Me Time, Oh Me Time!

Oh, to be 40 pounds lighter or 40 years younger. Or both!

I've started taking a little me time since my last blog. I needed a little break from being with Bob and I didn't need to go shopping or dining. I needed exercise. BADLY. Not sure if I was thinking clearly but exercise seemed like a good idea.

First step was finding a caregiver to stay with Bob. A text and a phone call, and voila! Nicole is a "shirt tail" relative who is a CNA with a kind soul staying with Bob a few mornings a week for a couple of hours. They seem to have hit it off well. Bob thinks she's a granddaughter and we just go with that. She's not a shy or timid woman. She speaks right up and jumps right into whatever Bob needs. She's gotten him outside for a walk a few times, she fixes him breakfast, and she keeps him company while he dozes off and on in his recliner. Bob even cooperated with her supervising his shower one morning. Miracles do happen. Nicole's got such a kind heart and I can tell she is a caregiver who cares!

Next it was deciding what kind of exercise to do during the time Nicole is at our home with Bob. I signed up for Jazzercise classes. Who do I think I am? Cheerleading in High School is ancient history. Dancing only takes place every so often at a wedding. The last time I exercised, I wore a leotard and leg warmers. My two new knees haven't ever skipped, jumped, or kicked. But I signed up.

So now I'm 6 classes in. Have I improved? So slightly that I'm not sure. Am I enjoying it? YES! It's close by our home, the women are warm and welcoming, the instructors are encouraging, no one is judgmental of my ability (or lack of ability), and it's the only time of the day when I'm not thinking or stressing about Bob. There's no room in my brain to worry about Bob while I'm trying to releve', chasse', and do pulsing

hip extensions.

So, thanks to all of you that encouraged me to carve out a little time for myself. Sometimes it’s that first step that’s the hardest. It’s nice to be trying something different and stepping out of my comfort zone. I hurt in a million places. I feel totally inept. But I like it! Thanks for the shove…



