

Gym Rat Rantings

by Bob Ring



Frozen Shoulder Update

Everywhere I go lately, you guys are asking, “How’s your frozen shoulder?” and, “Are you going to try acupuncture as Shelley (yes, it was Shelley) suggested?” Well, here’s an update:

When I last saw Dr. Bob in late December, he told me to continue physical therapy for another couple of months. Then, if I was satisfied with my improvement, he was too; I didn’t need to come back to see him. You know what coming back to see him would mean ... Ouch, ouch, ouch!

Since my early January report to you, I’ve had 11 more arm-wrenching parties with Mike the physical therapist and his cohorts. Just for the record, that’s 26 such sessions at the rate of about twice per week since just before last Thanksgiving.

And if those sessions weren’t enough, I have homework now. Some of you may have noticed me around the gym pushing on walls or doing odd gyrations with a stick behind my back. That stuff goes on at home too – I have handprints all over the walls.

Ironically, I took off a few days while Pat and I visited the Grand Canyon. We found out later that while we were out taking photographs at sunrise, the temperature was minus 12 degrees F – truly an opportunity to get my shoulder (re?)frozen, along with all my other body parts.

When we got back to Tucson, for moral support, and because she couldn’t believe my whining complaints, I took Pat to one therapy session. Unfortunately, I think she learned enough from watching the therapists to pay me back for the handprints on the walls.

So how am I doing? Well there comes a time when the effort to keep improving isn’t worth it, i.e., “I’ve had enough!” Supposedly, I have reached the therapy’s target goals of arm/shoulder motion in three critical positions (don’t ask). I have resumed doing all the exercises in my Building Bones class. I can once again tuck my shirt in my pants and most importantly put my left arm around Pat. **I am hereby declaring victory - another miracle of medical science!**

As to acupuncture ... Pat has volunteered to operate on me herself with her knitting needles (I still haven’t cleaned those walls). So far I’ve declined Pat’s offer.