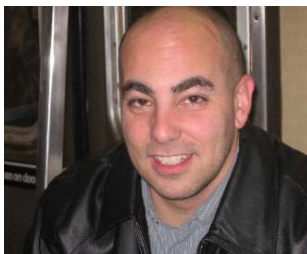


At a Glanz...

Tonight We Ride!!



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August 2008

Tonight We Ride!!
That's my new
mantra. On June 6,
2008 I started a new

chapter in my life. I was fat, bordering on obese. I weighed around 222 pounds and was miserable. Last month I chronicled the start of my weight loss journey. I am happy to say, that after more than a month, I am still on the path to physical fitness. Tonight We Ride!!

Tonight We Ride was born when I was riding my new bicycle, and I was feeling happy that I was trying to get into shape. Out of nowhere I shouted, "Tonight, We Ride!" It psyched myself up. I started saying it a lot when I rode.

The reason I bought the bike was because I was no longer capable of jogging. Twice I tried to jog and both times I lasted less than half a mile. So I was hoping that riding my bike to and from work would be my exercise. My friend Demetri told me that it would help, but doubted I could get to my fitness goals with just biking. I scoffed at him and continued to ride, realizing I am not capable of jogging. Until I was peer pressured and thankfully proven wrong.

One of the guys from my building where I worked told me he wanted to me to jog with him. I told him I can't. He told me I can. I said I'd slow him down. He told me I wouldn't, and didn't care if I did. So I started to jog with him. And it was good. So good, that after a mile he asked if I wanted to stop and I pointed forward. Onward and downward. Onward with the exercise, downward with my weight. After that jog I noticed something. I was sweating a lot more than I did when I biked. After a few more times on the bicycle, I realized it was the best \$350 investment that I'll rarely use ever again. If I truly wanted to lose weight, I needed do what I was born to do. Run. (Yes yes cheap Springsteen pop)

So I've been running. And cooking. Cooking healthy. I've eaten more grilled chicken cutlets than I could count. But I was still frustrated by two things.

- 1) My pants still fit perfectly
- 2) No one who didn't know I was on a diet said anything

But then one day it happened. I put on my pants and it almost fell to the floor! I was so excited. Then a few days later, a woman in my office said she liked that I shaved off my goatee. She kept on complimenting me, and I gave her the Vulcan brain signal. I said to her (not out loud), "C'mon Joan! Say it!! SAY ITTTT!!!!!" Then she said, "You look thinner!!!!!" Champaign flew and confetti covered the office. OK, so maybe there was no champagne or confetti, but there should have been!

A few weeks later Courtney from my co-ed hockey team just shouted out, "Rich! You lost a lot of weight!" I wondered to myself if she'd say yes if I asked her to marry me.

But I'm not ready to marry Courtney. As a matter of fact, I'm not ready to even date her. Or any girl right now. I need to stay focused, stay motivated. I can't be eating popcorn at the movies, or having that Friday night beer. After around eight years of gorging, I'm owed a little punishment.

Today, I hopped on the scale. Begging it to say 203.0. It read 200.8. I got on it two more times. Someone eating lunch said, "Third time's a charm." So were the other two. The scale was right.

After my lunch, my weight only shot up to 201.6. I've lost more than 20 pounds in less than two months. It's a good start. OK, a great start. But just a start. I've got a lifetime of eating right and exercising to go. Tonight We Ride!!