to get here.

I’ve told you about my history of migraines and how I wanted more for myself and for my children (insert link to previous blogpost) and it was really this comment that sparked my search for ways to improve my health and strength. I was a studious kid, a real bookworm and very shy. We had moved countries, states and by the time I finished high school, you would need all your fingers and some of your toes to count up all the schools I’d attended. And that method just about sums up my counting skills too – just ask my clients! Somehow in all that moving, I’d worked out how to evade sports days and PE (that’s Aussie for Physical Education classes) and how to move my body as little as humanly possible. I was skinny, even gaunt, by the time I got through my final year exams and prepared to move States yet again. I didn’t see any need to exercise, after all I didn’t need to lose weight!

In my confused mind I decided that I needed to eat more, to put on weight. That sounds reasonable, doesn’t it? Um, hamburgers, Mexican food, whole bottles of Baileys Irish Cream all very successfully helped me to my goal. And then some! I tried aerobics to lose the newfound weight – lycra leotards, high impact classes in bare feet and Jane Fonda – we were an awesome combination! And then I got engaged. Living with a man, eating the same sized portions and being content in a relationship, saw the weight come back! So a pattern was being formed, a vicious cycle that would stay with me for decades. I existed on diet chocolate biscuits and sodium packed cup-of-soups for four months prior to my wedding and lost ten pounds – winning! Once we got married, my husband and I travelled through Europe for six months, backpacking and eating our way through all the really amazing food that Europe has to offer. Craig, being a man, lost 15 pounds and because I hate to see anything wasted, picked up those same 15 pounds and stuck them right on my arse where they followed me around faithfully for the next few years. And so it went on, right up until those fateful words were spoken by my now-long-departed naturopath. And no, I didn’t do anything to her!!!!! She just thought it wiser to leave the state!

I was constantly told, by people who should have known better, that a fitness journey was going to be so hard for me. I hadn’t exercised as a child so my body had no “muscle memory” and that I was totally behind the 8 ball when it came to developing good posture and a strong, healthy body. Well I am here to tell you as living proof that ANYONE can change their health and fitness for the better. It is never too late to take steps towards a healthier, fitter life. Every year of every decade, I get better, I get stronger, I get more determined. You have only to tell me that I CAN’T do something for me to want to prove you wrong. Now, how can YOU develop that kind of mindset? Well, that’s a story for another day!