

## The circus in my mind!

It is a beautiful sunny morning and I woke up to Powered UP! If you know me, that is hilarious in itself! However, I was on a mission. I got on my “running gear” (you have to look the part) – found a pair of shoes they call “tennis shoes” that have never seen the daylight and programmed the IPOD. I was off to the treadmill which sits on the patio overlooking the pond and yard. All is great – I am pumped! I am about to get physical and get inspired all at the same time so I can get busy writing after my “run”.

I stand on the treadmill and look down at the digital workings that exist in front of me. “I can figure this all out – right?” Right. And I did. I had a good sense of everything I needed to know – now, hit the power button on the treadmill and hit the play button on the IPOD and we are off. First song, “The Power of the Dream” by Celine Dion. Like I said, I want to get inspired as well.

15 minutes have now passed and I am still listening to inspiring music. I am looking down to the digital workings of this machine and think to myself, “surely this isn’t working...” I should have “run” 10 miles by now (says my legs). The birds are flying by with their fancy little wings and chirping as if they were mocking me. 3 minutes later... (Yes, I am paying attention to the clock now)... I have shifted my music on the IPOD to something a little more upbeat – a little Madonna and Robbie Williams to kick it up a notch.

6 minutes later – I am subconsciously searching the digital workings of this frightening machine – looking for the auto pilot button. I never considered myself of an engineering mind, yet I was trying to figure out how to build wheels on the bottom of this machine, hook them up to the belt and see how fast it could drive itself into the pond!

3 minutes later... The IPOD has taken an entirely different role in my life – I have gone from Celine Dion “Power of the Dream” to Linkin’ Park “In the End”. I have decided the man that developed the treadmill has a personal vendetta against me. I look over to the hot tub which is no more than 10 steps away and think, “if only I could get there!”

Another 3 minutes pass. I am now listening to Janis Joplin – “Take another little piece of my heart! – BABY!” At this point the treadmill is the equivalent of waterboarding and if I thought that my legs were legs and not huge dumbbells – I would stop but that dis-functioning digital thing says I have only gone a few miles!

Finally, by the grace of God the treadmill decided to slow down then come to a stop – in which my legs seem to travel with the belt and my body continued forward into that digital thingy! I managed to get off the treadmill, as if on cue a song came on called, “No regrets” and I simply said – “ah shut up!” I stepped back and simply stared at this strange machine and searched for a warning sign of some sort that I might have missed.

Now, I am sure at this point you are looking for me to write some wonderful, inspirational and philosophical message about this traumatic experience... you are not getting that today! ☺

What I will say is this. We are on a path in life and each of us has a purpose and we MUST keep going!

I am still using other doors in the house so I don't have to see that machine – however, I will be back on it tomorrow morning because that is what we do in life – we face our challenges and our fears and we just keep going!

I have been inspired to meet that frightful machine by Coach Doug Merrill and the [Power UP Foundation](#). Let me tell you – if you can get “Cory” inspired to get on a treadmill – you can inspire ANYONE!