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Cool Down: Hitched to My Health Club

By Gena Hymowech







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I have something to confess: I've gotten married—to my gym. It's official; I'm now one of "those" people. I wear the standard outfit—belly bag, tank top and tight shorts. Walking out of the gym, I look like all the other members: sweaty, exhausted, ridiculously happy. But I wasn't always this annoyingly fit.

Perhaps that was because I never worked out at a gym regularly. Going to a gym, I used to think, would be too hard. All those weights. All those machines. All that sweating. The pain. The strain. I would get tired just thinking about it. But when I stopped losing weight through other exercise, I decided that it was time to do something drastic. For me, that meant getting a gym membership.

Now, I had gone to gyms in the past, when they were free and didn't require any major commitment, like at a hotel or with a complimentary pass. The gym was a casual date back then. An hour here, an hour there. Nothing serious. I was your classic bachelorette, unwilling to make a real commitment.

Still, I enjoyed those visits and had thought about buying a gym membership. But I always managed to make up excuses for why joining