

Norman: walk a mile (or more!) in his shoes

Submitted by Vivian Hamanishi



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My Dad, Norman, turned 90 years old in December. It's amazing - at one time, he smoked three packs of cigarettes a day and sat in a truck six days a week. He drove the mail in a single-axle truck with a 35-foot trailer from Dawson Creek (Mile Zero

on the Alaska Highway), up to Whitehorse, Yukon (mile 918 on the highway). It's a three day trip each way.

Now, he walks between four and seven kilometres a day. He walked an amazing 1250 kilometres in 2006.

From the time he moved in to the Highlands, a senior's home in North Glenmore, he started to walk regularly. He had some trouble with his knees and the uphill walks. When he read about the Keenfit Walking Poles in the paper, he tried them out at the Senior's Centre in Rutland. He got his new walking poles December, 2005 for his birthday. He's been walking nearly every day since.

In the summer months, he sets off before breakfast, and when the weather is cooler, after breakfast. He usually walks down towards the mall along Glenmore Road; a good coffee and muffin are the rewards on the way home. He tells me he's sure he wouldn't be walking without a walker, if it weren't for his daily exercise with the poles. They help with the sore knees, make him walk straighter with better posture, and he can now walk up from the mall and back to the Highlands on the uphill portion. He says he's noticed that he has more muscle mass in his upper body, too. When people stop him to enquire about the poles, he gladly tells them to visit www.keenfit.com or to phone (250) 769-9241.

Dad is really just a youngster at the Highlands. He says there are residents who are 97, one who is 94, and several others who had their 90th birthday before him in 2006. But I'm proud of my Dad: I don't think there are too many other 90 year olds who walk 1250 kilometres a year.

Early retirement

Submitted by Wendy Klein

He counted down the busy days and checked off each requirement, It's almost time to clear his desk to languish in retirement.

No more rising bleary eyed his life ruled by the clock, He'd spend each morning in his chair not caught in some inane gridlock.

His wife made lists of things to do "What fun to be so hectic, forget the hum drum daily chores we'll make our life eclectic."

Alas his thoughts of lazy days were lost in some dark chasm, His wife was quite relentless with her bright enthusiasm.

That run that lasted far too long and cycling miles to follow, Today he'd rest his weary joints if left in peace to wallow.

But sure enough like every day she bounces in to Dennis, "I've booked a court for us today We'll play four hours of tennis!!!!" ■

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