

One two three four one two three four..... These words over the past two years have deeper meaning than just numbers counting in sequence while I run....A mantra of one day at a time and one choice at a time. . In 2010 I had an adjustable laparoscopic gastric band placed. I lost about 60 pounds but began to gain my weight back. I also began having issues with the band itself and was removed 2013. Learning the lesson that surgery is not a cure. In February 2013 having no idea where the journey would lead I took a leap of faith into the world of Want Different Do Different™ (WDDD™).

To show up to work out by yourself, knowing no one... was intimidating to say the least. Getting through my first physical workout after multiple and failed gym memberships and workout routines was another. Something was different this time. There was a small fire burning inside. A small fire had been sparked when I had met April Hartsook just a week earlier. When I finished my first workout I was tired both mentally and physically. This was truly something I had never experienced before. I was welcomed by all and overwhelmed with the support, sheer honesty, and love that this group of women had for one another. It left me wanting more; much much more. That was the beginning. My work out that day ended in hugs from everyone and crocodile tears not because of what I could not do, but what I could do and more so on a higher level what I had experienced.

It's called Want Different Do Different™... It sounds like your typical tag line for advertising but that is so not the case. It has taken me two years to find my "different" and I still strive to do different every day. You see for me it started from within; a dark place where all things hide: My fears, doubt, pain, failures, and naked truths. Where your past and your present collide and you shove them in the closet. It took a spark to turn the light on in my closet. To open the door and look in the mirror that was me. To take hold of where I was in my life, except responsibility for me and the state that I was in and in the choices I had and were making. Hardest medicine I have ever swallowed. I am a wife and working mom, of two kids and yes these were just a few of my many excuses. Change.... Those words are very haunting and intimidating words. I wanted change. I needed change and I wanted different.

The more workouts I went to, the more I wanted to go, and the stronger I got. When I started I couldn't do  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the exercises, and that was ok. We work at our own pace and we grow and we get stronger at different rates. Yes, I have lost 5 dress sizes, and a lot of physical aches and pains are gone, but doing different is far reaching beyond losing physical pounds. For me it is about change, growing, giving and sharing. I had to change the way I thought about myself, and change and understand the way I needed to fuel my body.

To allow myself time to take care of me so I can take care of others means more to me now than it ever has. To believe that I can do anything I put my mind to and to entrust my coach and mentor to teach and guide me down an undiscovered path. Two years ago I never would have believed I could complete a triathlon, but I did. In 2014 I completed my first women's only beginner triathlon. I have lofty but attainable goals for 2015. I would like to complete a half marathon and maybe a full by the end of the year. We will see but I can only focus on today. I look forward now, not back, you have to figure out what it means to Do Different in your world is.

**“You can't eat it, you can't buy it, and for me you learn WDDD™ by living it and giving it your all one day at a time.”.....Angie B**