



Richie G.
May 2011

Here Goes Everything Part 3

Well...it's working. For the past two months I've chronicled my new lifestyle change. Last month I was mad at the Diet Gods because I hadn't really lost much weight and I didn't know if what I was doing was working.

I got irrationally mad at my co-worker Dawn, when she admitted she didn't notice a change. I told her that I was going to quit and it wasn't worth it and I was really upset.

Luckily, I didn't believe a word of what I was saying, but I just needed to vent. And as it turns out, my body just needed me to be a little more patient.

So I continued to work out. Hard. Real hard. Harder than I've ever worked out before. I actually look back at all the hard work I did in 2008, and realize that was nothing compared to what I'm doing now. In 2008, I jogged 2-3 miles and then ate very little. I lost weight fast. Too fast.

This year, Rex Ryan would be proud of me. I'm doing two-a-days. Before work, I'll jog up and down my stairs for 40 minutes. Talk about a workout. While I'll work out a small sweat when I jog three miles, when I do the stairs, I'm soaked with sweat. It's really cool. But then I'll come to work an hour and half early, and lift weights. I'm benching 20 more pounds than I did when I first started on March 16.

Recording dates I find pretty important. I find it helpful to keep my motivation going by looking how much I improved from one date to another. And one of my favorite dates was April 3, 2011. I felt my pants a little looser, I thought my face was thinner, but dammit no one said anything!! Finally, my hockey teammate Jenna's boyfriend Kevin, who hadn't seen me since Halloween of 2010 said I lost some weight. Kevin is a former Marine and someone you don't want to piss off.

I told him I was grateful for the compliment and I was going to give him a hug. The man was surprised when I got up with my arms outstretched. Well Marine or no Marine, that man was getting a hug!

Since then plenty of people have told me I lost weight...and today the scale rewarded me with its lowest # yet, 203.0. But it's been a big struggle the last two weeks. I haven't ran nearly as much as I was, and I haven't been as diligent with what I've been eating. I've been eating power bars, turkey on a roll with lettuce, tomatoes and the dreaded bacon. But I think this is a good thing. I'm earning from my past mistakes. In 2008, I was too militant, and when I finally got off the diet, I was like a 21-year-old kid who never had a beer. I just went nuts and ate whatever I wanted.

But this time, I'm allowing myself to eat more, which is making me lose weight at a slower pace. I'm not going to lie and get all Zen here. I hate that. But at the same time, much like when I was yelling at my co-worker Dawn, I realize this is probably a good thing.

So Tonight We Ride, Here Goes Everything and all that other good stuff. On May 23, I turn 40. I will not reach my goal of 179 pounds. I will not realize my goal of being proud of what's under my shirt. But that's ok. Because when I turn 41, I want to look great, and I think I have legitimate shot at doing just that. So Here Goes Everything.