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Erika is losing it...
And she's ready to change her life.

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Friday, June 29, 2012

Four weeks in the books

Hi all. As is often the case, I must start this entry with an apology. I did promise to blog twice a week, and I indeed hope to follow through with that promise. But I started a new job at Children's this week (more about that next week), and had some complications with my browser blocking Blogger. All is fixed now, and I'm here to tell you something super exciting (multiple-exclamation-point exciting, even)!

Boot camp is done!!!!

Yes, there has been a major victory in my war of remembering I'm no longer the girl I used to be. That girl quit boot camp after less than two weeks. This girl? Finished it, with minimal (oh, am I kidding?) whining.

Four weeks of 5 a.m. wake-up calls, thousands of push-ups, more miles than I've ever run in my life, and too many bear crawls, crunches and squats to count have led me to today--a sense of pride I haven't felt in a long time.

About Me



Erika
I'm a writer and editor for the Children's Healthcare of Atlanta Marketing and Communications Department. I'll be blogging about my journey through Weight Watchers at Work and Strong4Life. Follow me through my ups and downs, triumphs and struggles, toward the ultimate goal--a healthier, happier life.
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Here's a little story I don't think I told you. When I was in high school and we had to take the required P.E. class, I became a rebel. Now, mind you, I'm not really the rebellious type. In fact, I'm kind of a rule follower. I use crosswalks. I never skipped school. I only snuck out of my house once as a teenager. I floss. I've never even had a speeding ticket.

But as a junior in high school, I started an anti-running rebellion. We had to run a mile, of course, and we had to do it in an allotted time to pass the class. I decided to make a big deal about the fact that not everyone is supposed to be a runner, and they shouldn't make us do it, and I was going to write to the principal, the school board and the U.S. Secretary of Education.

See, the truth is that I was afraid. Afraid to fail. Afraid to even try. Afraid to show my weakness. So I walked around that track (slowly). And I gave my poor teacher (Sorry, Coach Cagle) a heck of a time about it.

That fear is why I quit boot camp all those years ago, too. And I was determined not to let it hold me back again. Though I wrote an earlier blog about being disappointed by the scale, I soon realized this experience was about SO much more than that. This was something I had to prove to myself. I had to prove I could try. Even if I wasn't the best or the fastest, I succeeded and won just by making it through.

Oh, and did I mention I signed up for another month? Yeah. Old Erika who?

Today we did our post-test. I was pleasantly surprised to see how much I improved just in four weeks. Here's the comparison:

June 5, 2012

Mile run: 12:54

June (6)
May (2)
April (4)
March (4)
February (8)
January (4)
December (4)
November (7)
October (5)
September (5)
August (5)
July (3)
June (3)
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August (11)
July (8)
June (9)
May (9)

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