

Community

Pushed to the Limit

TIMES reporters find different ways to test themselves

Lisa Jorgensen felt the burn at fitness boot camp.

I'm a runner and I have an ego. I think that since I can run long distances for extended periods of time I'm a fitness aficionado. Think again, Lisa.

Until last week I had myself positioned on top of the fitness pedestal.

That was until I met Mari-Ann Devastare.

It's thanks to her and her Adventure Boot Camp that I've learned that I'm not a fitness aficionado, but it's a good thing.

I joined her boot camp right in the middle of the month-long season.

"You'll be sore," she told me before I started. As did the other members.

"Yeah, right," I thought to myself. After all I'm a fitness queen.

The first day I joined was on a Thursday. That's the day to go hiking along the Pitt River dike or for the more ambitious, run along the dike. Of course I'm going to run. Boot camp member Marty joins me for the first 20 minutes or so and then I continue on. The sun is flashing its golden rays on me as I gallantly run

the memory of boot camp is with me. My legs are incredibly sore — my butt, my hamstrings, my quadriceps, even muscles I didn't know existed are reminding me of boot camp and as a wake-up call that even I, a fitness queen, has lots of room for improvement. But in a sick way, I enjoy sore muscles. It feels that I've accomplished something, even though boot camp is just beginning for me.

Monday morning I'm back at boot camp. This time my ego has disappeared and I'm ready to push my body and soul to new levels.

Mari-Ann has set up an obstacle course, complete with medicine balls, skipping ropes and more — it's just like physical education in high school, my favourite subject. I'm in heaven.

Mari-Ann, who is an ACE certified personal trainer and NESTA certified adventure fitness trainer, is the owner of B.C. Adventure Boot Camp Inc. and in my mind is the queen of fitness.

You never get bored doing boot camp. Every day is different and Mari-Ann is so knowledgeable that you can ask her any question and since it's my craft, I enjoy throwing her the odd question about nutrition, protein shakes, aha splats, protein bars, stretches and much more. All are returned with informative answers.

QUOTE:

"The stuff we do in boot camp can be done by ourselves, but we can't do it by ourselves."

As my boot camp pal Marty sees it, the stuff we do in boot camp can be done by ourselves, but we can't do it by ourselves. We need someone like Mari-Ann and her boot camp to motivate us, ensure that we are doing the exercises correctly and making sure that we are injury-free.

I mean I never knew that tucking in my pelvis would be such a difficult task when I do my simple grille pushups.

Adventure Boot Camp is for anyone of any fitness level. It's really up to you to see how far you want to push yourself. Each day I opt to push even further. Mari-Ann runs the camp five days per week (one-hour sessions) for four weeks. There's the easily morning campers who start at 6 a.m. and then there's the second session that starts at 9 a.m. The people in boot camp are really personable and fun. Virtually everyone has a common goal — lose weight, get fit or get fitter.

Boot camp does have rules. No four-letter words or else the penalty is 20 push-ups. No mentioning of donuts, chips, pizza, wine, etc. or get down and give 20. No alcohol can be consumed, or else it's another 20. If you are late, be prepared to pound out 20 push-ups. And as I write this, I think to myself since I mentioned the bad words I hope I don't have to give another 20 push-ups.

I now love going around, telling everyone I meet that I'm in boot camp — "feel my muscles," I tell them as I flex really hard. Some people may think I'm insane but I would be very content to wake up every morning, seven days a week, and go to boot camp.

It's so damn fun.



along the glistening waters of the Pitt River. "This is so easy," I think to myself, smiling at passersby and their dogs. And it was. After running for an hour, I felt refreshed and ready to tackle a day at the newspaper.

Next day wasn't as easy, however. Nestled in the trees out at Harris Park in Pitt Meadows the other boot camp members and I begin our warm-up to funky music with Mari-Ann leading us.

I'm still cocky as ever, thinking this will be a piece of cake.

Then it's time to get cracking. Mari-Ann doesn't scream, like you would hear in a traditional type of boot camp. Her method is more like tough love — she knows how to keep you moving with a little bit of assertion and care.

First drill of the day is five sets of 10 jumping jacks alternating with 10 push-ups. I opt for the grille style pushups — the ones with my knees on the ground. Then she sends us for a run, with walkie talkies in tow, to let us know when to turn around.

When we come back, Mari-Ann's huge grin greets us as she says, "Grab those dumbbells." And the pain begins. But it's a good pain and it's so much fun. For an hour we rotate weight training with running. The time whips on by and we are quickly cooling down with abdominal work and stretching. "Aaaaah." That was unbelievable. I think I'm going to really enjoy this boot camp thing. I think to myself,

But when I wake up the next day,