



# Gym Rat Rantings

by Bob Ring

## Substitute Teachers

Lynne O has taken some well-deserved time off from her Gym staff duties lately, including from the Building Bones class that I attend with Pat. We've had a lot of substitute teachers, including Joy, Jeannie, and Lynne T.

Joy even managed to survive two substitutions (something about that doesn't sound right). The first time, Joy brought rock music and told us that, "We all deserved as many back rubs in life as we can get." I didn't see her volunteering tho. The second time, Joy's true colors were evident: red, white and blue. Her first musical selection was the Star Spangled Banner! I about killed myself waffling between standing at attention and completing the routine she was starting. Joy went on to explain that Flag Day was that week and all of her music would be patriotic, supplied by her retired Air Force husband's friends. Who was I to argue; it was different and fun, and I got to work on my salute.

I knew two things about Jeanie before she substitute-taught our class. One was that in describing her, Lynne O. always gushes: "my mentor," "the best," and so on. The other was she makes nice crocheted scarves and Christmas ornaments, having been at the craft sales table with Pat last winter. Jeanie had two principle messages for us: first that resistance training is good for you, as opposed to jumping up and down, which is no good, and second, "You could win a Nobel prize for discovering the cause of muscle cramps." Let me tell you something, you should never challenge Pat like that. Every night since that class Pat, with notepad on the nightstand, scrunches awkwardly down in bed, with feet hanging over the bottom of the bed, hoping to reproduce the conditions that cause her night leg cramps.

I'd been wanting to meet the other "Lynne." This was Lynne T, reportedly the longest service (that doesn't necessarily mean oldest) staff trainer, going back to "in the day" with Shelley. There is only one word to describe Lynne T and I'm sure I'm not the first to use it: "perky." Such a bundle of energy, smiles, rhythmic breathing and lyrical counting. A session with Lynne T makes you wish you had more bones to strengthen!

With all this substituting going on, Shelley has been secretly grooming a new trainer, one of our own, a member of the gym. You may have observed her in the early mornings, sitting regally in the chair in the lobby, alert as we all enter and leave the gym – carefully observing and obviously taking mental notes. To hide her true intentions, she attends Lynne O's Building Bones class, and tries to throw us off by saying things like, "Where's my chair?" "I'm too old for this!" and "Can we sit down now?" It won't be long now before Rebecca is head trainer.