

Savoring Life by Kenita Gibbins

I was born with a fast working metabolism. If I can't get out for a walk every day, I'm walking the hall. I look for the mail delivery a lot. It isn't fun to exercise by myself. Classes work for me since I need a group of people for motivation. George and our friend Mary do keep me inspired. The three of us need each other. Yes, we walk apart, but their proximity helps.

When I was a kid, I loved my skates. I did just fine with roller skates, so when we moved to Colorado, I thought I should try ice skating. Soon it became apparent roller skates, and ice skates have no similarities.

Seven years into our marriage, we decided to adopt a baby. I used to say I hatched our children because I stayed very close to the telephone. Our call did come. A baby boy was found for just us. I couldn't find George. I called my parents off the gambling floor in Los Vegas. Two years later, we needed another baby. An active toddler and baby girl will drain the energy pool quickly. Just when both children were off for school, I got pregnant after 14 years of marriage. We had fallen out of the notion of having a baby. I walked our elementary children to school and back home. Somewhere along the way, I discovered energy builds with exercise.

I joined a babysitting co-op. I gained the freedom to become an aerobic teacher at the Jewish Community Center. Another perk of my energy meant I didn't have to ask my husband for spending money.

Fast forward to my golden years. I still exercise. Who wouldn't want to walk the High Line Canal? Summer will arrive, and we can savor the beauty of where we choose to live - Windsor Gardens, USA.

My friend Mary from down the hall and I decided to walk the canal heading east. We thought we could find new terrain to cross Havana and pick up the bike/people trail again. We were surprised when we found a lovely lake. We then decided to go north toward Alameda. We didn't want to walk next to the busy street. To get back to High Line, we turned west and hit a snag. The snag was a hill that I hoped to not slide down on my tush. Then the terrain switched to having to climb a mountain, which I can admit is an exaggerated statement. Mary was okay, but I struggled. She is a few years younger than I, but that is no excuse. Much to my surprise and delight, two little boys that looked about ten years old asked me if I needed help. Those little boys offered their hands, and up I went to the top.

Our walk ended up being longer than usual, but we felt rather smug to have found new territory. I'm so happy that I put dinner in the crockpot and have a salad made. We can sit down and enjoy dinner. My energy served me to the end of the day.