

## At a Glanz..

# Losing Weight, The Journey Begins



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Most articles I write, talk about a Long Island business that I am fond of. This article is going to be about the person I used to be very fond of but doesn't exist anymore. In shape me.

I'm overweight. Fat, chubby, big, husky...whatever. I'm overweight. And I'm sick of it. I was a fat kid growing up. I had no muscle, and weighed 175 in 11th grade. Then three events inspired me.

- 1) I was watching Star Trek and Captain Kirk had some poisonous venom on his body. So Bones ripped off his shirt and stuck a large needle in him. Kirk didn't even notice as his shirt flew open and just went along with his business. I thought that was super cool. But then I thought how embarrassed I'd be if Bones did that to me.
- 2) I was the first person in my grade to get a car. I had a Batman bumper sticker and my friends would call me Batman. One of my best friends, Mike Parness called me, "Fatman." Again...I was really embarrassed.
- 3) This was the biggie. I was in a fist fight with Tom McNulty. I was winning pretty easily (he started it) and then poof...no more energy. I was done. I couldn't throw a punch. I just stood there as Tom connected with punch after punch on me. I was able to throw him down a creek to end the fight, but he still won. And I should have won. But it's the only sporting event I ever lost, that I'm glad I did.

I'm glad I lost because I knew exactly why, I was fat. So I ran. And I kept on running for three months. It was the best feeling in the world as teachers and classmates complimented me on my weight loss. Even the mean kids were nice to me. People that I thought hated me were proud that I had it in me to lose 20 pounds. I eventually lost 10 more when I stopped dieting, but quickly gained it back in muscle. It was a defining moment for me, and made the rest of 11<sup>th</sup> grade and my senior year awesome.

In college, I weighed in a comfortable 165-175. I never had that perfect six-pack abdomen but I was still in good shape. But somewhere when I hit 29 years old I started packing on a few pounds. My diet wasn't as good and I stopped jogging. My metabolism must have slowed down and I should have just said, "Enough's enough!" But I didn't. And I ate. And ate. And now, at 37-years-old...I'm here. Fat.

Finally a few weeks ago I decided to do what I've been dreading for more than 5 years. I got on a scale. And I cringed. 222. Yikes!

Well it stops now! Actually it stopped three weeks ago. My sister came over my apartment and taught me how to cook on the George Foreman Grill. I bought a mountain bike, so I can bike to work. I've dropped approximately 6 pounds in three weeks. It's a start, but it's not nearly enough. 165 is my goal, though I'm hoping that I'll look good at 175. I'm tired of being tired. I'm tired of playing hockey, and having people catch up to me that shouldn't. I'm tired of having Kevin Murphy being able to cover me in the annual Thanksgiving Day Turkey Bowl (more on that story in November).

So I pledge to you my fellow Long Islanders, that I am going to be a lean, mean writing machine!!! I'd type more, but I got to go bike.